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combined with

Cosmopolitan

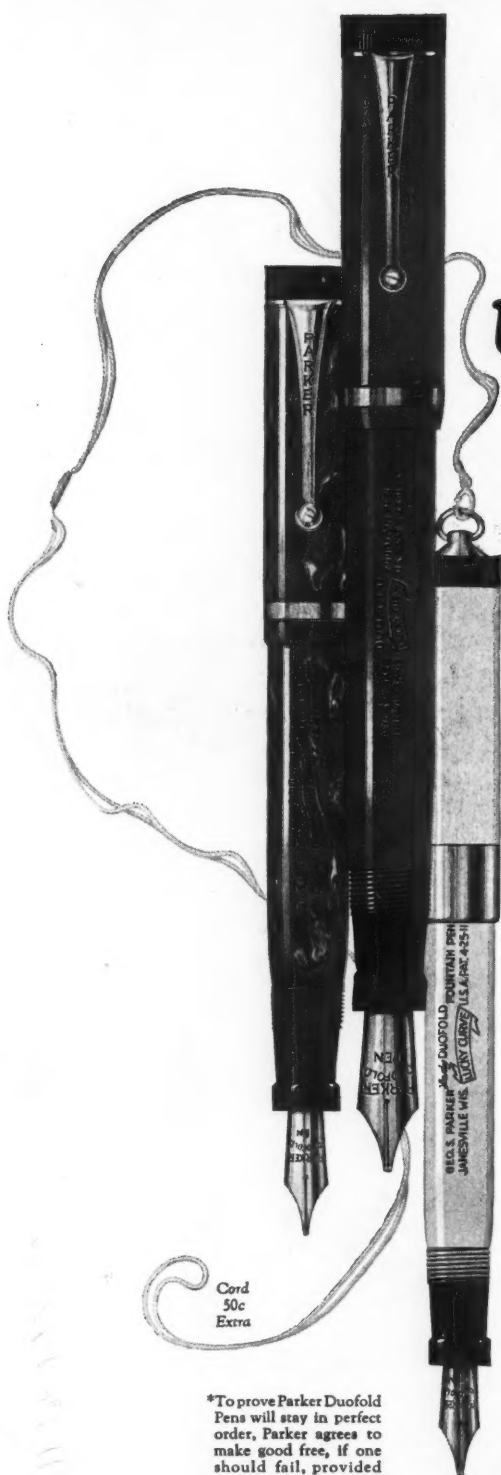
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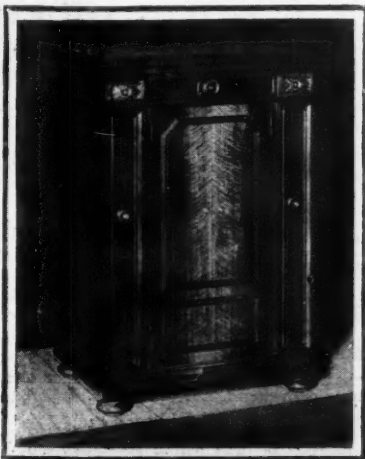
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who wrote

“The Sheik”

Contents of

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for September, 1927

VOL. LXXXIII NO. 3

4 Serials

The Tide of Empire by **Peter B. Kyne** 26

Illustrations by W. Smithsonian Broadhead

The Stripes of the Tiger

by **A. E. W. Mason** 44

Illustrations by G. Patrick Nelson

The Mad Carews by **Martha Ostenso** 86

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

Dangerous Business by **Edwin Balmer** 98

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

14 Short Stories

The Traitor

by **W. Somerset Maugham** 36

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour Lucas

Two Little Girls in Blue by **Zona Gale** 40

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

The Slander Girl by **Rex Beach** 48

Illustrations by Harrison Fisher

The Venomous Viper of the Volga

by **Ring W. Lardner** 52

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

Cinderella's Husband

by **Gouverneur Morris** 56

Illustrations by Nell Brinkley

The Other Cheek by **Irvin S. Cobb** 64

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

Don Quixote of Tin-pan Alley

by **Edward L. McKenna** 70

Illustration by Herbert M. Stoops

Just a Sweet Girl

by **Thyra Samter Winslow** 72

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Dream Ships by **Ernest Poole** 76

Illustration by Forrest C. Crooks

The Strange Story of the 3 Golden Fishes

by **George Moore** 78

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

A Regular Fellow by **Royal Brown** 82

Illustrations by W. E. Heidland

The Lady Who Turned Thief

by **J. S. Fletcher** 92

Illustration by J. R. Flanagan

The Love of a Loafer by **Don Marquis** 94

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

You Can't Find the Answer in Books

by **Arthur Somers Roche** 102

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

8 Features

Fun

by **O. O. McIntyre** 23

Illustrations by R. V. Culter

The Triflers

by **Charles Dana Gibson** 24

Why Gamblers Do Not Behave Like

Human Beings by **Geo. A. Dorsey** 34

Cartoons by H. K. Webster

Heart Disease Taught Me How to Live

by **Robert W. Service** 54

Diamond Joe by **Opie Read** 60

Illustration by Worth Brehm

The Day after Tomorrow

by **Sir Philip Gibbs** 62

Illustration by courtesy of John Wanamaker

If You Didn't Have to Work

by **Jesse Lynch Williams** 68

The Trouble with Women

by **Beverley Nichols** 90

Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon

Cover Design by **Harrison Fisher**

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RAY LONG, **C. H. HATHAWAY,** **ARTHUR MOORE,** **AUSTIN W. CLARK,**
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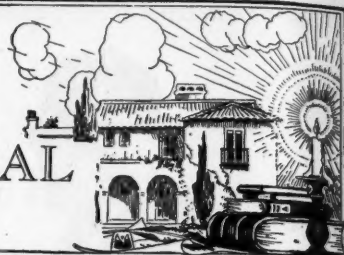
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HERE is an explanation of success, with some weight of scientific authority behind it, and yet practical enough to be useful to everybody. We all realize the importance of being physically fit. Few of us, however, understand that it is equally, if not more important to keep fit—*mentally*; to strengthen those particular mental faculties in us that may be weak or undeveloped, just as we build up *parts* of the body that do not function properly.

It may seem difficult to do this. In fact, it has been proved to be quite easy, by means of a system of scientific mind-training that has been used successfully by hundreds of thousands of people, in every walk of life. Among them are many of the most celebrated personages in the world. For lack of space, only a few of these notables are shown here. These men, and many others like them, not only advise that this method of keeping mentally fit be followed. They practise what they preach!

Big and Little Men

All of us are born with exceptional mental capabilities. The real difference between the great and the obscure, between the outstanding success and the self-condemned failure, is that one *develops and makes use* of his mental faculties; the other allows these faculties to remain unused and undeveloped.

The average man—the little man—probably does not use one one-hundredth of his mental powers. His very senses are dulled by lack of use. He does not see nor hear a fraction of what goes on around him. He doesn't know how to reason properly. His powers of attention are completely untrained, and his memory, therefore, is like a sieve. He is altogether lacking in any power of sustained concentration. When his mind is not a blank, it flits from one inchoate idea to another. Finally, he has no Will-Power, for seldom in his entire life has he used this God-given faculty. As a result he has become like putty in the hands of clear-thinking men who do know what they want.

Are such people fore-ordained to failure? Not if they have the intelligence to realize

their condition, and the "gumption"—there is no better word—to do something about it.

The Rise of a Great Idea

About twenty-five years ago, in England, a movement was set on foot to enable the average man to *put to use in his own life* some of the truths the science of psychology had discovered, especially with regard to the training of particular faculties.

The movement became known as Pelmanism, after the man who originated this simple and sane idea. It was not taken up by faddists, but (strangely enough to some people) chiefly by those who would seem to have needed it least—by men and women who were already highly successful.

Slowly Pelmanism spread—and then, with ever-increasing swiftness, to every corner of the civilized world. Today over 600,000 individuals, in every walk of life, from ruler to peon, have made use of this remarkable system of mind-training.

How to Exercise Mentally

Exactly what is Pelmanism? A great many people, knowing nothing of its scientific background, still think of it as something hard to understand, obscure and somehow "unnatural." The fact is (as explained) it is nothing but the principles of psychology, developed into an understandable system that can be used by anyone to *develop his own particular mental faculties*. This is done under the direction of a staff of expert and trained psychologists. Its purpose, in particular, is to strengthen those mental faculties which are undeveloped in you. It does this, mainly, by means of exercises.

The various muscles of your body develop only because you use them. The more you use them the better you can use them. Cease using them, and soon they become powerless. It is no different with your mental faculties.

By means of simple and fascinating exercises, done intelligently and in moderation,

under the guidance of expert instructors, you find your senses sharpened, you find it possible to observe more, to remember more easily, to attend more keenly, to concentrate more deeply, to reason more logically, to imagine more vividly and, above all, to strengthen your will-power! You live a fuller and happier life in every way.

Finding Yourself

There is no space here to tell of the unnumbered cases of people, *who had given themselves up as confirmed failures*, and then found that all that was the matter was some undeveloped, untrained, unused mental faculty—that was easily and quickly strengthened by a few simple, natural, easy mental exercises! It is interesting to note that those who are helped in this way usually describe the change, enthusiastically, as "at last finding themselves."

If you are interested in knowing more about this remarkable system of keeping "mentally fit"; if you feel, like the notable men pictured here, that you are using but a fraction of your mental capacity—you are invited to send for a brochure which describes Pelmanism more in detail. It gives many striking examples of what Pelmanism has done for people.

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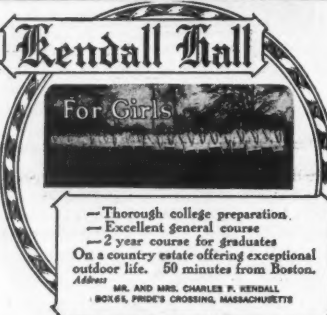
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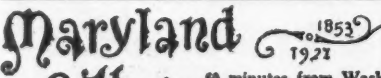
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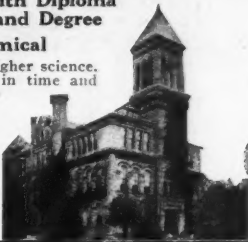
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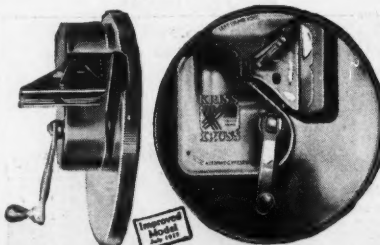
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"Not in the slightest. Couldn't you think of *anything* to say?"

"No, I couldn't. How was I to get in on that kind of conversation?"

"And what did you expect them to talk about—business?"

"Really, Ja——"

"Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted to be proud of you, Ted. You are cleverer and more successful than any man who was at that dinner tonight—but you acted as though you were afraid to open your mouth."

"I was, dear! What do I know about that philosopher they were talking about—what was his name?—Nietzsche. I couldn't even follow their conversation, half the time . . ."

"You should read more. It's pitiful! Why, you didn't contribute one idea or opinion all evening. I was never so embarrassed!"

"I'd like to read more, but you know how much time I have!" He helped her into the cab, then turned to her with a smile. "But you made up for both of us tonight, Jane! You were wonderful! How did you ever find out so many things to talk about?"

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Jane glowed, flattered by her husband's praise. "Do you really think I made a good impression on those people, Ted?"

"I should say you did!" he laughed.

"You seemed to know about everything. Well, you have plenty of time to read."

"Is that so!" she retorted. "I have even less time to read than you. I found all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?"

"You must have heard about it. It's quite famous. Now don't tell me you don't know who Elbert Hubbard was! One of America's most versatile men—a writer, craftsman, orator, business man—a many-sided genius. Well, when he was quite young he started reading the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. He marked the passages which inspired him most—the *highlights* of literature."

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"It sounds great," he said, as the cab drew up at their door. "Why didn't you tell me about it long ago!"

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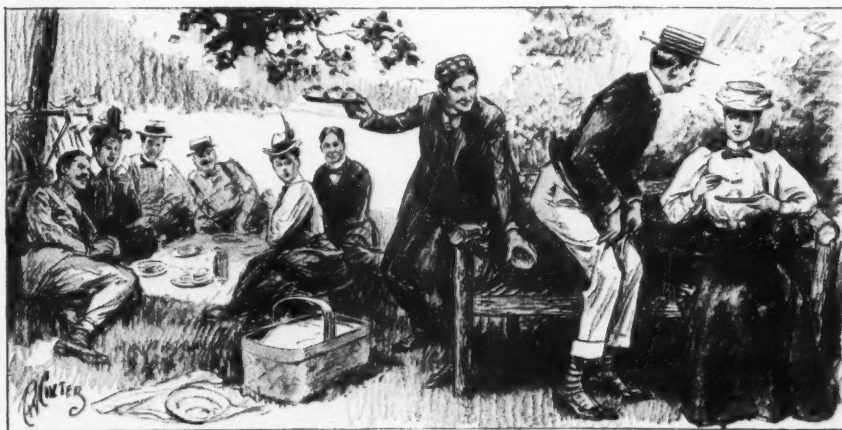
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McIntyre

FUN



IN THE dusk of that memorable evening when the world stood poised waiting for Lindbergh to reach Paris a floor waiter rushed to my room shouting: "Lindy made it!"

I replied calmly: "Well, he had the weather in his favor."

Yet I cheered myself hoarse twenty years ago in Gallipolis, Ohio, when Dufour's Fife and Drum Corps paraded to commemorate the installation of the town's first fire plug. I was so hoarse, indeed, I had to wear Uncle Alex's sock around my neck for two days.

And while it may be approaching senility, I nodded the other evening in chair B 1 at one of those lustrous Broadway leg shows. All of which gives me a feeling that as a nation we are geared too high. Are we having as much fun as they did twenty years ago?

Young men who used to come into well-filled rooms all knuckles and feet now dash in with a radio announcer's "Hello, everybody!" In a half-hour they have wrapped around them the Spanish shawl off the piano and are stamping to improvised castanets in a burlesque dance.

And even Cousin Jimmy, who still carries small change in a snap purse, shouts: "Isn't he a card? Gimme another cocktail!"

These are the same youngsters who twenty years ago were playing "Over the Waves" on a mandolin under the only girl's window, and today, likely as not, they are playing with spoons in a Long Island sanitarium. And they call it fun!

Then there is the girl who came to a party with her hair in a braid and eyes demurely cast down. She would not venture to the shadowy front porch for fear a brazen Don Juan would give her a heart-shaped candy motto inscribed "I Love You!"

Today she romps in wearing a pen-wiper skirt and carrying a uke. She snaps a London lighter and inhales a cigaret to her rouged knees. She slaps her hips in a Black Bottom slither and before the evening is over is in the corner on some antiquated dodo's lap singing the fourteenth verse of "Frankie and Johnny."

At twenty-one she is rushing over to Paris for a week-end divorce as a prelude to a "trial marriage" with a new-fangled poet.

A daredevil moment in my early manhood was at a picnic. I placed an open-faced raspberry tart under a dude from Marietta in white duck pants. And that evening, celebrating my daredeviltry, I drove down the main street lickety-split with one foot hanging over the buggy side.

Today unless a young blood sends eight cops scuttling up traffic towers with his roadster and winds up in a shower of glass half in and half out the plate-glass window of Abraham Rabinowitz, Furrier, Deposits Required, he scarcely calls it an evening.

In a New York hotel dining-room one night recently a boy not more than fifteen sat with his parents. He was in dinner clothes. When his chicken *à la king* came, he tasted it with evident displeasure and snapped his finger. "Take this back," he commanded, "and tell your chef to season it more."

Like Al Jolson, most boys twenty years ago at that age didn't know a chicken had anything but a neck.

Picture the scorn a host or hostess would receive today offering sugar-coated cookies and lemonade, with a fresh set of stereopticon winter views of Niagara Falls as the *pièce de resistance*.

The first woman to ride a safety bicycle through our town wearing divided skirts was churched. Aunt Libbie Smith declared to all passers-by the woman was always "as wild as a pigeon" anyway.

Of course, that was prudery. Yet I find myself old-fashioned enough to prefer such prudery to modern didoes. I am prudish enough to be annoyed by a cabaret girl in a bead and a prop smile having an epileptic seizure while I am eating soup. Especially when I am just mastering the art of lifting soup with an outward stroke of the spoon.

I confess to being thrilled at the tense moment in the old drama when the erring daughter crept back through the snow-storm to the family fireside. There she was with a tiny suspicious bundle clasped to her breast when her father, Honest Old Jim, came in. How I boo-hooed when he threw open the door to the howling winds and shouted: "Out of my house, I'll have no dinner of your gittin'."

And today somehow I find myself cold at the drama featuring a lispng pathological lollipop or a feminine hybrid ranting of subjects that have no place outside of strictly medical tomes.

APOLOGISTS for the younger generation plead the youngsters are no different. That is silly. The blunt truth is that twenty years ago the only girls who drank, smoked or sat in men's laps in public boarded in shuttered houses across the railroad tracks and came to town in closed cabs.

It is equally silly not to realize that there are so-called nice girls who today smoke, drink and "neck" in public. Nor will I deny innumerable such girls have become excellent wives.

Young girls used to get together and indulge in what were known as "the giggles." Glance into any smart café or public place today and behold the mask-like expressions of chronic boredom.

I well remember when a group of us boys slipped away from a dance of the Tuxedo Club—we all had tuxedos—and sneaked in the door of a saloon for a glass of beer. After priming ourselves with cloves and orange peel, we returned to the dance feeling plumb full of the Old Harry. But someone had seen us and next day the scandal broke and for days mothers called their children in off the sidewalks as we passed by.

Today if a young blade drops under the table he is an object of sympathy for being a good kid who cannot hold his liquor.

I am not particularly interested in the morals and manners of the younger generation. Nor do I think they are bouncing to Hell in a hand-basket. They seem to be pretty high-grade material. Lindy and Gertrude Ederle, for instance.

I am sure, however, if they are having more fun they don't look it.

By CHARLES D



The TRIFLERS

S DANA GIBSON



A Novel of the Golden West

The Tide of Empire

IN THE late spring of 1848 a mounted man, herding before him two pack-animals, paused at timber-line in the mouth of a pass through the formidable range which forms the principal barrier between California and Nevada and which since has been named, for no particular reason—for such is the paucity of men's imaginations—the White Mountains.

A little sigh escaped the man as his hungry glance swept the amazing panorama outspread before and some six or seven thousand feet below him. That sigh might have been one of relief in the knowledge that his struggle to pass this mountain barrier had been won; but it might, also, have been a sigh of resignation as his glance rested on a taller and much more impassable barrier some twenty miles to the west—the peaks of the Sierra Nevada range, the Alps of America.

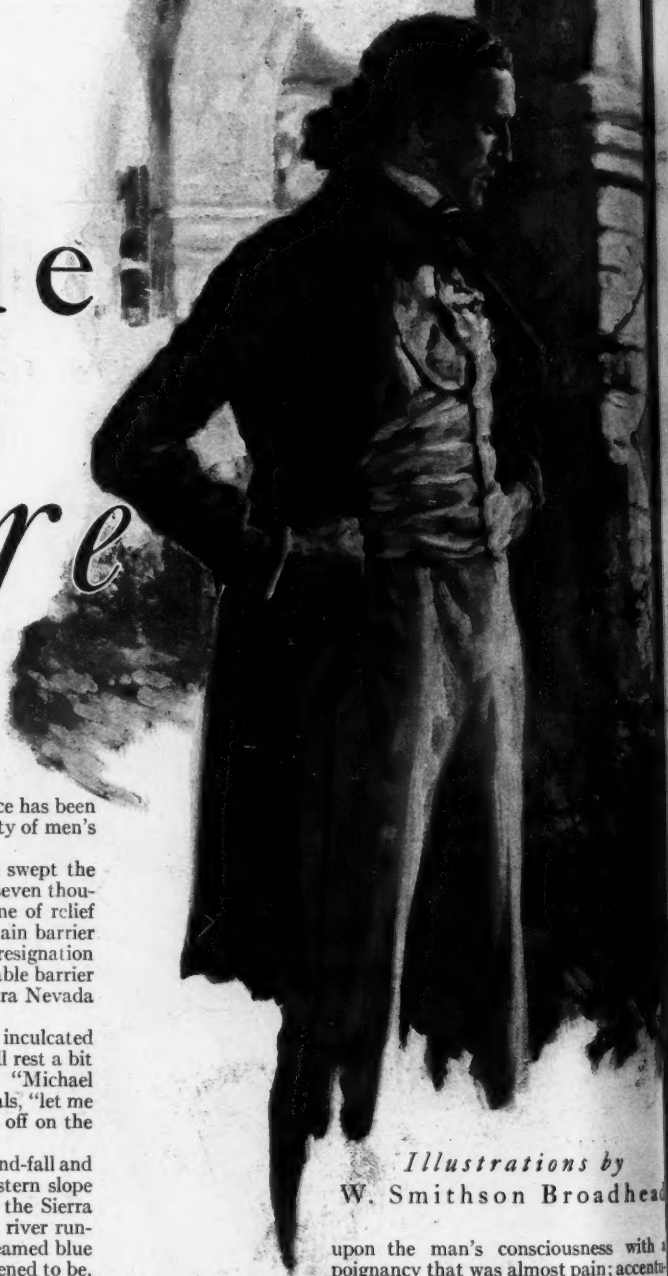
Months of solitary wandering in the wilderness had inculcated in this man the habit of talking to his animals. "We'll rest a bit here, Pathfinder, and enjoy the view," he announced. "Michael—and you, Shawneen," he admonished the pack-animals, "let me see none of your rascally attempts to rub your packs off on the lower branches of these scrubby pine-trees."

He dismounted, loaded a brier pipe, sat down on a wind-fall and smoked tranquilly. Between the range on whose western slope he had halted and the sullen blue-black buttress of the Sierra Nevada a lovely valley spread, emerald-green, with a river running through its center. In spots the verdant land gleamed blue and gold, dependent upon which color the lupine happened to be, or whether the dainty little bluebells and wild iris had outstripped the buttercups and eschscholtzia in their race to herald the spring.

Tiny moving dots, single or in groups, proclaimed herds of game animals, which later the lone traveler was to discover were elk, deer, antelope and grizzly bear, with here and there herds of fifty to sixty mountain-sheep making their spring hegira from the lower levels of the White Mountains, where they had wintered, to the lower levels of the Sierra, up which they would, as the season advanced, follow the retreating snow-line to the vast mountain meadows that lie among the lower peaks.

Millions of wild fowl, which had evidently wintered farther south in this valley, were now making their pilgrimage into the north, there to raise their young; the crisp still air carried up to the wanderer a tremendous diapason of sound that was made up of the cries of trumpeter swan, the honking of geese and the shrill whistling or deep quacking of ducks.

The transcendent beauty of that lonely, silent land impinged



Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

upon the man's consciousness with a poignancy that was almost pain; accentuated, perhaps, because he too was lonely.

He raised a hand as if in eager greeting.

"Ah, California, but 'tis sweeter you are than ever I dreamed," he apostrophized. "A young land for young men you are, my California, *acushla*. But 'tis up and over those hoary-headed peaks I must go and down to the plain that borders the Pacific, where the Spanish settlements are. And there's a bitter journey for you, Pathfinder, and you, Shawneen, and you, Michael—you imp of hell, stop that!"

He threw a rock at Michael, who was industriously striving to get his pack under a projecting limb and tear the hated burden from his back. "You thief! 'Tis a boot in the belly you'd be wanting, is it?" the man shouted, whereupon Michael, judging discretion to be the better part of rebellion, bounced out from under the tree and commenced to graze with an air of innocence possessed by no animal save the mule.

Suddenly Michael raised his head; simultaneously Shawneen did likewise; with alert ears they listened, meanwhile gazing

By PETER B. KYNE



C "What seeks the Señor in California?" Señorita Guerrero asked. "Gold," said D'Arcy. "I shall take my fortune from the wilderness."

Michael and Shawneen the leader drew rein and gazed about him for their owner.

"Hello, stranger—wherever you are!" he shouted.

The lone traveler rode out from his concealment, bowed low in his saddle with a grace and courtliness that bespoke a breeding singularly alien to his surroundings, and said gravely: "Good morning, gentlemen. I am Dermot D'Arcy."

"Hum-m!" The man who had called to him did not see fit to name himself. "Where's the rest of your party?" he demanded.

"I travel alone," D'Arcy replied, "on the theory that he who travels alone travels faster."

"What's your hurry? There's no law west of the Ohio River."

D'Arcy's dark brown eyes gleamed resentfully. "It is not my habit to tolerate impudence from strangers. My business is my own affair. I haven't asked you who you are, where you are going and why. I'm not interested, me bold bucko."

The other man appraised D'Arcy coolly. He saw a young

man, twenty-eight years old at the outside, he guessed, and above medium height; and, judging from the faint Celtic burr that hung like dewdrops on his speech, his crisp black hair, heavy lips, resolute square chin and reddish brown complexion, the stranger came, not unnaturally, to the conclusion that this cool young man was Irish.

He noted other things. This alien who dared the wilderness alone bestrode the finest horse any of the recent arrivals had ever seen. A dark, dappled brown with black points and a thin white blaze between his eyes—a horse that stood like a thoroughbred, ears alert, eyes fixed on the horizon, tail slightly arched. He must weigh, in good condition, nearly thirteen hundred pounds. And he was a stallion.

FROM the horse the insolent eyes of the recent arrival roved over the animal's equipment—a fine, well-cared-for saddle of the type then in use by the cavalry. A snaffle-bit on a bridle of plain black leather, with the exception of a yellow brow-band and reins of finely braided rawhide, a product, evidently, of Mexico. From a carved leathern boot the stock of a carbine emerged and the butts of cap and ball revolvers protruded from holsters of similar pattern on each side of the cantle. At the rider's left hip a third holster swung, at his right a Bowie knife in a metal sheath.

The adventurer's clothing, although travel-stained and old, was not such as was worn by common men; his broad flat beaver hat, with the scarlet wing of a blackbird upthrust from the wide band, gave to him a faint suggestion of a dandified bandit. More incongruous still, he had shaved that very morning and, in open rebellion against the masculine fashion of the period, he wore neither beard nor mustache. His hair, jet-black and wavy, hung upon his capable shoulders and was, apparently, accustomed to bidaily brushing.

"Does your maw know you're out alone?" the stranger demanded of Dermot D'Arcy. A huge, rough, ignorant and unkempt man, born and bred to the wilderness, he had achieved instinctively a dislike for this man he could not help recognizing as a superior.

A bound, and the big brown thoroughbred horse was beside him. "Faith, you're the inquisitive one, aren't you?" D'Arcy cried hotly, and with a furious blow of his open hand against the other's jaw, swept him to earth. The brown stallion whirled and the fallen man's companions saw in D'Arcy's hand a long revolver that swept through a menacing arc, seeming to cover them all at once.

Somebody laughed, then a pleasant voice hailed D'Arcy. "Put up the pop-gun, boy. Nobody here's going to quarrel with you for putting Alvah Cannon in his place."

D'Arcy backed his horse away from them, steadied the animal and drew another pistol. "If you have business farther ahead, gentlemen, pray do not permit me to detain you."

Alvah Cannon got sheepishly to his feet and mounted his horse. "Forward!" he commanded, and as his cavalcade swept on down

the pass he looked with much interest at D'Arcy's two competent pack-mules, with their neat brown canvas-covered packs.

Half an hour after the party had passed on, Dermot D'Arcy followed on their trail. He saw them half-way across the valley as he halted to camp for the night.

"I wonder now where those laddybucks are bound?" he queried of his mules when they came up to the fire for the flapjack he customarily shared with them. "The fellow Cannon is not a popular leader, yet he is the leader. That's because he knows the country and the others do not. He rides with assurance, so he does, Shawneen. Now, a knowledge of the passes over the Sierra I have not, nor have I a map."

He divided the flapjack between the mules.

"We'll be up betimes, lads, and follow on Cannon's trail. We'll be beholden to them, Michael, but thank God we will not have to admit it. Independence is a dear thing to the clan D'Arcy. Doubly dear, in view of the fact that 'tis little else we have left."

His evening meal cooked, he extinguished his camp-fire, and leaving his hobbled animals to graze, rolled up in his blankets and went to sleep.

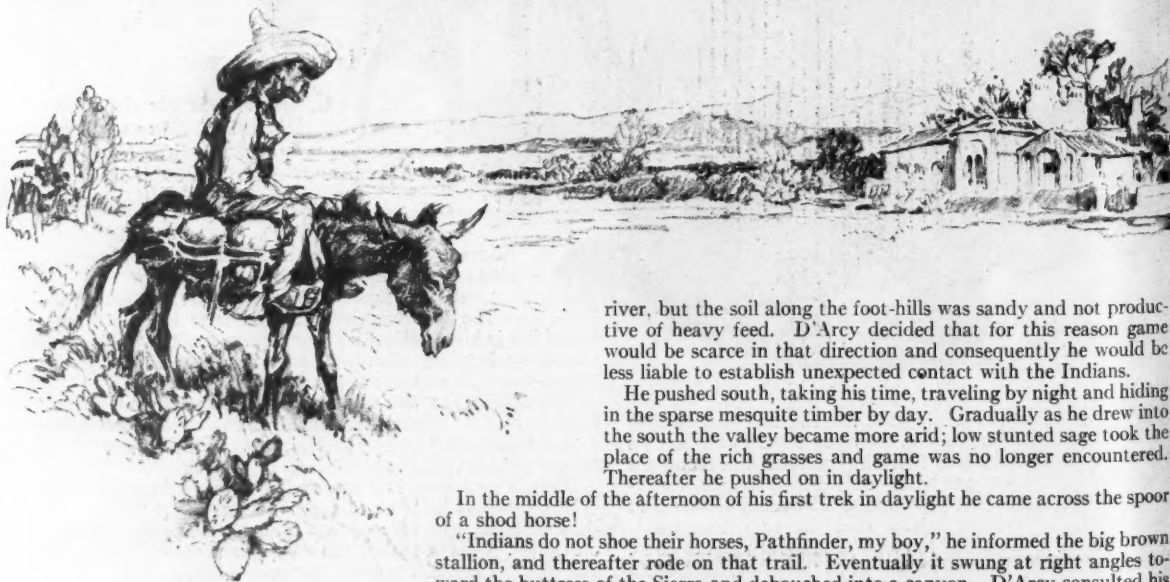
At sunrise he was en route again, following the easily discernible trail in the lush green grass. At the river bank it turned south for a few miles, where evidently Cannon had found a ford and crossed to the western bank; in a grove of scattered bull-pines he caught up with the party.

He counted the bodies—nineteen white men and twelve Indians.

"Their horses and pack-ponies it was, Michael, that brought them to this. The Indians coveted the stock and Cannon was careless and put out no pickets. Jedediah Smith, in his traverse through this valley in 1826, reported the Indians not customarily hostile but great horse thieves. Michael, there's one man missing from the party. Where is the leader? The others stood their ground and fought to the last, but not that lad whose ear I boxed. The Indians have lifted their booty and departed, so we'll have a look through the wreckage. Hah, a map, as sure as pussy is a cat."

IT WAS lying in the grass close to the dead embers of the camp-fire, where, doubtless, someone had been studying it when the attack was launched. Dermot D'Arcy studied it now, without haste. A crude map it was, more panoramic sketch than map, but at the conclusion of his perusal of it D'Arcy knew that approximately a hundred miles to the south was Walker Pass, leading over the Sierra and down into the Tulares, as the lower San Joaquin Valley was then known.

Before leaving that camp of the dead Dermot D'Arcy satisfied himself that the marauding Indians had driven their captured horses back across the river and into the east. He decided, therefore, in his journey southward to the eastern entrance to Walker Pass, to keep as close to the Sierra foot-hills as possible. There was an abundance of water from the melting snows of the Sierra, flowing out into the valley in little creeks and emptying into the



river, but the soil along the foot-hills was sandy and not productive of heavy feed. D'Arcy decided that for this reason game would be scarce in that direction and consequently he would be less liable to establish unexpected contact with the Indians.

He pushed south, taking his time, traveling by night and hiding in the sparse mesquite timber by day. Gradually as he drew into the south the valley became more arid; low stunted sage took the place of the rich grasses and game was no longer encountered. Thereafter he pushed on in daylight.

In the middle of the afternoon of his first trek in daylight he came across the spoor of a shod horse!

"Indians do not shoe their horses, Pathfinder, my boy," he informed the big brown stallion, and thereafter rode on that trail. Eventually it swung at right angles toward the buttress of the Sierra and debouched into a canyon. D'Arcy consulted his

Josephita was like a bird ready for flight as the orchestra swung into the old tune. "Radiant as a star"—so D'Arcy thought.

map. "Walker Pass," he decided and pressed forward.

The gradient increased rapidly and by sunset he found himself two thousand feet above the floor of the great valley. The melting snow provided ample water, and bunch-grass, rich and nutritious, grew among the sage on the mountainside. A well-defined trail led over the pass and the melting snow had made this trail slushy; D'Arcy noted clearly the hoof-prints of the shod horse.

Upon resuming his journey next morning he came suddenly upon the horse, lying dead in the trail. The animal was saddled, bridled and still warm; investigation revealed that after it had fallen and broken a leg, a bullet had ended its misery.



But that was not all that interested D'Arcy, albeit his interest was not pronounced. In the dead horse he thought he recognized the animal Cannon had been riding when they had met in the White Mountains.

"A bad thing for any man to find himself afoot in this wilderness, Pathfinder," D'Arcy assured his





The Spanish Señorita



The Irish Adventurer



C "Does your maw know you're out alone?" the stranger demanded. "Faith, you're the inquisitive one, aren't

horse. "And afoot the man is. There's his spoor, showing plainly in the snow."

As he climbed upward the snow increased in depth, but fortunately it was frozen solid and offered nice footing for the animals. The imprint of the boots of the man ahead showed plainly and all day D'Arcy followed them. At sunset he camped on the summit at an elevation close to ten thousand feet, and since there was no grazing here, he tied his jaded stock in the scrubby timber.

At the first graying in the east he was on the trail again, for this day's march was to be a forced one. His stock had not eaten the day previous and he was anxious to camp that night below the snow-line on the western slope of the pass, where his jaded animals would again find grass.

32

He walked, leading Pathfinder and gnawing on jerked venison for his breakfast. The footprints of the man ahead still showed plainly in the snow, and while they gave no indication of exhaustion or a slackening of pace, D'Arcy presently had indubitable evidence that he was catching up with the man. The snow-crystals that fringed his footprints were not frozen solid and once D'Arcy saw a tiny-wisp of smoke rising out of the snow; upon investigation he discovered it to be the dottle from a pipe recently emptied.

From time to time D'Arcy halted to rub his eyes, for the glare of the sun on the snow-field was causing them to smart and water. He drew his hat well down and stepped resolutely forward. Suddenly a rifle-shot echoed through the pass and a bullet ripped through the heavy mass of hair at the base of D'Arcy's neck.



"Forgive me, Mr. D'Arcy."

"Certainly, you superb ass, certainly. But I'll keep an eye on you for all that. Go back and pick up your rifle. No time for mooning, friend Cannon. We must push on to grass tonight. Have some of this jerked venison? It will stay your hunger pangs until I can prepare a good dinner."

Cannon hung his head. "You're mighty kind to me, friend—"

"You conceited jackdaw! In the event of more Indians, two rifles are better than one, are they not? Besides, you know this country and I do not. It's a fine large country and I think there's room for both of us, provided you behave."

"I will, Mr. D'Arcy, I will," Cannon promised fervently. "To err is human, to forgive divine, as the Good Book says."

"I imagine you might not have erred if you hadn't been suffering from a touch of snow ophthalmia. Ordinarily you would never have missed me at such short range, I dare say. By the way, how did you manage to escape that massacre back in the valley?"

"I'd left camp to kill an elk for our party, and while I was away the Indians attacked. When I got back I found what you found: I couldn't do nothin' so I—I—just kept on."

"Well, dubious as your society must be, friend Cannon, I'm grateful for it. Indeed, I'm fairly mad for human society, but if I cannot get that, inhuman society will do. Where were you and your party bound?"

"To trap in the Tulares."

"Ah! I take it, then, you know your way about the Tulares."

"I've trapped there two years," said Cannon.

"You can lead me to the Spanish settlements on the Pacific shore?"

"Happy to, Mr. D'Arcy."

"Thank you. I accept your guidance. By the way, hand me your powder-horn. I have never heard of a rifle doing much damage unless primed with powder . . . Thank you, my (Continued on page 187)



you?" D'Arcy cried hotly, and with a furious blow swept him to earth.

"A miss is as good as a mile," he decided, his start of surprise over, and gazed about him. Up the hillside he saw a little thicket of young mountain cedar with a thin wisp of white smoke floating out of it. Instantly he mounted Pathfinder, drew his pistol and charged the thicket, firing into it as he came within range.

"Don't shoot! For God's sake, don't!" a man's voice shrilled.

"Very well. Come out with both hands held above your head. Leave your rifle there. I'll get it presently."

The thicket parted and Alvah Cannon emerged, hands uplifted, blinking in the strong sunlight.

"I suppose you coveted my animals and equipment," Dermot D'Arcy suggested almost plaintively.

"I'm hungry and half blind and half crazy, Mr.—er—"

"D'Arcy, friend Cannon, Dermot D'Arcy."

Early in
the Game



Why Gamblers Do NOT Behave Like Human Beings

Three 1,000-peseta bills disappeared as red came up for the fifteenth time; and the Major was "broke."

"Any money with you?" he asked me. I had some silver and two 1,000-peseta notes, which I handed him and which he placed on black. Red repeated for the sixteenth time. And we were both "broke."

It is not part of this story to record the further vagaries of that

OUR Embassy in Madrid celebrated the signing of the Armistice with a big dinner-party. I left at about four o'clock with my friend the Major, and the night being very fine we decided to take a walk before going to bed. After a turn on the Paseo de Recoletos we headed up Calle de Alcalá toward the Puerta del Sol, intending to return home by way of Calle de Hortaleza.

Here is where Fate enters. The Major that day had drawn three months' pay and had not yet converted it into a draft to send home to his family; it was burning a hole in his pocket. Before we reached the Puerta del Sol we dropped into the Casino de Madrid, a fashionable club in the heart of the city of which we were members by virtue of our diplomatic rank.

And of course we went up to the great gaming hall on the third floor.

The favorite game at that time was *trente-et-quarante*. Scores of the runs since the opening of play in the afternoon were to be seen on a big board at one side of the room. With one swift glance at the board the Major exclaimed: "Look! Red has come up nine times running!"

Without more ado he edged his way through the crowd around the table and laid 100 pesetas (\$20) on black. It came red. He then backed black with 200 pesetas. It came red. He put a 500-peseta note on black. Red again. A 1,000-peseta note disappeared as red came up for the thirteenth time in succession. He then placed two 1,000-peseta bills on black. Red again.

game of *trente-et-quarante*. I may add by way of general interest, however, that red repeated twice more, black came up just once, and red again repeated eleven times.

A phenomenal run, of course. Anyone who could have predicted it could easily have broken the bank of the Casino de Madrid.

Had the Major arrived at the beginning of that long run and steadily backed red, with an initial investment of 100 pesetas he could have stopped with the ninth play winner by more than his year's pay in the United States Army. Had he continued to play red, and had the house placed no restriction on the size of his play, he could have stopped on the sixteenth play of that run winner by more than \$600,000.

But, in sharp contrast to the "might-have-beens," the cold fact is that inside of a few minutes the Major was broke and owed me 2,000 pesetas. He had lost just 8,800 pesetas. As the peseta at that time was about the only currency in the world at a premium, he had lost about \$1,700.

That was a great deal of money for the Major to lose. In fact, at that particular time he could not afford to lose any money. He was living at heavy expense in Madrid, he had a wife and children at home to support, and nothing but his army pay to do it on. It was a sad Major who walked out of the Casino that night. The only significant remark he made was: "I feel like a dog!" And when one feels like a dog it implies that one hasn't behaved like a human being.

By Geo. A. Dorsey

who wrote
"Why We
Behave
Like
Human
Beings"

One other instance from real life. Among the eight players in a Friday night poker game in New York not long ago was a clean-cut young business man of about thirty. At the beginning of the game he announced that he positively must quit at midnight—he had to be up early the next morning to drive his wife and children over to Long Island to spend the day with the grandparents.

When the game broke up at eleven o'clock the next morning he left behind his I.O.U. for \$3,000 and carried away a check for \$65, the difference between what he had actually lost and his I.O.U. That check, at his request, was drawn to the order of his wife; he could thereby prove to her that he had not spent the night in vain or failed his family without some reward.

He has not yet repaid that \$65.

I have no record of what he said on leaving a game in which he had lost at least \$2,500 more than he could afford to lose and which had caused his wife a sleepless night and wrecked the happiness of two families for a day, but I can imagine how he felt and I can suspect that he called himself, among other names, a skunk. He will probably feel like a skunk until he has taken up that I.O.U. and probably won't regain his self-respect until he has had his "revenge"!

Another Friday game began at four o'clock because my friend Hector had to quit at eleven to meet his wife after the theater; he wanted a good long game. He got it; that game broke up at ten o'clock Sunday morning—forty-two hours. Hector drove forty-five miles to his Connecticut home, went to bed and stayed there for a week. It nearly killed him.

Hector is a huge man, hard-headed, methodical and as punctual in his habits as a clock; and he dotes on comfort and fresh air. Yet he sat humped up in a hard chair in a little room thick with smoke for forty-two hours. His income exceeds fifty thousand a year and he loves money, but if anyone had proposed that he



Cartoons by H. K. Webster

repeat that performance in that same room, all alone, he would have sworn he couldn't do it to save his life, and if he could he wouldn't do it again for fifty thousand dollars. But it is an even bet that under similar circumstances he would stick to the game till he collapsed. Talk about man's inhumanity to man!

For years gambling on the market was the hobby of a New York artist friend of mine. He was often "broke," of course. He married, had a baby, and had saved up \$2,000. Then he got a sure-thing tip that a certain motor stock would double in value before the end of the year. He plunged—on a twenty-percent margin. When he let go he was "broke" and had lost every nickel he could borrow from his friends. It took him three years to dig out.

We are now prepared to discuss our problem: why don't gamblers behave like human beings? But before we turn to the psychology of the gambler we must note that every human being is a natural-born gambler. Let us look at this proposition a minute.

I do not mean to imply that in any new-born's repertoire of behavior is a gambling instinct; nor, for that matter, any other specific instinct. Human beings are not wasps or ants; their behavior is not of the instinctive kind. They are born dumb as dumb-bells, without knowledge and without experience, and without habits or special ways or forms of behaving. They do have specific mechanisms which respond (Continued on page 182)

By

Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour
Lucas

"You must excuse me. I cannot give you a lesson today," said Mrs. Caypor. Ashenden thought of her sitting hour after hour with that hideous fear gnawing at her heart.

THE TRAITOR

ASHENDEN arrived at Lucerne in the middle of the afternoon, and having taken a room at the hotel at which he had been instructed to stay, went out. It was a lovely day, early in August, and the sun shone in an unclouded sky. He sat down on a bench facing the water. So long at all events as the fine weather lasted he was prepared to enjoy himself.

To do that was not precisely why he had come to Lucerne. He had been sent there on a secret mission, but he did not see why he should not at least try to combine pleasure to himself with profit to his country.

Ashenden was in a good humor, however, not only because the air was enchanting, scented, warm and yet fresh, and because the sky and the lake were blue, but also because he had just enjoyed an experience that appealed to his acute sense of the absurd. He was not sure, it is true, that his chief, R, would see the fun of it. What humor R possessed was of a sardonic turn and he had no facility for taking in good part a joke at his own expense. To do that you need to be able to look at yourself from the outside and be at the same time spectator and actor in the pleasant comedy of life. R was a soldier and looked upon introspection as unhealthy, un-English and unpatriotic.

When Ashenden, given charge of a number of spies working from Switzerland, was first sent to that country, it was thought necessary to let him see the sort of reports that he was required to obtain. R handed him a sheaf of typewritten documents; they were communications from a man known in the Secret Service as Gustav, who lived habitually at Basle.

"He's the best fellow we have," said R. "His information is always very full and circumstantial. I want you to read these things very carefully so that you may know what you've got to

aim at. Of course Gustav is a very clever little chap, but there's no reason why we should not get just as good reports from the others. It's merely a question of explaining carefully what we want."

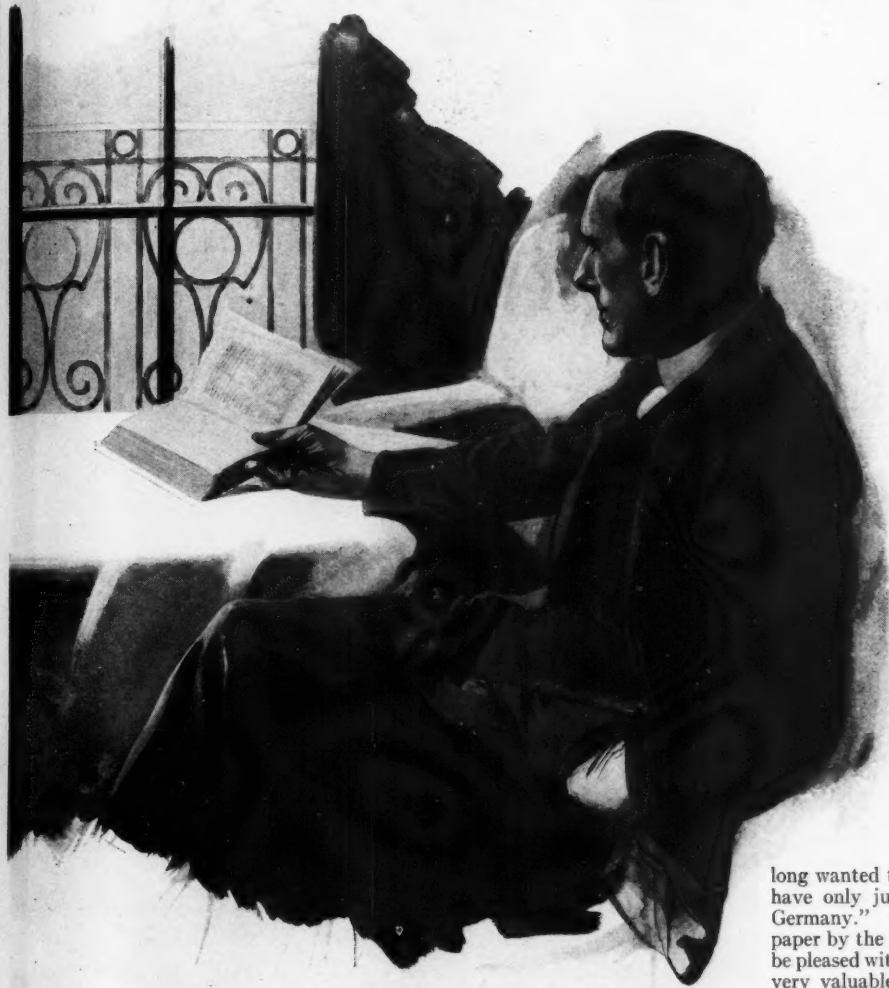
Gustav represented a Swiss firm with branches at Frankfurt, Mannheim and Cologne, and by virtue of his business was able to go in and out of Germany without risk. He traveled up and down the Rhine, and gathered material about the movement of troops, the manufacture of munitions, the state of mind of the country—a point on which R laid peculiar stress—and other matters upon which the Allies desired information. His frequent letters to his wife concealed an ingenious code and the moment she received them in Basle she sent them to Ashenden in Geneva, who extracted from them the important facts and communicated them in the proper quarter. Every two months Gustav came home and prepared one of the reports that served as models to the other spies in this particular section of the Secret Service.

His employers were exceedingly pleased with Gustav and Gustav had reason to be pleased with his employers. His services were so useful that he was not only paid more highly than the others but for particular scoops had received from time to time a handsome bonus.

This went on for more than a year. Then something aroused R's quick suspicions: he was a man of an amazing alertness, not so much of mind as of instinct, and he had suddenly a feeling that some hanky-panky was going on. He told Ashenden nothing definite—whatever R surmised he was disposed to keep to himself—but told him to go to Basle, Gustav being then in Germany,

The FIRST of a Group of Stories
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

In Which We See Some
Hidden Dramas of the Secret Service



"At your service," said Gustav.

"May I come in?"

Gustav was standing with his back to the light in the passage and Ashenden could not see the expression of his face. He felt a momentary hesitation and gave the name under which he received Gustav's letters from Germany.

"Come in, come in. I am very glad to see you."

Gustav led the way into a stuffy little room, furnished with various pieces of carved oak furniture. On the large table covered with a tablecloth of green velveteen was a typewriter. Gustav was apparently engaged in composing one of his invaluable reports. A woman was sitting at the open window darning socks, but at a word from Gustav rose, gathered up her things and left the room. Ashenden had disturbed a pretty picture of connubial bliss.

"Sit down, please.

How very fortunate that I was in Basle. I have long wanted to make your acquaintance. I have only just this minute returned from Germany." He pointed to the sheets of paper by the typewriter. "I think you will be pleased with the news I bring. I have some very valuable information." He chuckled. "One is never sorry to earn a bonus."

He was very cordial, but to Ashenden his cordiality rang false. Gustav kept his eyes, smiling behind the glasses, fixed watchfully on Ashenden and it was possible that they held a trace of nervousness.

"You must have traveled quickly to get here only a few hours after your letter, sent here and then sent on by your wife, reached me in Geneva."

"That is very probable. One of the things I had to tell you is that the Germans had come to the conclusion that information is getting through by means of commercial letters and so they have decided to hold up all mail at the frontier for eight and forty hours."

"I see," said Ashenden, smiling; "and was it on that account, then, that you took the precaution of dating your letter forty-eight hours after you sent it?"

"Did I do that? That was very stupid of me. I must have mistaken the day of the month."

Ashenden looked at Gustav with amusement. That was very thin; Gustav, a business man, knew too well how important in his particular job was the exactness of a date.

"Let me look at your passport a minute," said Ashenden. Gustav started. "What do you want with my passport?"

and have a talk with Gustav's wife. He left it to Ashenden to decide the tenor of the conversation.

Having arrived at Basle, Ashenden took a tram to the corner of the street in which Gustav lived and, with a quick look to see that he was not followed, walked along to the house he sought. It was a block of flats that gave you the impression of decent poverty, and Ashenden conjectured that they were inhabited by clerks and small tradespeople. Just inside the door was a cobbler's shop; and Ashenden stopped a moment.

"Does Mr. X live here?" he asked in his none too fluent German.

"Yes, I saw him go up a few minutes ago. You'll find him in."

ASHENDEN was a trifle startled, for he had but the day before received a letter from Gustav's wife addressed from Mannheim in which Gustav by means of his code gave the numbers of certain regiments that had just crossed the Rhine. He went up to the third floor on which he knew already that Gustav lived. He rang the bell and heard it tinkle within. In a moment the door was opened by a dapper little man with spectacles and a close-shaven round head. He wore carpet slippers.

"Herr X?" asked Ashenden.

"I want to see when you went into Germany and when you came out."

"But you do not imagine that my comings and goings are marked on my passport. I have methods of crossing the frontier."

Ashenden knew a good deal of this matter. He knew that both the Germans and the Swiss were guarding the frontier with extreme severity.

"Oh? Why should you not cross in the ordinary way? You were engaged because your connection with a Swiss firm supplying necessary goods to Germany made it easy for you to travel backwards and forwards frequently without suspicion. I can understand that you might get past the German sentries with the connivance of the Germans, but there still remain the Swiss."

GUSTAV assumed an expression of indignation. "I do not understand you. Do you mean to suggest that I am in the service of the Germans? I give you my word of honor. I will not allow my straightforwardness to be impugned."

"You would not be the only one to take money from both sides and provide information of value to neither."

"Do you pretend that my information is of no value? Why, then, have you given me more bonuses than any other agent has received? The Colonel has repeatedly expressed the highest satisfaction with my services."

It was Ashenden's turn now to be cordial.

"Come, come, my dear fellow, do not try to ride the high horse. You do not wish to show me your passport and I will not insist. You are not under the impression that we leave the statements of our agents without corroboration or that we are so foolish as not to keep track of their movements. Even the best of jokes cannot bear an indefinite repetition. I am in peace-time a humorist by profession and I tell you that from bitter experience."

Now Ashenden thought the moment had arrived to attempt his bluff; he knew something of the excellent but difficult game of poker. "We have information that you have not been to Germany now, nor since you were engaged by us, but have sat here quite quietly in Basle, and all your reports are merely due to your fertile imagination."

Gustav looked at Ashenden and saw a smiling face expressive of nothing but tolerance and good humor. A smile slowly broke on his own lips and he gave his shoulders a little shrug. "Did you think I was such a fool as to risk my life for fifty pounds a month? I love my wife."

Ashenden laughed outright. "I congratulate you. It is not everyone who can flatter himself that he has made a fool of our Secret Service for a year and a half."

"I had the chance of earning money without any difficulty. My firm stopped sending me into Germany at the beginning of the war, but I learned what I could from the other travelers; I kept my ears open in restaurants; I read the German papers. I got a lot of amusement out of sending you reports and letters."

"I don't wonder," said Ashenden.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. What can we do? You are not under the impression that we shall continue to pay you a salary?"

"No, I cannot expect that."

"By the way, if it is not indiscreet, may I ask if you have been playing the same game with the Germans?"



C "Are you English or American?" asked Caypor.

"Oh, no!" Gustav cried vehemently. "How can you think it? My sympathies are absolutely pro-Ally. My heart is entirely with you."

"Well, why not?" asked Ashenden. "The Germans have all the money in the world and there is no reason why you should not get some of it. We could give you information from time to time that the Germans would be prepared to pay for."

Gustav drummed with his fingers on the table. He took up a sheet of the now useless typewritten report. "The Germans are dangerous people to have doings with."

"You are a very intelligent man. And after all, even if your salary is stopped, you can always earn a bonus by bringing us news that can be useful to us. But it will have to be substantiated; in future we pay only by results."

"I will think of it."

For a moment or two Ashenden left Gustav to indulge in reflection. He lighted a cigaret and watched the smoke he had inhaled fade into the air. He thought too.



"English," said Ashenden. He had no fear that Caypor would guess he was a British agent.

"Is there anything you particularly want to know?" asked Gustav suddenly.

Ashenden smiled. "It would be worth a couple of thousand Swiss francs to you if you could tell me what the Germans are doing with a spy of theirs in Lucerne. He is an Englishman and his name is Grantley Caypor."

"I have heard the name," said Gustav. He paused a moment. "How long are you staying here?"

"As long as necessary. I will take a room at the hotel and let you know the number. If you have anything to say to me you can be sure of finding me in my room at nine every morning and seven every evening."

"I should not risk coming to the hotel. But I can write."

"Very well." Ashenden rose to go and Gustav accompanied him to the door.

"We part without ill-feeling, then?" he asked.

"Of course. Your reports will remain in our archives as models of what a report should be."

Ashenden spent the next two or three days visiting the town.

On the fourth morning a letter was brought up with his coffee. The envelop was that of a commercial firm unknown to him and inside it was a typewritten sheet. There was no address and no signature. Ashenden wondered if Gustav was aware that a typewriter could betray its owner as definitely as handwriting. Having twice carefully read the communication, he held the paper up to the light to see the water-mark, then struck a match and watched it burn. He crunched up the charred fragments in his hand.

He got up, for he had taken advantage of his situation to breakfast in bed, packed his bag and took the next train to Berne. From there he was able to send a code telegram to R. His instructions were given him two days later, in the bedroom of his hotel at an hour when no one was likely to be seen walking along a corridor, and within twenty-four hours, though by a circuitous route, he arrived at Lucerne.

He was traveling with a brand-new (Continued on page 107)



Mildred, who was Rollin's sweetheart in the days
that used to be, and Janey, who was Herbert's.

Two Little Girls in Blue

By ZONA GALE



Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

ROLLIN MERCER sat in a period chair, beside a period table, before a period fireplace, and he read by a period lamp. The room was spread with Persian rugs, walled in panels of needle-point, and everywhere were expensive nothings, including the pictures.

In a chair of another period sat Mrs. Rollin Mercer, and Mercer put down his newspaper and looked at her. "Jocks, she's *grande dame*," he thought, but he couldn't say it aloud because she wouldn't have liked "Jocks" and he wasn't sure how to pronounce *grande dame*. So he merely looked at her.

Her blue velvet gown—they were due somewhere later—became her admirably, her pearl necklace and pearl earrings, the sparkling rings on the hand which held her glass, and the high coiffure of silver hair, became her infinitely. He sat looking at her with the same admiration with which, every night, he still approached his elegant and pretentious home on Lake Shore Drive.

His wife looked up from her magazine and spoke, regarding the fire. Said she: "The liberation of the cathode ray will probably revolutionize building materials, ship-building and perhaps fuel."

Mercer experienced a wave of the unpleasant. She was always doing this to him. What in thunder was the cathode ray? And if anybody in the house knew anything about the revolution of building materials, ship-building and perhaps fuel, it ought to be he and not Janet.

"M-m-m," said Mercer, in a manner of great preoccupation.

"It may even make new foods," she went on liberally.

"Might," he conceded fairly.

Now he looked at her without approval, even with something of rancor. Of course it was fine for Janet to know things, but why did she have to seem to know them?

"Perhaps it will remake *materia medica*," she advanced.

Materia medica? Why couldn't she say medicine? And what did she mean?

"When do we have to go?" he demanded.

"We might go at any time now," she returned precisely, snapped her glass and rose. "My coat is in the hall," she suggested.

He brought it, folded her in white fox depths, and telephoned his garage. They went down the steps in the soft summer night, as the beautiful car came backing down the drive. He took his place beside the wife whom he had married twenty-six years before, fresh from a family in whose high presence he had trembled with respect. Now, having made his own place beside them, he looked up from adding dollar to dollar to find his wife *au courant*—the words were hers—with matters of which he knew nothing at all.

And though he had made the fortune, it was she who wore the manner of superiority.

The wife, the business, the house, the position, the money—he had them all. And slumped down in his new five-figure car, he stared at his chauffeur's liveried back and looked ahead over the years: The wife, the house and the car didn't need him. The business, he was forced to admit, had gone on perfectly the year that he was in Europe. Any trust-company could reinvest his money as well as he could. Where did he come in?

"I expect you and Herbert will get into the billiard-room and

stay the whole evening," his wife observed, with her hackneyed accent of intense disapproval.

"I hope so," said Mercer, with a ray of satisfaction.

For Herbert Allen and he had come from the same town; had come up to Chicago together and had both made good in the only way they knew; and now sometimes they spent an evening together and talked happily about the old days, the days in Potter's Depot, Illinois.

Herbert's wife, who was neither *grande dame* nor highbrow, stood among her guests with a temporary manner which was hard to explain; but she looked always as if she had alighted for a moment, as if she could not tarry, as if even then she were listening for some summons, and as if you had better hurry if you wanted to get it said and have her hear it. Even in the formal receiving line it was the same—her invisible ear was, under her hair, cocked for some call. Herbert, relaxed, resigned, stood beside her, and if he wanted to hear his own name paged, this did not appear. As soon as he could do so decently, he slipped away to the billiard-room, whither Mercer had already preceded him.

Mercer dashed down his newspaper. "Bert," he said, "look at this."

THE paper was the Potter's Depot Epitome, to which Allen had subscribed for thirty years. He now read: "For immediate sale: Dwelling house at 516 West Conant Street. Modern, except heat, light and water. Big bargain for a quick buy. Address the premises."

"My gosh, Bert," said Rollin Mercer, "that's my old home. Sure. The old place. Father built it."

"Sure enough," said Allen, "and it looked just the same as ever when I last saw it. Even to the brown paint."

"I haven't been in that house for thirty years," said Mercer.

"I've a good notion to run down and go over it."

"I'll come along," Allen said.

They talked about that house. They remembered the Sunday night that they had come home privately from fishing, had hid a big catch under gunny sacks in the kitchen closet until the fish could have a respectable Monday advent; and then on Monday the two had suddenly gone off for a week to Uncle Henry's in the country. They recalled the sequel.

"Bert," said Mercer, "now that wasn't such a thundering happy occasion, at the time. Neither was running away with the circus and getting jerked back. What makes 'em so nice to reminiscence on?"

"I don't know," said Allen.

"That house at 516 West Conant—what is there about that house that makes me want to go down there and look it over?"

"I don't know," said Allen. "Ours burned," he added gloomily, "or I'd like to go there too. Like to see the wood-shed—and the tree. Mother and the girls made soft soap under. I hated soft soap, too."

"I hated our wagon-shed," said Mercer, "but I hope to the Lord it's still there."

"I've got to go and round up some guests to come down here and have a game," said Allen, not moving from his corner of the billiard-table.

"I'm sick of billiards, myself," said Mercer. "I'm off golf too. Fact is, Allen, I don't know what to do with myself half the time. Janet—" He said no more.

Allen said more. "Rosamund," he said, "is dottier over the children now than she was when they were young. I'm not in the count—not in the picture. Sometimes I feel like my will and my insurance, and that's all."

"You're a successful man, Allen!" said Mercer indignantly.

"You're another," said Allen. "You've got no children, but you have got your wife—and I haven't."

"Janet," said Mercer explosively, "is more interested in what's going on in the world than she is in me, by gad!"

They regarded each other. Some guests were heard escaping from above stairs toward the billiard-room.

"Let's run down to Potter's Depot tomorrow," said Mercer. "Could you get away right after lunch?"

Potter's Depot lay dreaming in the sun of a June afternoon when Mercer's car rolled up Conant Street. Potter's Depot had been dreaming for eighty years, and to judge by externals, the dream had not yet come true. The town was only a hundred miles from Chicago, but neither man had been there in two decades.

The house at 516 West Conant lay behind lilacs, now flowerless and green, and bridal-wreath, in its last bloom. The place had a fence, and the gate had no spring but was secured by a rope weighted with a paint pail filled with stones. The front stoop sagged a bit, and it had a wrought-iron scraper, to invite the scraping of mud from the shoes of a guest. A yellow rose-bush bloomed under a window, and a robin had a nest and some young ones on the upper molding of the porch.

Mercer strolled up the cream brick walk to the house. He wasn't sorry that Herbert had been detained and was to join him later. Mercer stepped along almost delicately, looking to this side and that. He thought:

"There's one of the poplars Father planted—the other must have died. There's the spruce—there's the russet apple tree that never bore. There used to be eight other apple trees on the place—say, but the lot used to be bigger, didn't it? That's the window that had the lace curtain that my squirrel ran up and down—and they made me let him out," he recalled resentfully and rapped on the door.

A woman opened the door. She was very thin, with large eyes, and she stared at Mercer without a movement of her lashes.

"This place is advertised for sale, I believe," said Mercer.

"Yes, Rollin," said the woman. "Come in."

Stupefied at hearing his own name uttered so freely, Mercer looked up at this woman. A faint perception of resemblance stirred him, and as he entered and caught a side view of her face, it gripped him.

"Mildred Wells!" he said.

Her smile, white and wintry, hardly warmed her lips, and she put out her hand as if she were more deeply aware of her own shyness than she was of him.

"Please to walk into the parlor," she said.

They sat in the low-ceiled little parlor, and the walls closed Mercer round. There had stood the center table, there had hung the crayons of his parents, there the old coal-stove had glowed. The stair door rose before him, and above, in the room over the



dining-room, he had dreamed his dreams of Mildred Wells, and of life.

"How long have you been living in my old home?" Mercer demanded.

"Seven years," she said, and flushed a blazing scarlet. She hurried on: "Mother and Father have both died here. I'm all alone now. I'm going to sell and live with my married sister."

"That's an awful life," said Mercer unguardedly, and cried, "I beg your pardon! But why don't you stay on here?"

She said tonelessly: "It's too large a place for me to keep up alone."

Too large a place. Mercer's eye pierced the wall, saw his parents' little bedroom, the dining-room where the range had stood in winter, the tiny summer kitchen. Up-stairs the two low chambers.

"How much do you want for the property?" he asked.

"I thought maybe—three thousand," she said faintly, and added quickly: "There's two lots."

"Sure," said Mercer. "I've hoed 'em both, pretty near. I thought I might like to do it again. I'm thinking of buying the little place," he said.

But all the time he was looking at her with attention—the ravaged face, the mournful eyes, the undeveloped figure. Mildred.

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For thirty years Rollin Mercer had been homesick for somebody who cared. Though he had made the fortune, it was his wife who wore the air of superiority—cool, detached, aloof . . .

There the grindstone had stood. There sloped the same outside cellar door—he could smell the cool moldy breath; and he thought about the swing-shelf, safe from mice, with wire covers over the dishes to make them safe from flies.

He looked to the far corner of the lot, where the wagon shop had been, with sweet clover deep about the double doors; and abruptly, across the grass and sorrel of the yard, he could imagine his father coming toward the house—that thin drooping figure, the blue shirt, the shoes that seemed always to have been spattered with whitewash.

This figure he could fancy looking up and smiling a bit, that hopeful bright-eyed smile that his father had never lost to the last. How little he had had! How heroically he had tried to make a living for his family from that little wagon shop! For thirty years the slight figure had worn the path, now long overgrown, back and forth from the shop to the house. He had died too soon to know of his son's success. His mother had died too soon. If only, if only . . .

Mercer turned and walked blindly toward the house, as so many times he had gone there, seeking comfort. It had never failed him. It did not fail him now. Faintly and deliciously, there stole out to him from the open kitchen door the heartening smell of frying potatoes.

To that door he stepped up, and he looked in, and he asked wistfully: "Couldn't I come in there while you cook?"

Mildred Wells, wearing a blue apron, turned from the stove and smiled.

"Come in," she said.

He went inside that kitchen and breathed the air of home, of thirty years ago. Stove, table, sink, little mirror, even the hooks, all looked the same. He sank down in the wooden-bottomed rocker by the window, with the pink geranium and the curtain calico; and just then the smell of the coffee stole out and mingled with the fried potatoes.

"Gosh!" he breathed, and he saw that she had laid the table there in the kitchen.

"I thought," she said, "you might (Continued on page 175)

He talked on about the place, listened to her faint essays to praise it, saw her mounting excitement, her nervous gestures. Mildred Wells. He had brought her home from church, in heavenly agony at her nearness. He had taken her sleighing over the white land in the black nights. And beside the spruces, close to her father's door, he had kissed her good night, and more than once. What had happened? While she explained what a fine place there was for chickens, he tried to remember. There seemed to be nothing to remember, no tragedy, no misunderstanding. Things had merely stopped. That was the tragedy. Or did she remember?

"Room for two hundred pullets," she was saying.

And good Lord, how slim her waist had been! And so it was now—only what did it matter? Mildred Wells and his dreams of her in the room over the dining-room.

"You sit here," Mildred Wells was saying, "and let me get us some supper. Or maybe you would rather walk round in the yard?"

He accepted gratefully, and stepped out the front door in the slanting sunlight. His mother's bed of four-o'clocks and portulacas had been there—moss-roses, she had called them. And sweet alyssum that he never could spell—not that he had wanted to. The well-house there, the dog-kennel there—Laddie, whose brown expectant eyes and shaggy head he saw abruptly as if it had been forty years before. There the doves used to "light."

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The Stripes of the Tiger

A Novel of Mystery and a
New Jean Valjean

The Story So Far:

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN STRICKLAND went to the Burma ruby mines at Mogok to buy a jewel for a lady. While he was there, he agreed, at the request of Captain Thorne of the native police, to shoot down a man-eating tiger that had been spreading terror in the villages.

He sat in a tree in the jungle at midnight waiting for the tiger. But no tiger appeared. Instead, a man leaped from the jungle into the moonlight—an emaciated, powerful man, carrying a great club, with a tiger's ferocity and a cobra's cunning stamped on his features.

Strickland did not shoot. But along his nerves ran some subtle, subconscious warning that this man meant danger in some strange way to one he loved.

Captain Thorne, of course, did not believe his tale when Strickland told it the next morning. But then they found that a native servant, Maung H'la, whom Thorne characterized as "the greatest scoundrel unchanged," had been sought for by a stranger like the tiger man of the jungle, and had fled from him in terror and disappeared.

Strickland bought the ruby, a gorgeous stone, for Lady Ariadne Ferne—the most beautiful, the most widely loved, the most daringly unconventional girl in England.

When Thorne learned for whom it was intended, he gave Strickland another bit of warning information. Ariadne, according to newspaper gossip, had lately made friends with Corinne, the famous dancer. If Maung H'la, said Thorne, had his deserts, he would stand in the dock, and Corinne would stand beside him. And Thorne advised Strickland, when he returned to England, to look up the inquest on Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter. More he would not say.

The tiger man, Maung H'la, Corinne—these three were now linked in Strickland's mind in the subtle warning of danger to Ariadne.

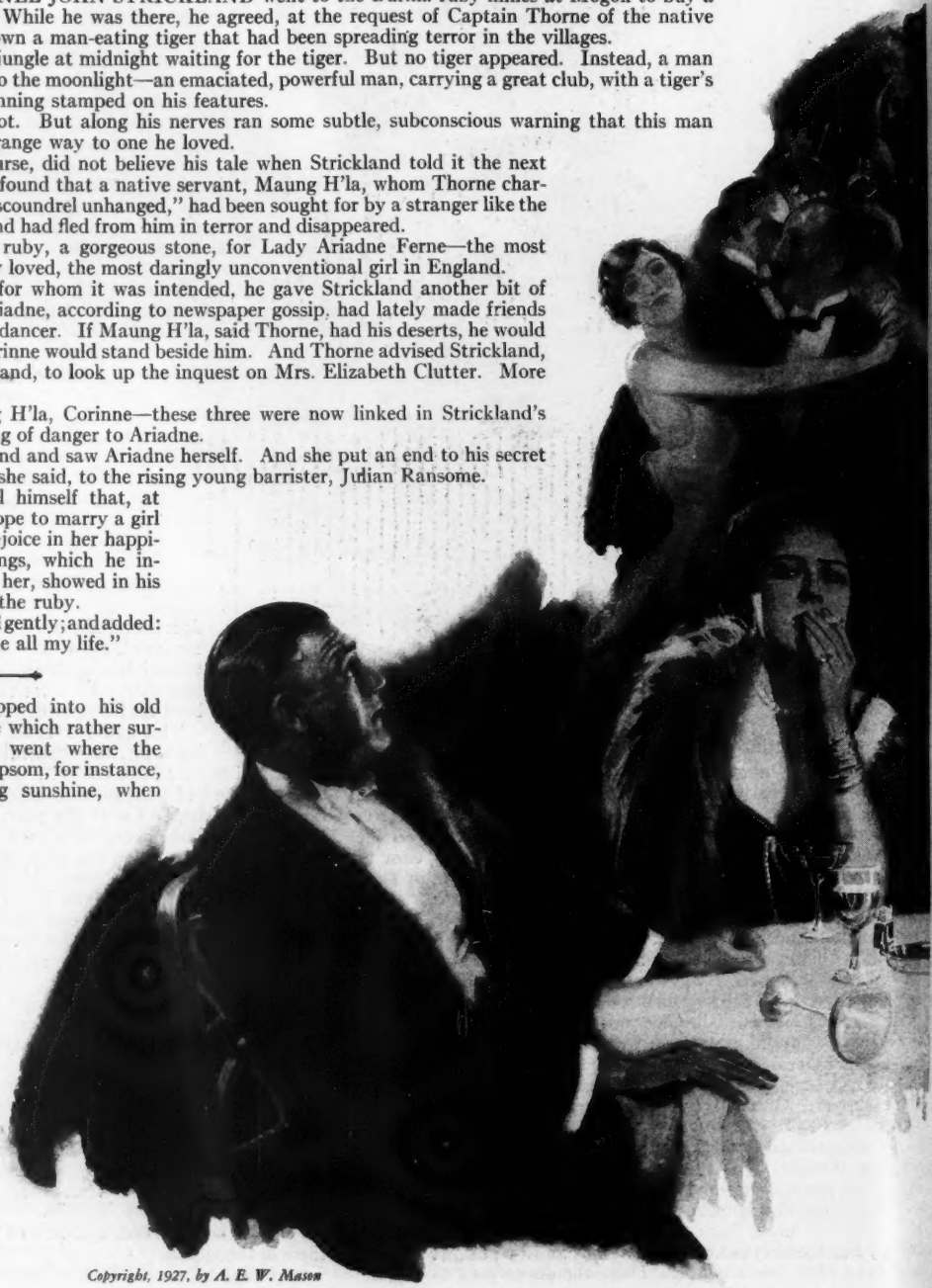
He went back to England and saw Ariadne herself. And she put an end to his secret hopes—she was engaged, she said, to the rising young barrister, Julian Ransome.

Strickland tried to tell himself that, at forty-two, he could not hope to marry a girl of twenty-three, and to rejoice in her happiness. But his real feelings, which he intended never to reveal to her, showed in his eyes as he gave Ariadne the ruby.

"I am so sorry," she said gently; and added: "I shall treasure this stone all my life."

STRICKLAND dropped into his old place with an ease which rather surprised him. He went where the world went. To Epsom, for instance, on that day of blinding sunshine, when Captain Cuttle won the Derby. There, for the first time, he saw Corinne, the famous dancer, amidst a group of people in a private stand by the winning-post. Since she wore a small, tightly fitting hat which covered her ears and hid her eyes, a pair of orange-colored cheeks, and a scarlet gash for a mouth, he was totally unable to distinguish her from any other of the thousands of young women.

There, too, a little later on, he stumbled upon Lady Ariadne, who, bohemian that



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By A. E. W. Mason *who wrote* "At the Villa Rose"

Illustrations by
G. Patrick Nelson

she was, had preferred to picnic with her lover amongst the other gipsies on the hill.

"Strickland!" she cried at the top of her voice.

Julian Ransome, on the other hand, laughed a little affectedly as Strickland approached. He seemed to be saying: "For once this is an amusing experience."

"Strickland, I have written to you," cried Ariadne, "and of course you'll come."

Ariadne's idea of a letter was a line of half a dozen words scribbled with a pencil across the corner of a holograph invitation to a public dinner. The letter was signed by Lord Culalla, a young and wealthy Australian, who had been lately raised to the peerage and was making a stir in the new world of London. It bade Strickland to a banquet at the Semiramis Hotel given on behalf of the Choral Benevolent Society.

"I have arranged your seat. A. F." This was the extent of Ariadne's letter.

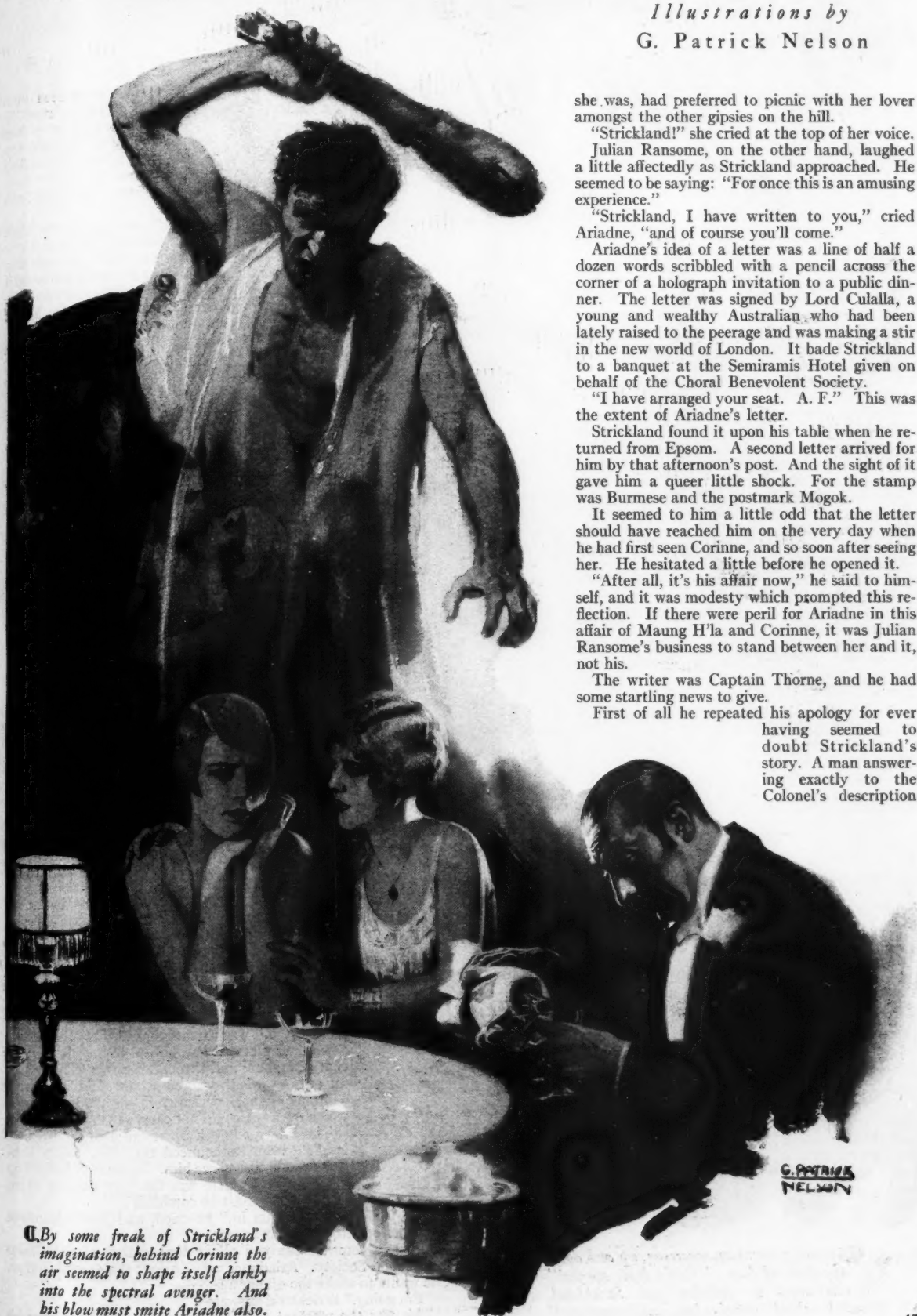
Strickland found it upon his table when he returned from Epsom. A second letter arrived for him by that afternoon's post. And the sight of it gave him a queer little shock. For the stamp was Burmese and the postmark Mogok.

It seemed to him a little odd that the letter should have reached him on the very day when he had first seen Corinne, and so soon after seeing her. He hesitated a little before he opened it.

"After all, it's his affair now," he said to himself, and it was modesty which prompted this reflection. If there were peril for Ariadne in this affair of Maung H'la and Corinne, it was Julian Ransome's business to stand between her and it, not his.

The writer was Captain Thorne, and he had some startling news to give.

First of all he repeated his apology for ever having seemed to doubt Strickland's story. A man answering exactly to the Colonel's description



CBy some freak of Strickland's imagination, behind Corinne the air seemed to shape itself darkly into the spectral avenger. And his blow must smite Ariadne also.



Corinne's voice ran, wavering, up and down the scale of fear. "Don't leave me yet!" she cried to Ariadne and Strickland. "I shall crouch here till morning."

had been seen upon the jungle road fifteen miles or so from Mogok, about the very time when the Colonel was buying his ruby.

He had not been seen since. Then the letter went on:

"Maung H'la's body was found in the jungle two days after you left, and not half a mile from the spot where you waited in your tree. Mr. Brain, of the Forest Department, found it and the tiger at the same time, and was fortunate enough to kill the tiger. As for Maung H'la, it is supposed that the tiger killed him. At all events, nothing could be proved to the contrary. Brain, however, thinks——"

And then came, for Strickland, who remembered well the caution of Captain Thorne, a most illuminating alteration. After he had written "Brain, however, thinks——" Thorne had broken off and scratched the words out, yet left them legible. So the careful District Superintendent of Police said what he meant to say and committed himself

to no statement at all. Strickland could not but smile at so ingenious a way of conveying to him that Maung H'la died by another agency than a tiger's claws. (The letter continued, indeed, even more explicitly:

"His neck was broken. And of course a gentle pat of the tiger's paw would have broken it just as easily as—say, the sort of club your stranger was carrying. I hold no views upon the matter. Maung H'la was certainly mauled by the tiger. So no case could lie. But the greatest sportsman who ever shot big game in Burma did write that there could not be a greater fallacy than the old superstition that a tiger never ate anything not killed by himself." This last sentence was underlined.

There the letter ended, and there was the truth uttered in Thorne's very own special and particular way. Maung H'la had been caught and murdered in the jungle on the very night when Strickland was sitting out on his *machan* in the tree, and not half a mile from where he watched; had been murdered silently and suddenly, and by that grim Satan with the club in his hand, perhaps—nay, almost certainly, only a few minutes before he had stood out in the glade with the moonlight glistening upon his eyes.

Strickland sat with the letter in his hands, and all his forebodings crowding back into his mind. The tremendous event! That is what he had called it—aye, even before it had happened. And here was the loom of it once more in the sky like the glare of a fire on land to a sailor in the dark of the seas. Here it was threatening Corinne the dancer, whose gay plumage had helped to brighten Epsom that afternoon, and through her friendship, reaching out towards the sacred person of Ariadne Ferne—involving her, perhaps, in a dreadful scandal which even she could not carry off.

There was a knock upon the door, and Strickland's servant announced that Mr. Julian Ransome would like to see him. Strickland jumped up with alacrity. Here was the very man to whom this mystery must be confided.

"Show him in," he cried, and Julian Ransome was ushered into the room.

"I have come to see you about that dinner of the Choral Benevolent Society. Ariadne is very anxious that you should go. She wants to make the dinner a success."

"I'm going," Strickland answered.

This was the moment to relate his story, and hand over his

trust to its proper guardian. He imagined himself telling the story. How vaporous and fantastical it would sound! It was an account of his moods rather than a statement of facts.

"Won't he treat the whole story as mere moonshine?" Strickland asked himself.

The facts were few enough—the quest and murder of Maung H'la by the alarming stranger and some vague connection, through Maung H'la, between him and Ariadne's friend Corinne.

"Even if he listens seriously," Strickland's speculations ran on, "wouldn't Ransome be just the man to take the fatal step of trying to exercise authority over Ariadne to make her break off her friendship with the dancer?"

Perhaps, after all, he had so much authority!

In his perplexities Strickland asked a question directly.

"Do you know Corinne?"

There was just a perceptible pause before Ransome answered.

"Of course I do."

"Is she French?"

"No, English. Corinne is a name."

The answers were short. Corinne was clearly a subject Mr. Ransome did not wish to pursue. Strickland, however, pursued it.

"What's your opinion of her?"

The pause was now even more perceptible.

"She is a friend of Ariadne's," Ransome replied at last.

Strickland laughed cordially. He could have wished for no other reply from the future guardian of the trust. He would transfer the charge of it now and here. He picked up his letter to begin the story, when Ransome must needs spoil altogether the effect which he had produced and check the words on Strickland's lips.

"All that has got to end, of course," he continued. "I have let it go on. But it won't do."

"It will end in the natural order of things, no doubt," said Strickland.

"Sooner than that," Julian Ransome answered.

Strickland thoughtfully folded up his letter and put it away in a drawer. It seemed now to him that Ransome would use the story of Maung H'la's end and its menace to Corinne prematurely, rashly, and set up Ariadne still more publicly as Corinne's champion and associate.

"You can form your own opinion of Corinne, Colonel Strickland," said Ransome. "For you are going to meet her yourself. When this bore of a dinner is over, we are all to go on to the Noughts and Crosses."

"Good Lord, what's that?" cried Strickland. "A public house in the King's Road?"

"No," Ransome explained very seriously and patiently. "The Noughts and Crosses is the newest and brightest and best of the night clubs. The 'Noughts' stand for the men, you see, and the 'Crosses' for the women. Corinne dances there."

"Does she, indeed? I shall be introduced to her, then?" said Strickland.

"You certainly will." Ransome gazed reflectively at the Colonel as he added with an air of deprecation: "But, perhaps, you would be wiser not to entertain too high hopes. There is a Spaniard, Leon Battchilena. You will (Continued on page 165)

By REX BEACH

Illustrations by
Harrison Fisher

The Woman Who Buried Her *PAST*

A GOOD many people called Mrs. Henry Hassard a snob and she did not deny it. She was "proud of her pride," as she put it. To her friends, or rather to those acquaintances who pretended to be friends, she explained candidly and casually that a social position such as hers demanded hauteur, poise, a frigidity of mind and a formality of manner which was likely to be misconstrued; that it involved also the exercise of a certain ruthlessness which was bound to make enemies. If that constituted snobbery, so be it; one could not be a leader and march in the ranks.

Ambitious? Certainly she was ambitious. Ambition, the firm determination to get ahead at whatever cost, always had been and always would be the dominating motive of her life. She had started that way as a girl.

This was quite true. Henry Hassard had discovered the sort of person she was soon after meeting her, and he had been attracted as much by her mental energy as by her undeniable good looks. At that time she had been working in a Western variety theater, and Western variety theaters were not nice places of employment. Drinks were served in the curtained boxes and out of every dollar spent by the patrons for refreshment a percentage went to the "actresses" who promoted this conviviality. Salaries were nominal; nevertheless, some of the girls got ahead very rapidly.

Virginia Hazen, that being her name, was neither better nor worse than her companions, which is a manner of saying that she was no better than she should have been, but she was very much smarter than they, and more important by far, she had a level head. Henry Hassard was awake to the danger he ran in making such a girl his wife, but he had never denied himself much of anything, and in those days as well as these young men of means had a way of marrying whom they chose.

Hassard took the chance. He brought Virginia back to New York with him as his bride and he introduced her as the daughter

of a wealthy Montana mining man. Nobody pried into her history, for she promptly made friends of her husband's friends. Inside of five years she had become one of the leaders of the social world in which they moved.

Now this success, so immediate and so extraordinary under the circumstances, was by no means entirely due to Virginia's beauty or to her force of character, although they had something to do with it, as did her theatrical schooling. Henry was, in the main, responsible. He drilled her, he coached her; he ground her down, he smoothed and polished her until she fitted her new position to a nicety. He practically made her over. She was hard; it was a patient, painstaking job on his part, but good workmen enjoy handling refractory material, it takes such a high finish and it fits so precisely when it is done.

Nobody runs straighter than a reformed crook, nobody becomes so narrow or so bigoted as the ungodly person who has been "saved," no woman guards her reputation more carefully than she who repents of some youthful folly.

Virginia Hassard ran straight, she grew as narrow as the groove in which flowed her daily life, and of all the matrons of Westchester County, none was so careful of her good name and so jealous of her standing as she who had neither name nor standing of her own. She made a splendid wife and a good mother but she learned to dispense with friends. Friends, her husband had warned her, are likely to become confidants.

The Hassards lived "up the Hudson," at that time a section favored by some of the smartest families. As the years went by the character of the environment changed; it became less fashionable but more respectable, if such a thing were possible. More conservative, too. The most respectable, the most conservative members of the community were the Henry Hassards, and Virginia became its social dictator. In common with her better neighbors she looked down upon residents of the newer and less seasoned sections of suburban New York. All this, of course, was a matter of years in the doing.

The Hassards had one child, a son. When Henry, Senior, died, his widow mourned him sincerely, then settled herself to the earnest task of being a good mother to Henry, Junior, and of rearing him to fill the place his father had left vacant. It was as much for the boy's sake as for her own that she refused to surrender the reins of her dictatorship. She adored the boy, he was her idol; she vowed that she would bequeath to him the finest, the firmest, the most respected social position of any young man in New York, and so she jealously guarded every ounce of power,

The Slander Girl



The
Girl Who
SHOCKED
Broadway

every atom of prestige she had gained.

Virginia spoiled young Henry pretty thoroughly, as was inevitable, but she was too sensible to pamper him. She put him through the most expensive private schools, where his body received as thorough training as his mind, and, due more to her ambition than to his, he later became captain of the Princeton crew and yet managed to graduate with honors. Nothing less than the unusual would have satisfied his mother, for by now he was more than her idol, he was her god.

Virginia was sorely disappointed that he somehow failed of the distinction of being voted the most popular man of his class, and she could not understand it. But the truth is Henry was as hard and as highly polished as his mother and, like her, he had the knack of exciting admiration but completely lacked the ability to make real friends.

After his graduation Virginia set about arranging a suitable marriage for him, and naturally she aimed high. To be frank, she aimed so high that there was no target to shoot at.

Then came the war. Some of Henry's college friends went over with the Canadians, others later joined the Foreign Legion, and he talked a good deal about doing something of the sort, but he never quite got around to it. He did go across finally, but not until America had entered the struggle and he had been drafted. Thanks to Virginia's efforts, he received a commission before he sailed.

Followed two years of anguish for Mrs. Hassard. She suffered, bled; every day was a torture. Relief work became fashionable and she plunged into it—Virginia always led in "the thing to do." Her home at Tarrytown she filled with sick boys in uniform, she lived the life of a trained nurse and ran the place like a hospital. Those boys were soul-sick as well as body-sick and many of them yearned for a little something more than food, amusement, professional solace, but Mrs. Hassard was an automaton, there was a remoteness to her sympathy that chilled instead of warmed the objects of her concern.

ALL her love was centered upon her own son and about him she worried constantly. Only the mother of a thoroughly spoiled child can understand her selfish agonies. She was sorry for these lads, to be sure, she provided lavishly for their ease and their comfort and she made a slave of herself in their behalf, but she would have sacrificed them all for Henry. This vast expenditure of strength, of time, of money she regarded not as a voluntary sacrifice but as a—well, as a sort of insurance premium upon her son's safety. It was a bribe to God.

When news of the Armistice came she collapsed.

The bribe had taken. Henry returned home in perfect health and as quite a hero; nevertheless he was changed. In some ways he was almost a stranger to the woman who believed she knew him best. Virginia was slow to admit the change even when it came up for comment one day in the office of Dexter Wood, her attorney. She had consulted Wood with increasing frequency of late, for the Hassard estate, never so large as it was reputed to be, had shrunk alarmingly during the war and now in the post-war readjustment period it was shrinking still further.

"Isn't it time Henry settled down and went to work?" the attorney inquired.

Virginia shrugged. "I don't know. Remember, he went through a lot. It left him fagged."

"He has had a year to rest up. Does he understand the condition of your affairs?"

"Certainly not. Why spoil his fun?"

"He'd be the last one to jeopardize your future security—or so I assume—but that's precisely what he is doing. And you're doing him an injustice by allowing him to run on. Figure it out for yourself, Virginia: there's barely enough income left to maintain you in comfort, and at best you'll have to economize."

"Oh, I've made a start in that direction. I've cut my charities to the bone."

The lawyer smiled. "They always go first. Now, then, Henry has been tied to your apron-strings long enough. Put him into business. Other young men have made good in spite of their advantages and he can do so if he puts his mind to it. The trouble is to get him to put his mind to anything. What is it the war did to our boys? It made men out of some mighty poor timber and—it spoiled a lot of promising material. Henry seems to have—well, to have lost compression. He's like a motor that runs idle but won't pull a load. Forgive me if—"

"He's the best boy in the world," Virginia declared with conviction, "and I refuse to be alarmed. I'm having my troubles and he's having his. He is readjusting himself physically, mentally, psychologically—"

"Morally, too, I hear."

"And I'm going through a similar experience, financially. Our boys lived fast and furiously over there; everything was brutal, abnormal. I presume you mean Henry is learning to slow down, trying to get in step again. Well, what of it?"

This was not what Dexter Wood had meant but he let it pass. As a matter of fact, it seemed to him that Henry Hassard was speeding up instead of slowing down. "Of course the simple and the direct way to solve his problem and yours, too, is to marry him off to some rich girl. With your social acquaintance and your technique that should be a simple matter."

Virginia smiled at her attorney. "Naturally, I don't share your prejudice against marriages of that sort, Dexter, for mine turned out so well. Frankly, that's precisely what I have in mind for the boy and I dare say I must get at it at once. But as for his—indolence, I think he has been loafing largely to please me. He knows I want him near me."

When his client had left, Wood sat frowning for a while. Virginia was the smartest woman he had ever known, but she was blind on one side. If he was any judge of human nature Henry Hassard, Junior, was as nearly no good as any young man of his acquaintance.

Mother and son had a frank talk soon thereafter and Virginia



"It would kill me if you married a common girl, Henry," said his mother, "for it would prove your own small caliber. The surest way to measure a man is to measure his wife."

was a little dismayed at the willingness with which Henry offered to go to work. Somehow she got the idea that he was relieved to escape from the monotony of home life and to evade her espionage. When she sounded him out on the subject of matrimony she got nowhere. He was lackadaisical; the mere thought of marrying, whether for love or for money, rather bored him.

He confessed that he had been pretty well spoiled by girls and that the ones his mother thought highest of struck him as particularly uninteresting. It would be pleasant, without doubt, to share in a large fortune, but the girls of his acquaintance who had fortunes large enough to share with anybody were either too dumb or too intelligent, too slow or too lively to suit him, and only a few were good-looking. After all, a chap didn't need much money if he had good friends.

"Marry whom you choose, of course," the mother told him, "only be sure you marry the right sort of girl. You know any

number of them and you surely wouldn't have it in your heart to marry the wrong sort."

"I presume not."

"You have a name, position, and you're supposed to be comfortably well off. Beware of any girl who runs after you. For heaven's sake, don't bring me a—a chorus girl. Promise?"

"I promise," Henry laughed.

"I mean that figuratively and literally as well. I know theatrical women. I was one." Virginia's lips compressed themselves. "And don't think too lightly of money. That's the improvidence of youth. I don't mean to imply that money is everything, but it is a great deal more than we consider it, at twenty-five. Poverty is degrading. Money is a safeguard to self-respect: it enables one to do so many nice things and to know so many nice people. I want you to know only the nicest people, Henry, and to associate with them. It would kill me if you married a—a



common girl, for it would prove your own small caliber. The surest way to measure a man is to measure his wife."

"In other words, a man is judged by the woman he keeps?"

"Exactly! That's why I worked like a galley-slave to make something of myself. The only questionable thing your father ever did was to marry me."

"Ridiculous! You're the cleverest woman in the county."

"I admit it, my dear. That's why our marriage turned out so well. I *made* it succeed. Not many women could do as much and so again I urge you to marry well. It's the best insurance in the world."

Henry Hassard found a job. With a bond house, of course. As time went on he took to living at one of his clubs and his mother saw him only at week-ends, for commuting wearied him. By and by even those visits became infrequent and Virginia began to consider selling her Tarrytown place and taking a house in town. But the home was heavily mortgaged and Henry argued against such a move. Bond selling, as he explained, was a peculiar

business; it involved a deal of night work and it called for personal contacts. A fellow had to fit his habits to those of his moneyed friends. If Virginia came to town it would handicap rather than help him.

In order to avoid completely losing touch with her son Mrs. Hassard made it a practise to go to the city once a week and have luncheon or dinner with him. Sometimes they went to a theater. She did not care much for the theater, for it aroused memories too long ignored, too thoroughly stifled: it was like visiting the grave of some indiscretion. Moreover, she did not approve of the modern stage, for the frankness of the spoken drama caused her to cringe and she could see little except vulgarity in the musical shows.

THE first show Henry took her to was one of the latter sort. It was "The Slanders," a "seven-seventy" revue, the tickets for which sold at a heavy premium. Hardened theatergoers gasped at "The Slanders" and nudged their neighbors and asked what next. Naturally, it was a great success. It was advertised as a sumptuous eye and ear entertainment.

Virginia conceded that much and more. As she told Henry, it was an eye, ear, nose and throat entertainment: a bust, body and thigh show.

She could have sat through it with the boy's father and taken a certain sophisticated enjoyment out of its lavish splendor, but with Henry, the younger, here beside her she suffered an attack of extreme self-consciousness. She wondered what emotions in him were excited by those beauteous white bodies so nearly naked. Was it an esthetic enjoyment he derived? She could not make herself believe that it was.

The spectacular climax of this "edition" of "The Slanders" occurred in the second act when, at the conclusion of a bewildering ballet, an enormous jewel box opened, exposing a perfectly nude girl. Perfect and nude would better describe her, for in face and figure she was exquisite—Virginia had never seen a more beautiful creature. For a full minute she posed against a background of purple velvet, then, as a roar of applause broke forth, the scene was suddenly blacked out.

When the house lights came on, Mrs. Hassard turned to her program, but Henry informed her:

"That's Myrna Sloan. You must have seen her pictures in the rotogravures. They call her the Slander Girl."

"Poor child!" the mother murmured.

Henry faced about and raised his brows. "What? What do you mean?"

"I was merely thinking of the price she pays for this applause. I dare say she cries a good deal."

"Nonsense! You were a professional, Mother. You must know how they look at such things. It's all in the business."

"The business has changed since my time. And the people, too. Why, the toughest dance-hall girl in the wildest Western mining-camp was a prude compared with that creature."

Henry opened his lips to speak, then shrugged and turned his face back towards the stage.

One day Dexter Wood felt called upon to tell Mrs. Hassard that her son was behaving badly. He was drinking too much and working not at all. He was living on borrowed money. Nor was that the worst: every night he was to be seen in the company of Myrna Sloan, a show girl.

Mrs. Hassard paled, a sickness assailed her. Myrna Sloan! The Slander Girl! Henry was in love with that—that naked body! Wood answered the mother's questions frankly: yes, the affair was serious and there was no telling how far it had gone or where it would end, for the young people were crazy about each other. It had already gone far enough to excite a deal of scandalous gossip and if something was not done immediately Henry would probably end by marrying the (Continued on page 178)

By Ring W. Lardner

The Venomous Viper of the Volga



The Viper

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk



The Girl

IN EARLY October, Luke Lewis, prominent promoter in what Bill McGeehan calls the cauliflower industry, conferred with little Sandy King, his press-agent and right-hand man.

"We got to make different plans," said Luke. "I figured the new champ would be good for one sell-out in the Arena this winter and at least one big outdoor show in May or June. But you seen what happened last night. He makes his first public appearance since winning the title, and he gets booed. People don't want a champion that's interested in this here anesthetic dancing and bee culture. Match him with anybody but Ryan and he wouldn't draw flies. What we got to do is leave him lay for a year, till we can put him and Ryan on in a return match."

"If I was a fighter," said Sandy, "I wouldn't want to rest a whole year. I'd be afraid I'd forget all I knew about fighting."

"It would hurt some fighters," said the boss, "but they's others that ain't got nothing to forget. That's none of my business, though," he continued. "What's bothering me is how to keep the public awake till next fall without giving them a championship bout."

"Too bad you can't match Burton and Cook," said Sandy.

The Cook he referred to was Jem Cook, a colored gentleman known as the Black Bull of Biloxi. He had never whipped anyone but his children, he was middle-aged and slow, his "fighting" was in such flagrant violation of all rules that even the referees found fault with it, and yet a large portion of Fistic Fandom, or Moronia, had long regarded him as the logical contender for the title recently wrested from Jack Ryan by Beau Burton, the Student Prince.

"They's no place you could hold it," Luke said. "And further and more, Cook is going to fight Teddy Walsh in Buffalo next week and that means good night Cook. Larry Woltz is the referee. He was born in the South and he'll see that it's a fair fight even if he has to tape the black boy's wrists with a pair of handcuffs."

"How about a series of trials? Make a list of all the heavy-weights we can think of, match them up with each other through the winter and spring, and then, whoever comes through, why, he can meet Ryan. And whichever wins between he and Ryan gets the big match with the Beau."

"Of course that idear has occurred to me," said Luke. "I guess it's the only solution. But you know they ain't three heavies in the country that could knock the ashes off a cigar, and the public don't like big fellas that can't hit."

"Jimmy Donohue can hit."

"I said big fellas. Donohue claims one hundred and seventy-five pounds, but I bet you could put him and a cow on the scales together and they wouldn't weigh one-seventy. Suppose I was to let him in the competition and he beat all these hams, why, it would be a joke to match him with Ryan."

"Well, there was Carpenter and Dempsey."

"Carpenter was a frog and that makes all the difference. Just tell people that So-and-So is champion of France or Paraguay and they'll break down your gates even if they know the fella



The Press-agent



The Promoter



The Champ

had to be brought off the ship in a wheel-chair. Get me a guy from some place abroad and I'm all set. I mean any place but England; when you mention an English champ, everybody thinks of Joe Beckett and takes it as a joke. If somebody would spring up in Spain or Greece or somewhere— But as long as none of those birds are in sight, we better begin figuring on what we've got here, and then it'll be a tough job to fix up some preliminary matches for them that ain't too silly and yet not too dangerous. Who do you suggest?"

"I was thinking of Fitzgerald and Moran."

Frankie Fitzgerald, a Rumanian known as Fitchburg's Fighting Fool, and Mike Moran, the Malden Murderer, were a pair of 200-pounders who had been seen together in so many New England rings that Dame Rumor whispered they must be betrothed. It was said that on one occasion, three or four years ago, the Murderer, who had got his sobriquet from a childhood practise of stepping on ants, had tripped in a tear in the canvas and sunk to one knee, but the Fighting Fool had restored him to plumb before the astounded referee began to count. This was the only incident remembered by patient eye-witnesses of the couple's hundred-odd rounds of petting.

"We'll have to include them because of the general shortage," said Luke. "But we'll also have to find somebody for each of them to lick before we dast bring them together again. And that's going to be quite a chore."

"Why not have Fitzgerald beat Donohue, and Moran win from Eddie Brock?"

"Donohue and Brock would have to foul them."

"Well, they wouldn't mind doing that if it was worth their while. Donohue is really a middleweight and Brock is a welter, and it wouldn't hurt neither of their reputations to lose to guys that outweighs the entire Notre Dame football squad."

"All right," agreed Luke. "We'll start to work along those lines and hope for the best. But meanw'ile, you watch the papers and if you run across any news from abroad that might relieve the situation, remember where you get your pay. And in order so you won't overlook nothing, I'll make you a proposition: Find me a foreigner that ain't absolutely impossible, and I'll give you a cash bonus of five grand."

The conference was over and the diminutive Sandy left the office to keep a luncheon engagement with one Mabel Ives, to whom, for no apparent reason, he was paying court. On the way, he thought a great deal about Mabel and very little about his employer's talk, until suddenly Luke's last words recurred to him.

"Five grand!" he said to himself. "Why, with that amount of money in one lump, I could marry her without going into debt. I'll certainly dig him up a wop or an Armenian if I have to comb Newark!"

But such a desperate measure proved unnecessary, thanks to Miss Ives. She insisted on spending the afternoon at the Palace, though Sandy would much rather have gone to a picture theater because picture theaters are dark. (Miss Ives' style of beauty was shown to its best advantage in the dark, but that wasn't

why Sandy wanted her there.) Anyway, she made him take her to the Palace and 't was lucky she did, from Sandy's astigmatic point of view, for the third number on the bill brought him to the end of his quest, if so brief and inert a search may be dignified by that term.

"Prentiss, Master Ventriloquist" was the title of the act, but it was not Prentiss and his laryngeal chicanery that impressed little King. It was the physique and diabolic and exotic appearance of an anonymous member of Prentiss's scant troupe, who played, none too well, the part of a silent sentry in the unusually elaborate Arabian scene which the Master evidently considered essential to proper exposition of high-class ventriloquism.

"There's the big fella I want!" said Sandy.

"Shut up and let me enjoy the show, or you won't be the little fella I want!" said his girl friend.

Sandy sat impatiently through the rest of the bill and was actually glad Mabel had a date that evening with her ukulele teacher.

Harry Soule, stage-manager at the Palace, was a hot fight fan and Sandy had often given him tickets to Arena shows. So it was easy to get back stage and arrange a meeting with Prentiss's big aid.

"But what do you want of the big bum?" asked the curious Soule. "Are you thinking of making a fighter out of him?"

"No, no," replied Sandy with a mendacious laugh. "I'm trying to locate his brother, who used to work for us."

"The big bum," Henry Goetz by name, was shy at first. He was not accustomed to being wanted by anybody and it seemed unlikely that the little visitor boded well. However, Sandy managed to coax him to a thinly disguised saloon and there to warm him into a less diffident mood.

It developed that he was twenty-four years old, that he had been born in Pennsylvania, that his father's ancestors were German and that his mother's people, way back, had lived in Russia. Prentiss was paying him thirty dollars a week, but his engagement was for one week only, as the Master found it possible and economical to break in a new silent sentry at each stand. He had graduated from school at the age of nine and since then had sold newspapers, washed cars, painted barns, worked in a mine and enjoyed vacations lasting anywhere from one to four years. He was six feet two, weighed 208 pounds and had not been in a fight since he was old enough to apologize.

"I don't suppose you'd mind making a lot of money," said Sandy.

"How?"

"Boxing. A fella with your build and stren'th is a sucker not to go in the fight game. Especially when they look as much like a fighter as you do. When I seen you on the stage this afternoon, I thought you must be a champion fighter from somewhere in Europe, just doing this thing for fun."

"Who would I have to fight?"

"Nobody you can't lick. That is, at first. You'd be matched with a couple of push-overs and you'd (Continued on page 198)



The Rugged Rock

H D By Robert W. Service HEART DISEASE taught me

"**W**HATEVER have you been doing?" demanded the doctor.
"Keeping fit," I answered, bunching my biceps and cording my stomach muscles in the approved washing-board fashion.

Yes, I was proud of myself. Had I not at fifty attained a physical development that would have done me credit at thirty? So I expanded my chest and tried to look like a picture post-card of Carpentier. But the doctor's gaze was grim.

"What's the idea?" he snorted.

"Oh, I'm not going in for any Olympic games," I assured him. "Only, it's so jolly to be an athlete. You know, I can walk on my hands."

I expected him to be surprised. He was. After a pregnant pause he asked: "What's your system?"

"Strenuous, rather. Yesterday, for instance, I worked two hours in the gym and had a swim in the pool before luncheon. In the afternoon I had a three-hour hike."

"Was that all?"

"No. In the evening I put on the gloves. It was that I came to see you about. I thought of going in for a boxing tournament and wanted to be sure that everything's o. k. It is, isn't it?"

"Wait a moment." He left me and returned holding in his hand a big rosy apple. With a snap he broke it in two. At the core it was black! "There's the answer."

"What's the matter?" I faltered.

"The motor's the matter. Running a hundred to the minute. Stuttering, too. Leaky valve. Back-fire."

"What do you mean?"

"Your heart. You've got a heart as big as that of an ox. And it whistles."

"But I never felt so fit in my life."

"I don't doubt it. All the same, you're killing yourself. Slow suicide. You wanted to be a *beau garçon*, I suppose?"

"It's nice to have a good line and to feel loose in one's clothes," I admitted.

"Is it? Well, let me tell you: *the man who tries to make himself an athlete at fifty is probably going to make himself a corpse at sixty.*"

I gasped. "But surely I must keep fit?" I said at last.

"The fitness of a man of fifty is not the fitness of a man of thirty, or even forty. You have made an effort out of proportion to your years. In developing your muscles you have strained the greatest one of all. The walls of your heart are dilated. There's regurgitation. Perhaps a lesion. You're in bad shape."

"What must I do?"

"Give up this Olympic stuff. Your idea of keeping fit at fifty is all right, only you've gone about it the wrong way. You have perfected your body at the cost of its most vital organ. At present, to all middle-aged men you are a warning."

"I see. I've been a fool. Will I get over it?"

"I can only hope so. And now I am not going to give you any drugs, I want you to try to cure yourself naturally."

"I get you. Go ahead."

"You must give up alcohol, tobacco, red meat, coffee, all exciting food generally. Eat very little in the evening. Walk a great deal, but never hurry. Keep cheerful; cultivate calm; practise placidity. Above all, give up your exercise *gradually*. As a man of muscle let your fade-out be a long and lingering one."

I had walked into that doctor's feeling like a million dollars; I slunk away looking like thirty cents. In twenty minutes I seemed to have grown older by twenty years.

Had I not received what seemed to me a death warrant! Doomed! Cut off in my prime! What a blind, besotted fool I had been!

Unconsciously I had quickened again into the old stride. Crumpled, crestfallen, I dropped into the cardiac crawl, and my eyes assumed a look of pathetic resignation. Already I was dramatizing myself in my new part. I walked wearily, with what I thought must be an expression of patient fortitude. I even

imagined that the passers-by were regarding me with commiseration. They seemed to be saying: "Look at that poor devil, hard-headed for the boneyard."

Then suddenly a gleam of cheer. Tea was not on the taboo list and I adored afternoon tea.

In the window seat of a snug tea-shop I sorrowfully ordered hot muffins. Across the way I could see into a well-known dressmaker's, and the sight of the manikins changing their robes cheered me somewhat; so that with my third cup of tea I was inclined to be less pessimistic.

"There's comfort even in calamity," I said as I finished my fifth muffin. "Now let me take a gentle stroll to Père-Lachaise, there to pick out a cozy corner for myself. Or how about a cheerful visit to the Crematorium?"

Of course I got the wind up, and instead of breaking off my exercise by degrees, I threw my dumb-bells out of the window, burned my extensors, cursed physical culture and collapsed into inaction. And then the fun began.

Up to that time I had been physically unaware that I possessed a heart; now I seemed to be all heart. I could feel it tapping on my eyeballs and throbbing in my finger-tips. I vibrated from head to foot like a rickety flivver. For my heart, after being accustomed every day to make a prodigious effort, suddenly found itself ignored. With violent indignation it protested. That master muscle, after responding to all my exigencies, was not going to be let down like that. It rebelled, began to cut up like the very devil.

IT WAS at night that it enjoyed its greatest triumph. How I grew to dread the sleep-time! You would too if you had a sensation of a coffin-lid being battened down on you the moment you lay flat. Later on, it became a mere paving-stone that lay on my chest, so that I had to take short, gasping breaths. If I dozed off, my breathing became so rapid it woke me up again. Often I spent the night in a sitting position.

Then if I did chance to sleep, there would come a swishy sound in my skull, like a wind-swirl in an attic. This would awaken me with a start of terror. Or else I would dream of death and monsters and nameless horrors that would rouse me trembling, with my heart beating like a mad thing. For months I expected to pop off in my sleep, and for a whole year I could not lie on my left side.

But to my mind the worst of all was the eternal *tock-tock* under my pillow. It was as if I had put a large alarm-clock there, a clock with a defective action. For hours I would lie listening to it. With every ten ticks or so, it would falter and break, like a galloping horse that stumbles and recovers. Only, in the pause that preceded recovery, I felt as if the cayuse had kicked me in the wind. I lay waiting for that interrupted action, dreading it.

And how often I felt as if never again could I get warm! Let me pile quilt on quilt, still I seemed to be immersed in chilly water. Despite three pairs of socks my feet would be freezing. I would awake with my arms dead to the shoulders. I got to look on my bed with the same joy a victim of the Inquisition might have regarded a charming specimen of the rack.

Yes, my heart was taking its revenge, and even by day it allowed me no respite. After eating it got so fussy I became scared to eat at all. Following a meal it would palpitate for hours. And wasn't I nervous? If you spoke to me suddenly I would jump a foot, while the slam of a door shocked me as much as did during the war the bang of a Big Bertha.

If I rose quickly from a stooping position I would get so dizzy I had to clutch at something for support. Even blowing my nose made me giddy. And the look of me! My face was as yellow as a five-dollar gold piece; my eyes had the dull look of a dead fish, while my neck was as scraggy as that of a plucked pullet. So I crawled around wretchedly, made my will, and resigned myself to fate. And thus passed the first year of my athlete's heart, a year of martyrdom.

How to LIVE



However, this is no mere tale of woe. If I dwell in detail on my miseries it is to point a moral, to show that in the end one may triumph despite the devil. For almost imperceptibly I began to be aware that I was entering on a more cheerful stage. I was accepting my condition more equably, even making a joke of it. Then one night I realized that the alarm-clock under my pillow had become a chronometer. It did not keep me awake so much; bit by bit it became attenuated to a tiny wrist watch. Indeed, sometimes I didn't hear it at all.

Other improvements too. Feet less icy. I could tie a bootlace without getting giddy. That heart-thumping after meals had simmered down to a gentle flap. And so one after another the most distressing of my symptoms vanished. I just seemed to forget about them; then suddenly remembering, behold, they were not there.

In this, my valetudinarian year, my favorite hobby was the consultation of doctors. They all

handed me out the same diagnosis—hypertrophy of the heart, a local defect, abnormally high blood-pressure. Yet I might with care live longer than if I had nothing the matter with me. Paradoxically, if you attain old age, you should acquire a malady and look after it. Sometimes sickness may be a blessing in disguise. So at least

I tried to persuade myself.

Behold me then going about with a new interest in life, perhaps a more wholesome one. But if my weakness made me a philosopher, it also made me a social outcast.

A man on a rigid diet does not relish being asked out to dinner. And the conviviality of the café! What a sad memory!

Oh, how I'd love to souse my throttle
With rich red wine from a dusty bottle;
Alas! my doctor says I oughter
Drink only tea and Vichy water.

Tobacco, too. How comforting between spells of work the whiff of a cigaret!

I'd love to puff a *panetela*
With any other lusty fellow;
Alas! If I should chance to wish one—
"Cut out the weed!" cries my physician.

No, never again. With me it must be everything or (Continued on page 120)

Robert W. Service,
the Kipling of
the Yukon—banker,
farmer, adventurer,
and author of "Songs
of a Sourdough," "Ballads
of a Cheechako," et cetera.

A Story of Two Stray Lovers By Gouverneur Morris

WHEN your daughter comes to you and says that she is going to marry that young loafer Pipkin, do not express your mistrust of and your loathing for Pipkin, but say rather, "By Jove—I hadn't thought of him, my dear, but now that I do think of him, I realize that he's just the man for you. He's a splendid fellow!"

As she is an American girl and is going to marry the man of her choice anyway, why not do your best to make the marriage a success? If it is by any chance a success, your bread, especially when you get to be a grandfather, will be buttered on the right side, and if it's a failure, as it usually is even when Pipkin isn't Pipkin, but a young man in all ways faithful, industrious and admirable, your bread will still be buttered on the right side.

For your sorrowful daughter will come to you and say, "We were *both* wrong about Pipkin, weren't we, Daddy dear?" And you will have kept her friendship. And what more do you want?

But Berry was a passionate parent. He was very little, like Napoleon, and that was probably why he would have his own way at all costs. Lacking the opportunities of Napoleon, and perhaps falling short of the Corsican in talent, he could not very well have his own way with the world in general. He could not set up governments or trample on the faces of nations, or take away their money from his more prosperous neighbors. But he could rule his own one-story, five-room house with a rod of iron, and had for years. He had so ruled it, as far as he knew, for eighteen years, but his daughter Pauline was now seventeen, and there was already a writing on the wall.

Polly was in love and she had determined, come weal, come woe, to marry the man of her choice. But there were difficulties because he wasn't of age either. Waiting when you get to be fifty isn't hard, but when you are seventeen and twenty respectively, waiting is almost impossible. If there is such a thing as being too proud to fight, then there is such a thing as being too young to wait.

Joe and Polly were too young to wait. But it wasn't, of course, because they couldn't wait. It was because they wouldn't.

They would have waited if their respective fathers had given them a square deal. But these were the type of small-town business men that doesn't know what a square deal is. On more than one small occasion each had managed to cheat the other, and so when Joe's father said that there was bad blood in Polly, and when Polly's father said the same thing about Joe, they both knew what they were talking about. And there ought to have



Illustrations by
Nell Brinkley

been bad blood in the children. But they would have been a disappointing exhibit for the biologists because if there ever had been this bad blood, it had turned good. It came natural to them to be honest and to speak the truth.

When other boys and girls got hold of some bootleg liquor and a flivver and went joy-riding, Joe and Polly didn't. They liked to dance, especially when George Baker was playing the piano, and they liked to swim when the water wasn't too bitterly cold, and to play tennis, and to hold hands in the darkness of the motion-picture theater. And they liked to pet and neck because it was the custom and fashion of their age, but in their hearts they were mid-Victorian rather than early-Prohibition.

They were lovely, wholesome children to look upon, long-limbed, clear-eyed, steady-eyed. In coloring they were golden brown. That was because the California sun had discovered that there was Spanish blood in them.

Just across the highroad from the old Mission Church of San Carlos is the old Castro Adobe. Restored and added to by the present incumbent, it now consists of a one-storied, sprawling, but solid-looking dwelling-house, with a roof of red tile, a garage also low and solid, still another building long, low and solid,

Cinderella's Husband



C"Your parents could have your marriage annulled, you being under age," said Randolph. "They think we'll be worse punished married," said Joe. "But we're going to show 'em."

and on the windward side a garden enclosed within a stone wall. From the garden wall the hill upon which the house stands descends to the highroad and to the lagoon, and is graced by California poppies and some old live-oaks which have been strongly braced to keep them from blowing down. This habitation, although within the limits of the busily growing city of Monterey, has a kind of remote, way-out-in-the-country look. And the aloof character of the Randolphs who now inhabit it does nothing to detract from this impression.

ONE sees them down-town occasionally, but they keep pretty much to their hilltop. Little is known about them. They came out of the East, bought, built, improved and settled. They are supposed to spend a great deal of time in their garden or in one or another of their sunny enclosed patios. They are supposed to be rich. It is said that Mrs. Randolph is delicate. She looks it. She is slim and pretty for a woman who must be well past fifty, but she walks with a cane and her eyes are too big and dark. The tradespeople say that she speaks very gently, with a drawl and a clipping of words that is like music.

Randolph himself looks like one of the long, triangular-faced, bearded nobles in "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz" as painted

by El Greco. His hair and his pointed beard are snow-white. He is exceedingly long, thin to emaciation and out of drawing. Like Mrs. Randolph's his eyes are too large and too dark. He has about him an extraordinary air of breeding and melancholy.

It is said that the Randolphs were so closely related that they ought not to have married. It is said that they had but one child, and that this child, a boy, was very beautiful and brilliant and, in his teens, just suddenly withered away and died.

The long, low, detached, solid-looking building with the big rectangular plate-glass window at the north end was Randolph's workshop. At least most of it was. But there was a little bedroom and bathroom tucked into the south end in which a guest could be put up for the night. But the Randolphs never had any guests, and the truth was that the bedroom contained the furnishings and was an exact duplicate of the room in which their son had lived and died. They spoke of it as "John's Room."

The only real work that Randolph did was to keep this room dusted and in apple-pie order, and the guns that had belonged to the boy, and the fishing-tackle and the microscope and the books. Any other work that Randolph may have undertaken was never carried through to the end. He was a potter. He had tried at carpentry, at photography, at writing, at painting. He had no great talent for anything and could stick to nothing.

But every morning after breakfast he would rise in a brisk determined way and say:

"Well, my dear, I ought to be at work."

Mrs. Randolph encouraged him in all his little illusions about himself. They were good for him. They kept his mind off their common misfortune. But nothing could keep her mind off it, and nothing could have kept her alive except the love that she had for her husband.

One morning Randolph walked off to his workshop in the usual brisk determined way, and as usual, before setting to anything, pushed open the door of the little bedroom and looked in.

On this occasion he had no sooner looked in than he turned away his head as if he had been frightened, and pulled the door softly shut.

In that one glance he had seen spread over the lap of a chair certain garments which even by his untutored eye could not be mistaken for anything but the overthings and the underthings that are worn by flappers. And he had seen beyond that chair another chair whose back had been used to rack a blue serge coat. And then he had withdrawn his eyes, and turned away as if frightened and softly closed the door.

He stood with his hand still on the latch of the door and his heart beating very fast. And in that one moment he had but one dominant thought: "My wife must never know."

Randolph knocked on the door of the little bedroom, and when

he knew by a muffled agitation of voices that the owners of the things on the chairs were awake, he spoke:

"I think," he said, "that the young man had better come out and talk to me."

Joe gave a despairing glance at Polly. Then he managed to say, "Yes, Sir. I'll come right out. Just as soon as I'm dressed."

Randolph went into his workroom and waited. A canvas upon which he had made a beginning of rocks and cypress-trees no longer pleased him. He turned his face to the wall. He thought that he ought to be angry. But not being a woman he couldn't be angry on purpose and he remained merely distressed. He sincerely wished that the young couple had gone away before he had discovered them. He wished that he had not fallen into the slack habit of leaving the door of his workshop unlatched. And he told himself that he would never have fallen into this slovenly habit if he had not lost the key. He wondered if the young persons had seen the canvas on which he had made a beginning of rocks and cypress-trees and laughed at it. He wondered if his wife would pay one of her very unusual morning visits to the workshop and catch him in the act of reprimanding the young persons and ordering them away.

"But," he thought, "I have to be angry and incensed and I'm not. If I weren't afraid of my wife's finding out, and feeling that our son's room had been desecrated, I'd be amused. I ought to have sent for the police, but I haven't and won't. Perhaps the young man will be frightened and will attack me. I hope he doesn't get to shouting."

And the young man suddenly appeared, dressed but embarrassed, his strong, bright brown hair tousled, his eyes level and steady. His first effort at speech and explanation was a failure.

Then he managed to say in a choking voice: "It's all right, Sir. We're married."

"I am very glad that you are," said Randolph. And he was. He added: "You are the young man who once came to the house and fixed my radio."

"Yes, Sir."

"I didn't know you were married."

"I wasn't." Joe's voice began to find its natural register as he discovered that he was not going to be stormed at. "I wanted to be," he said, "and so did Polly—"

"I had an aunt named Polly," Randolph interjected.

"And her father," Joe went on, "wouldn't have it and neither would mine. So we went over to Salinas and got a license and



Judge Wallace married us. The only wrong thing we did was to lie about our ages. I'm less than twenty-one and Polly is seventeen."

"How about breaking into my house?" said Randolph. "Wasn't that another wrong thing?"

"Yes, Sir," said Joe, "but we had no place to go. And it was raining. We didn't think anyone would ever know. We intended to go away at daylight. But somehow or other we got to sleeping so hard that we didn't wake up."

"But why didn't you have any place to go?"

"I was sure that once we were really married, my family would take us in. And Polly was sure that hers would. But mine wouldn't and hers wouldn't. They told us to get out. Polly's father told her to lie in the bed she'd made for herself. And my father told me to go and stew in my own grease. My father owns shares in the new hotel and he telephoned the clerk not to take us in, and her father said he'd make it his business to see that I lost my job. So that's that."

Randolph hesitated. Then he said, "When Polly is dressed you will have to go away, because Mrs. Randolph isn't very well,



A "Last night I couldn't sleep," Mrs. Randolph confessed to her husband. "I got up—the garden looked very lovely. And all of a sudden Joe and Polly came. They didn't see me . . . Love is so beautiful!"

"I'll get something, Sir, but it won't be easy, because my father and Polly's father swing a lot of influence. And they want to see us hurt and punished. I don't know why, but they do. I guess they like to have their own way."

"They could have your marriage annulled, you being under age."

"They won't do that. They think we'll be worse punished married. But we—we're going to show 'em they're wrong. We've liked each other, Sir, ever since we were children. We've grown kind of steady-like in liking. And we're going to show 'em. Nobody is going to be able to keep us down."

"What is Polly going to do while you are hunting for a job?"

"Oh, she'll just hang around."

"H'm," said Randolph.

At that moment Polly, having put on the underthings and overthings that flappers wear, her bright, strong, bobbed hair much tousled, just like Joe's, emerged from the bedroom. Her sweet, comely, golden-brown face and her honest eyes had no look of embarrassment. She was extraordinarily well-poised for a bride.

"I've been listening, Mr. Randolph," she said. "And it's nice of you not to be mad at us. It was raining so hard!"

"Of course I'm not angry," said Mr. Randolph. "I was a little surprised, that's all. Let's just keep everything to ourselves because my wife doesn't view everything as I do. I'll just tell her something or other, I don't know what, and—and

I'll tell the Chinaman to get you some breakfast." On the way to find Mrs. Randolph he told the Chinaman to get the breakfast.

Mrs. Randolph was in her garden. She was pruning a fine specimen of that New Zealand shrub which the Monterey Spanish call *Talome de Leon*. Upon hearing the sounds of so many feet suddenly crunching in the gravel of the walk, she looked up. And then she smiled, and Randolph hurried to explain.

"My dear," he said, "this is Polly Marion. And this is Joe Marion, her husband."

"I remember Joe very well," said Mrs. Randolph. "He put our radio in order for us."

"Yes," said Randolph, "and I liked him and got talking with him. He reminded me, my dear—he continues to remind me, my dear—of our John. And when he told me that he was going to get married"—this was news to (Continued on page 148)

and it would be hard to explain and make her understand."

"Yes, Sir," said Joe. "Of course, Sir."

"You see," said Randolph, "we had a son who died. Mrs. Randolph has never got over it. That room has his things in it. We brought them out with us from Clovelly—our old home. It's just the way his was, and—and—"

"Oh, gee!" said Joe. "I didn't know that."

"No," said Randolph hastily, "of course not. I understand. It doesn't matter."

"If we could have known how you'd feel about it," said Joe, "we wouldn't have come. We'd have spent the night on a bench in the Del Monte grounds, and this morning I'd have gone to hunt for a job."

"And left your wife sitting on the bench? What is your name?"

"Joe, Sir—Joe Marion."

"Will you have trouble getting a job?"

By Opie Read *Diamond Joe*

*A Story of
the Old Days
on the
Mississippi*

ONE of the most impressive characters I ever met was Diamond Joe Reynolds. Graceful, he walked with the unconscious strength of an athlete. But he was not all dignity, for humor, the brightest child of philosophy, whispered to him that he was of the earth. It was said that he possessed more diamonds than any royal family. He wore them stuck about on his clothes, and was so covered with them that in the twilight he looked like a swarm of fireflies.

Reynolds owned a line of steamboats plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. Some of these boats were palaces flashing the splendors of luxury in the desolate bends of the river.

As an interviewer for a New Orleans newspaper I met Diamond Joe in the lobby of the old St. Charles. His manner was so simple that I should not have been awed had I been even more modest.

I was to meet Diamond Joe on an occasion far more impressive. Among his steamboats was one which bore in gilt letters a high-sounding name, but which was known along the river as the Duck. Upon the water it sat with saucy grace, and before venting its deep-toned whistle, quacked like a duck.

One morning at New Orleans I went aboard the Duck for a jaunt up the river as far as my money might last. The air was radioed with music, the deck-hands singing at their work.

It seemed that Diamond Joe had not only recovered from certain difficulties but that he had added to his stock of jewels. He was star-freckled with brilliants. On his vest he wore an imperial sparkler, and if the others served as an expression of fancy this one was a heroic oration. We sat down to smoke and Reynolds began to talk, men, women and children gathering about him to listen. A hill-sider thought to trap him by asking if he believed that diamonds could enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and he answered:

"Yes, the diamonds of character, of generosity and of virtue. I see that you have a brass knob on the end of your walking stick. Do you believe that brass can enter the Kingdom?"

The ladies clapped their hands, for the hill-sider had been boring them with his brown jeans homilies. He was not much abashed. "I didn't mean to be pert," he said to Reynolds. "I jest wanted to know what you thought about it. The fact is I am sometimes sorter skeered about the future on account of the value we put on the things of this here earth. You mout take me for a preacher but I ain't. I am knowed up and down the River as the Pearl Man, and if diamon's don't keep a feller out'n Paradise I don't reckon pearls kin. Let me show you."

From his coat pocket he took a long, brass-edged box and opened it, and there on jeweler's cotton appeared to repose about half a pint of marvelous pearls.

"Where did you get them?" Reynolds inquired.

The Pearl Man smiled upon the ladies. "Wall, for years I have been gatherin' up mussel shells and the like on the shoals along the river. I've not wanted to sell the pearls because I am sort of a pearl miser, you mout say. They fetches me jest about like diamon's fetches you."

Few of the ladies listened to him; they were looking with rapture on his pearls, the box passing from one to another.

"Hello," he called out, "what have we got here?"

The Duck had stopped at a landing, and looking ashore we saw a big black bear surrounded by dogs. The men ran down to see the fight, Reynolds and I among them. It seemed that every dog in the neighborhood had come to pay the respect of his enmity to the bear. But as yet there was no danger on their part, for the bear was muzzled and chained to a sapling. The owner of the mighty brute came forward, took off his slouch hat and bowed to the company, including the dogs.

"I takes it that you folks likes sport," he said with another bow and again including the dogs. "I know I do and so does my bear. He ain't got nothin' ag'in these here dogs, but ever' one of them has got it in for him. Natur appears to have put a argyment between 'em, and me and the bear is ready to settle it right here."

He unmuzzled the bear but did not unchain him. Bruin opened his mouth, showed all his teeth, and the little dogs fell

back in fright, but some of the big ones were emboldened by the insult; and then came forward a leader, an enormous mastiff.

The bear, sitting on his haunches, grinned at him. The little dogs barked their encouragement, and the mastiff sprang forward. Five other dogs had the courage to follow him. The bear had not changed his position. His mouth was closed and his eyes half shut. He appeared to be dreaming.

And then he flew into a black whirlwind. He seized the mastiff in his mighty arms and crushed him lifeless, threw him off, and with a stroke of his paw broke the back of a staghound. Within five minutes he killed three of his enemies. The others fell back and trembled in the ague of fear. The bear half closed his eyes and again appeared to be dreaming.

"Anybody else got a dog he don't want?" the bear man inquired.

The Duck rang her bell to summon us aboard, and again we proceeded up the river. Forward and aloft we sat so that we could look out upon the current flowing swiftly to meet us.

"I'm sorry those dogs were killed," said Diamond Joe. "There isn't much sport in slaughter. But I have heard of four or five dogs whipping a bear."

The Pearl Man spoke: "I know of one dog as can whup that 'bear in fifteen minutes."

"Then he must be as big as a horse," I ventured to remark.

"No, he's hardly up to ordinary size. But he's smart and that's whut them dogs back yander wan't. Yes, Sir, whup that bear in fifteen minutes, and he ain't fur from here, nuther. The fack is he's my dog and is in my stateroom asleep right now."

THE Pearl Man left us and returned followed by a dog that looked as if at one time he might have belonged to a blind beggar. He was half hound, half nondescript, with lop ears.

"You don't call that thing a dog!" Reynolds laughed.

"Wall, I don't call him a elephant. Snipe!"

Snipe languidly held up his paw and Diamond Joe shook with him. "If he is so smart, why doesn't he get rid of fleas?"

The Pearl Man took off his hat and scratched his head. "Wall, it mout seem that way, but fightin' fleas is one thing and fightin' bears is another. That's a mighty putty diamon' you got there on yo' wescut. The others stuck about you air good, but that one 'pears to be the cap'n of the squad. I never owned no diamon's. But I own a box of pearls and a dog that kin whup airy bear that ever stole a pig."

He took out his box, opened it and rippled the gleaming gems with his fingers. He said that he wanted not many diamonds but just one big enough to adorn his wife into the dazzle of the neighborhood.

"Now," continued the Pearl Man, "let's git down to business. Whut's yo' big rock wuth?"

"It cost me fourteen thousand," Diamond Joe answered.

The Pearl Man whistled. "My pearls would make a necklace fitten for the Queen of Sheby. Tell you whut I'll do, although it mout look foolish. I'll put up my pearls ag'in yo' big diamon' that my dog Snipe kin whup that or airy other bear. I seen that feller with the bear git on the boat. Pearls ag'in the diamon'. Is it a bet?"

"It is," said Reynolds.

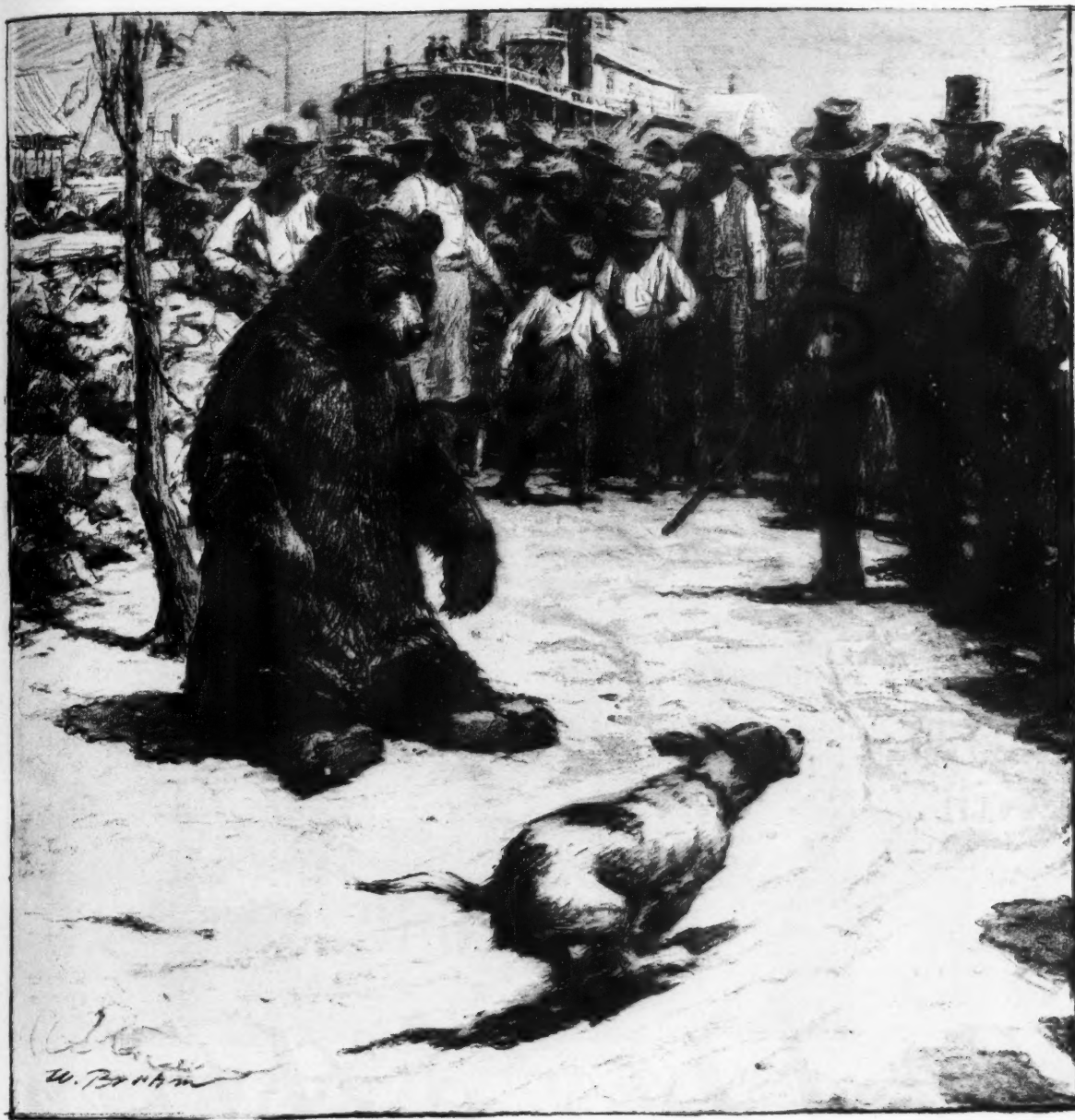
The Pearl Man looked at me. "This feller here 'pears like he mout be honest at times, and I am willin' to risk this occasion as one of the times. So I'll chance him as stake holder. Take the rock off'n yo' vest and I'll put it in the box with the pearls."

Reynolds looked at him, hesitated a moment, plucked off the diamon and handed it to me.

The fight was to take place at Sarver's woodyard, our next landing, and as we neared it we went below to communicate with the owner of the bear. We told our mission, and upon seeing the dog he turned about to hide his contemptuous mirth.

We went ashore. There were several dogs lazing about the woodyard, but upon seeing the bear they were seized upon with life enough to tuck their tails and scamper up the hill.

"Chain him to a saplin' and take off his muzzle," the Pearl Man called out, and reaching down he patted Snipe on the



“He’s a whopper, Honey, but don’t you git skeered,” the Pearl Man called out to his dog.

head. “He’s a whopper, Honey, but don’t you git skeered. Use that keen mind that natur and eddycation has dowed you with.”

The bear arose on his haunches. Infused with electric activity, Snipe began to cut circles about him. Like a flash Snipe flew across his circle, nipping the bear by the leg as he passed. The monster snorted and struck with his paw, but Snipe was not there. He was cutting circles. Again he broke his rhythm and got another bite, and this time the bear almost caught him in a death hug. Now he tangled his circling into zigzag darts and false motions, and was so quick that he got in three sharp snaps, one in the flank that made the bear snort. The bear roared, striking right and left. With an attack so swift that the eye could scarcely follow it, Snipe bit him on the back of the neck, rode for a moment astride him, leaped off, but to come back like the rebound of a ball—bit him, gone, back, a bite, a gouge, always gone before the bear could strike. And soon the monster was helpless. He ceased to roar and began to whine.

The bear man seized an ax. “I’ll chop the infernal coward’s head off.”

Several men grabbed him, wrested the ax out of his hands and threatened to kick him if he persisted in his cruelty. The Pearl Man came toward me. Diamond Joe nodded, and I handed over the jewel box and the diamond.

On board again I sat near Reynolds but he spoke not a word. At the next landing two men came aboard and sat on campstools near us. Soon their talk struck a streak of interest.

“Yes, Old Gable,” said one of them. “He was the president of a grapevine college up in the hills. The trustees reduced his salary. ‘Ah, gentlemen, you convince me that ignorance is its own reward,’ he told them. ‘All right, I’ll be ignorant and get my part of the graft.’”

“Up and down the Tennessee River he began to gather shells, looking for pearls, and found them, too. Now I understand he has just taken in the Mississippi River as a part of his territory. But here’s where his shrewdness lies: he and another old fellow own a bear and a dog. After a real battle with the dogs along the river they stage a sham fight with the trained dog. The bear pretends to be awfully whipped. After each sham fight the dog is presented with a beefsteak, and the bear is rewarded with a quart of honey.”

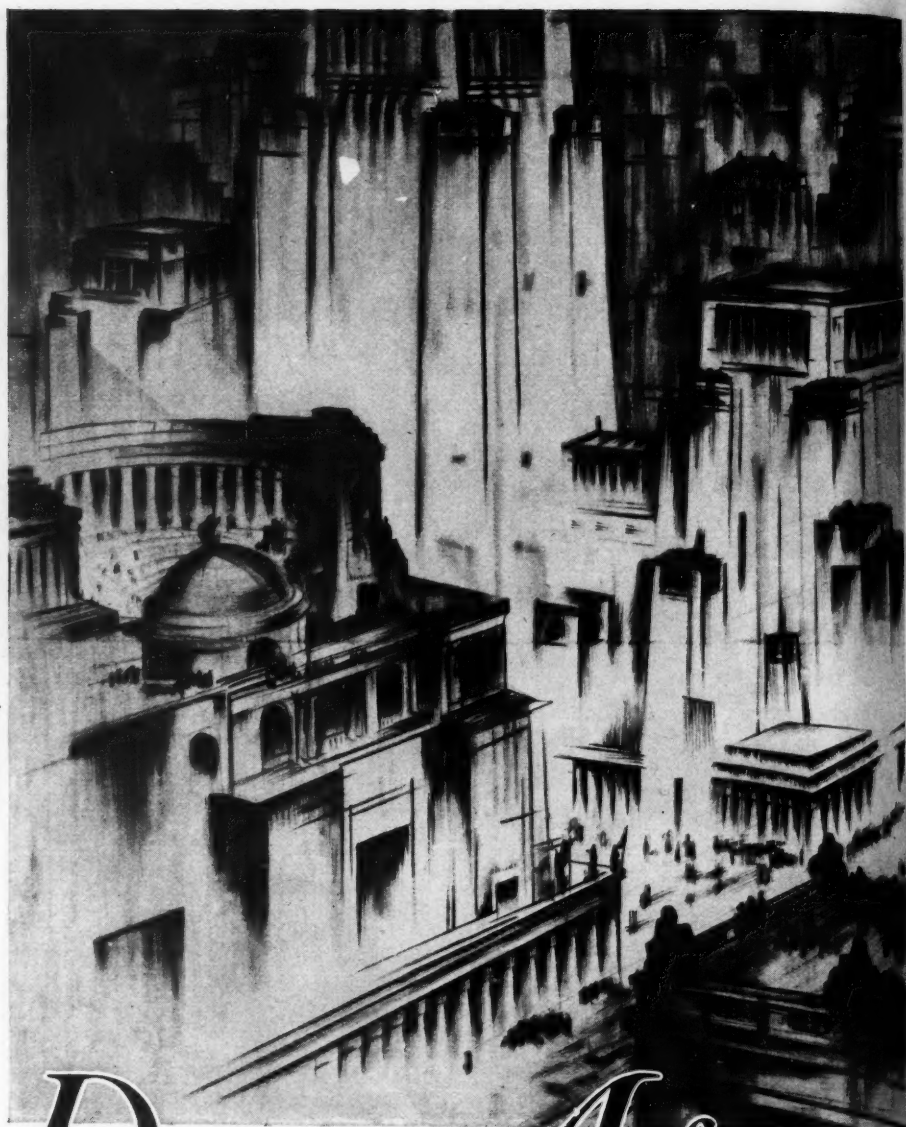
Twilight had deepened so that I could not see the expression on Diamond Joe’s face, but silence drew a picture of his countenance. The Mate came along. Reynolds called to him.

“Say, Steve, is that hunchback ducky still working for you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Well, when we get to the next landing tell him I want him to tie a rope around my neck and lead me ashore like a calf.”

What the
CHILD
BORN
TODAY
May See
in



The Day After

IT SEEMS to most of us in our cheery moods that civilization as we know it and rather like it is increasing its spheres of influence year by year and decade by decade at an ever increasing pace.

We are securing better sanitation for backward countries, the elimination of disease, faster communication between one country and another, better machinery for the world's workers, a higher standard of life in some countries for greater masses of people. Perhaps we are getting even a higher standard of morality here and there in spite of wars, murders, cruelties and all manner of crimes and vices which are disconcerting at times to the world's optimists.

Looking at life largely and sanely, quite reasonable men and women are inclined to believe that we are moving along the road slowly but steadily to a new era of human well-being.

Science promises us longer life—a considerable postponement of that uncertain change called death—new opportunities of intelligent cooperation, wonderful new playthings like television, and the glory of the Air Age. How good to be born in this year 1927! What a chance for those babes in yesterday's cradles who will live much longer than their forefathers and who will see the great adventure of that Day after Tomorrow, even a hundred years hence, and all its marvelous changes in the life of the human family!

62

The other day I looked down a list of new arrivals in the column of the London Times and indulged in a moment's day-dream of what will happen to these lucky little ladies and gentlemen just born into this changing world. They will be the Children of Progress. Science, it seems, is going to give them a better chance than we had.

There will be more light in their lives.

Their minds will move more freely, reaching out perhaps more closely to the Universal Intelligence which is God—according to the latest faith of scientific philosophy, which has abandoned its old materialism and sees a spiritual power moving in the process of evolution.

They will have more control of their bodily and mental functions, we are told, getting rid of some of those "disharmonies" which cause unhappiness because at present our mental and physical processes are not perfectly adjusted, nor perfectly adapted to our environment.

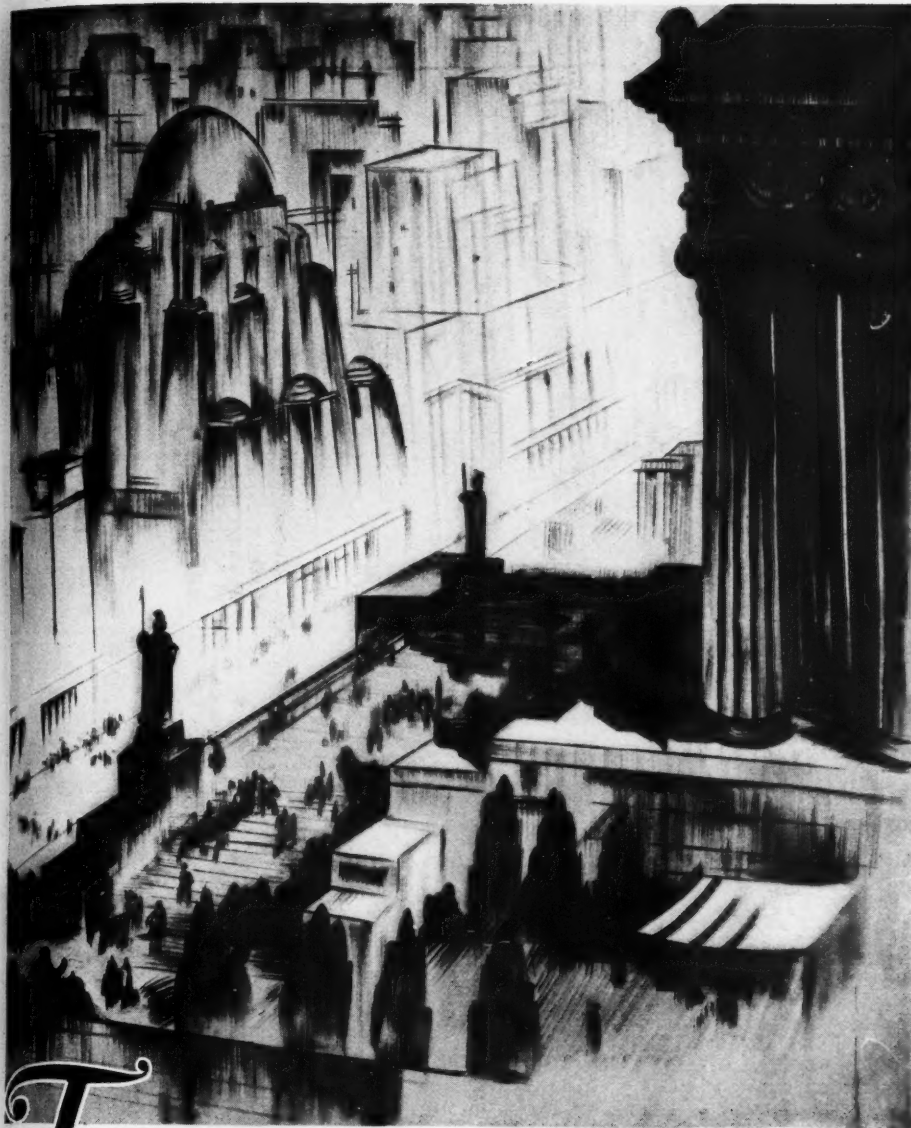
They will not suffer so much, perhaps, from the limitations and wretchedness of life caused by social injustice, evil conditions of labor, the denial of decent reward for honest toil, anxieties due to the insecurities of old age.

Surely these new-born babes will live to see more reasonable cooperation between classes and nations beginning to understand that life is not, or need not be, a savage struggle for

New York in 1975—
business buildings,
with apartments
above and between.

By SIR
PHILIP
GIBBS

Illustration by
courtesy of
John Wanamaker



r Tomorrow

existence, but that evolution itself has happened through cooperation as well as competition, and that man may control his own destiny—as the biologists tell us—by intelligent design, helping God as it were. How wonderful to be born in 1927!

These children of today and tomorrow will surely escape from the fetters of a traditional education, which is already being abandoned by forward-thinking minds here and there. They will play about with chemistry and physics—so it is hoped by my scientific friends—instead of with leaden soldiers and Teddy bears. Their fairy-tales will include the wonders of natural science. They will be awakened very quickly to the great adventure of knowledge, instead of having it thrust upon them as a dull damned thing. They will learn mostly what they like and not what they hate. How good to be a schoolboy in 1940—if such things may be!

PERHAPS the youth of tomorrow will even rid themselves of the disharmonies of sex which create such conflict and discomfort in young minds. There may be earlier matings, or better still, an easier comradeship between boys and girls not so obsessed as their forefathers with secret and unsatisfied desires, because they will be endowed with a more spiritual or mental control of instinct and a greater sympathy around them from older understanding minds.

It is happening already to some extent in England and America and other countries, this comradeship of boys and girls, rather free and splendid on the whole, though with failures and tragedies now and then. But those of tomorrow may be greatly helped by a new knowledge of psychology and the influence of the mind over the body. There is hope of that to harmonize the most distressful cause of young happiness. How good to be born in 1927!

Unfortunately these new-born babes are going to face risks which will increase the ordinary perils of youth in the world today. In my day-dream I admitted that. Not all of them will live as long as the scientists predict or hope. There will be accidents to defeat Messrs. Steinach and Voronoff and the rejuvenators. There will be many crashes from the sky when all the world is on the wing. Before we get a fool-proof airplane—not yet invented—many nice boys and girls are going to break themselves to bits on week-end jaunts from England to India or on dance engagements between Chicago and Palm Beach.

One can't be quite sure that these babes of 1927 are going to be so very lucky after all in their inheritance of the promises which science holds out to them. There are many things happening in Europe which make it just a little doubtful.

That very morning when I glanced at the list of new births in the Times, trying to guess the (Continued on page 159)

By Irvin
S. Cobb

The Other CHEEK



"But, Honey, don't it count that I care for you so much?" pleaded Shep Junior. "I don't want to see you again," Claribel told him. "And I won't!"

THE eyes of a deep-water man she would seem an unlovely craft and one altogether unwieldy. As measured by every standard of maritime architecture known to him, she would be all wrong. Take her, there she was: a flat woodenware soap-dish supporting a top-loftical superstructure of planked packing-cases balanced one on top of another, with a foolish-looking, high-splashing flutter-wheel to drive her along; and she too tall for her draft, too flimsy to stand wear and tear and dirty weather outside, too everything that's neither nautical nor seaworthy.

But she could carry freight in astonishing amounts; and she had abundant passenger accommodations. She could run—and that was the most important of all—on a heavy dew, as the saying went; and to those familiar with her habitat and her uses, the City of Iuka was a splendid creature, sweetly modeled, trued to line and purpose from the gilded elk horns that swung between her smoke-stacks to the jaunty rake of her fantail.

There was at present, though, just one serious drawback to a full appreciation of her classic beauties. For the time being, and rather like a large white goose brooding on its nest, she sat on dry land entirely out of her proper element and several miles removed from her proper river, which was the Tennessee. To be geographically exact about it, she sat on the lower tip of Cottonwood Bar and soon young horse-weeds would be springing up around her and the wild morning-glory vines would finger at her hull, feeling for a purchase.

The worst of it was she was beach-new. On her maiden trip this sore trouble had come on her and now the good Lord only knew what damages in sprained hull timbers and wrenched frame and gaped seams the hot suns and the hard sands might be doing. Her owner, Colonel Shep Withers, groaned as he thought of the business lost by this disablement. He groaned yet louder, that thrifty and pious man, when he figured forward on the probable costs of hauling her out and having her retuned and recalced when she floated in the fall.

There was another man who groaned—the man who had beached her there on Cottonwood. He did more than groan. Alone at nights he wept until the tears of his mortification ran down his cheeks and lost themselves in his gray whiskers. Through long sultry days he refused to stir abroad but bided

at his small brown cottage in a room darkened with closed blinds and drawn shades against the heat; and for company in his misery had an unhappy eighteen-year-old girl.

This man was the late senior pilot of the City of Iuka. His name was Romulus Polk and the girl was his daughter Claribel, she being his only child and he a widower. Sometimes, though, his twin brother, Decatur Polk, came to sit with him and give him sympathy. The brother was also a pilot.

The Polks took to piloting just as the Rollingses and the Pelts and the Beardsleys did. To run the river was, with men of these breeds, more than a mere calling; it was a tradition. They'll tell you that at one time there were eleven of the Pelts in active life and all of them licensed pilots.

The City of Iuka had been en route from the shipyards, and she smelling of fresh paint and green oakum when she grounded. She had been built to take the place of the burnt-up Emma Katie Lucas. Everything about her was shop bright.

The reception was to have been an event—the Mayor and Common Council on the wharf along with nearly everybody else and an old cannon, loaded, and as you might say, just panting to be fired as the packet turned to and swung in with the rousters clustered at the capstan, singing:

*"Oh, see dat boat come round dat bend,
Good-by, my lover, good-by!
All loaded down wid Witherses' men,
Good-by, my lover, good-by!"*

Altogether it was a noble picture, but one doomed never in this world of chance to be unveiled.

Yet it had seemed that the arrival might be scheduled to notch into the very nick of time with the hour provisionally fixed for the celebration. For the new boat was coming down the Ohio on the tail of the June rise, and Colonel Withers with his wife and his daughters was aboard to shove her through. Perhaps he shoved her just a trifle too hard. That was the pilot's claim.

A Tale of the Romantic River

Illustrations by
Forrest C. Crooks



And then, with the home port and the mouth of her own destined river only an hour or so distant, and it still the early part of the great day in the morning—just past breakfast time, in fact—she had to go ramming herself on Cottonwood. She was stuck fast, too. They found that out when they tried to spar her off and confirmed it even more definitely after tugs went to haul at her. It was no use: the City of Luka had become a definite fixture of a steamy warm landscape.

Long after the perspiring crowds had melted away from the river-front—indeed, a good many persons were partially melted before they quit that humid and unprotected spot—Colonel Withers, his family and most of his crew came ashore in a dispirited file. The John K. Hobson had stopped by, coming from Evansville, and had brought them along.

Townpeople might seek the shade or the comparative coolness of indoors, but steamboatmen would tarry to get a firsthand version of so grievous a mishap. A sizable squad greeted the newcomers with eager questionings—technical men seeking

the technical facts of the case. What Colonel Withers had to say was, in effect, an ultimatum:

"Gentlemen, I don't want to be too harsh.

What does the Good Book say—"Judge not that ye be not judged"? But, gentlemen, there wasn't any earthly excuse for this thing. Broad daylight and the whole wide Ohio there for us to run 'in, and then Rommy Polk—yes, he was the man at the wheel—he has to take and jam her hard aground at a crossing where nobody in his good senses ever tried to cross before. He'll probably say to you that there was a thick fog hanging on the water. Well, gentlemen, for the sake of the argument I'll concede there was kind of a little mistiness; it did rain last night up above. But if there was enough fog to bother any man with eyes in his head, I, for one, couldn't see it.

"Gentlemen, it comes to this: Either Rom Polk has been working on the Tennessee so long he's forgotten the Lower Ohio—but you

know as well as I do that no real pilot is ever going to forget a river that he's ever run on, I don't care how far back it is—or he's losing his eyesight along with his memory. I can't have a blind man piling any more of my boats up on a bank somewheres. I hate to say it, but so far as I'm concerned, that man's through. I've told him so. I'm telling you so. I've got to admit I'm plum' outdone over this day's sorry business. And my two girls are just heart-broken and no two ways about it."

There was a little murmur of commiseration; curtly the rich man acknowledged it. Stern-faced, erect, he crossed the wharf-boat to where his family carry-all awaited him on the slope beyond.



A. "Rommy, when the Bible says the meek shall inherit the earth, I reckon it means they'll inherit it after ever'body else is through with it."

Half an hour later, an elderly spectacled man came off the Hobson and walked up the blistery hill. He carried a gripsack; he had a framed document tucked under his other arm. Mr. Polk had brought his license home with him and that, to the judgemental eyes of men of his own craft, was a sign and a portent. At the head of the graveled incline he met three of his friends. He slowed and hesitated, one hand fumbling at the little worn gold pilot-wheel which he wore for a charm on his watch-chain of plaited horsehair. He seemed minded to speak, but if so he immediately changed his mind about it. He nodded and plodded on, a solitary abased figure.

"I don't know, I don't know," said the venerable Mr. Doss McIntyre, retired engineer, staring after him, "I'd 'a' said you wouldn't find a competent pilot-house hand between Cairo and the Head of the Hollow than what Rommy Polk was. Ask me, I'd 'a' said he could 'a' run her blindfolded anywhere. So I don't exactly know what-all to make out of all this here rigmarole. Still, boys, old age is a thing no human bein' can dodge that lives long enough."

"This here mix-up is liable to concern somebody besides the old codgers," said Captain Saul Rollings. "I live neighbors with Rom Polk; I know what's been going on. There's that oldest boy of Withers's: Shep Junior, and a nice clever youngster he is, too, even if he is, to my way of thinking, too much under his daddy's control. Well, he's been sparking little Claribel Polk for it must be going on more than a year now. If I'm the one to judge, he's pretty badly gone on her, which I wouldn't in the least blame him for that because she certainly is one sweet little trick. And she's in love with him, too; anybody could tell it. I've been sitting there watching their little romance sprouting right under my nose and wishing 'em both mighty well."

"But this might make a difference between 'em. Because she's such a spunky little piece, for all her sweetness—a regular spitfire when her dander's up. And if she takes her daddy's side, which it's only natural she should, and if she believes he's in the right about today's to-do, which that would be natural, too, she's likely to hand that young gentleman his walking-papers, no matter if it breaks her own heart to do it. I'm sorry for Rom Polk—who wouldn't be?—but those two youngsters are the ones I'm worrying about right now."

Captain Rollings's forebodings were to be justified, and speedily. That very night the rich man's son, coming to see

the poorer man's daughter, was halted at the gate by a quivering little figure whose face flamed and whose voice shook with the vengeful, scornful indignation which possessed her. She told him he could not enter and why he could not.

"But, Honey," he pleaded miserably, "but, Honey, don't it count that I care for you so much?"

"There's only one thing that counts," she told him. "Until your father admits he's in the wrong, until he begs my father's pardon, until he takes back all the cruel, unjust things he's saying now, I don't want to see you again. And I won't!"

"But Father's so set in his ways—you know that. He's got so much pride, he's so——"

"And what about my pride?" She fell back from him, eluding his entreating hands that stretched clumsily above the palings. "Good-by," she said.

"Good night," he said. "I said good-by." She repeated it resolutely and was gone up the short walk, her head erect, her shoulders defiantly squared.

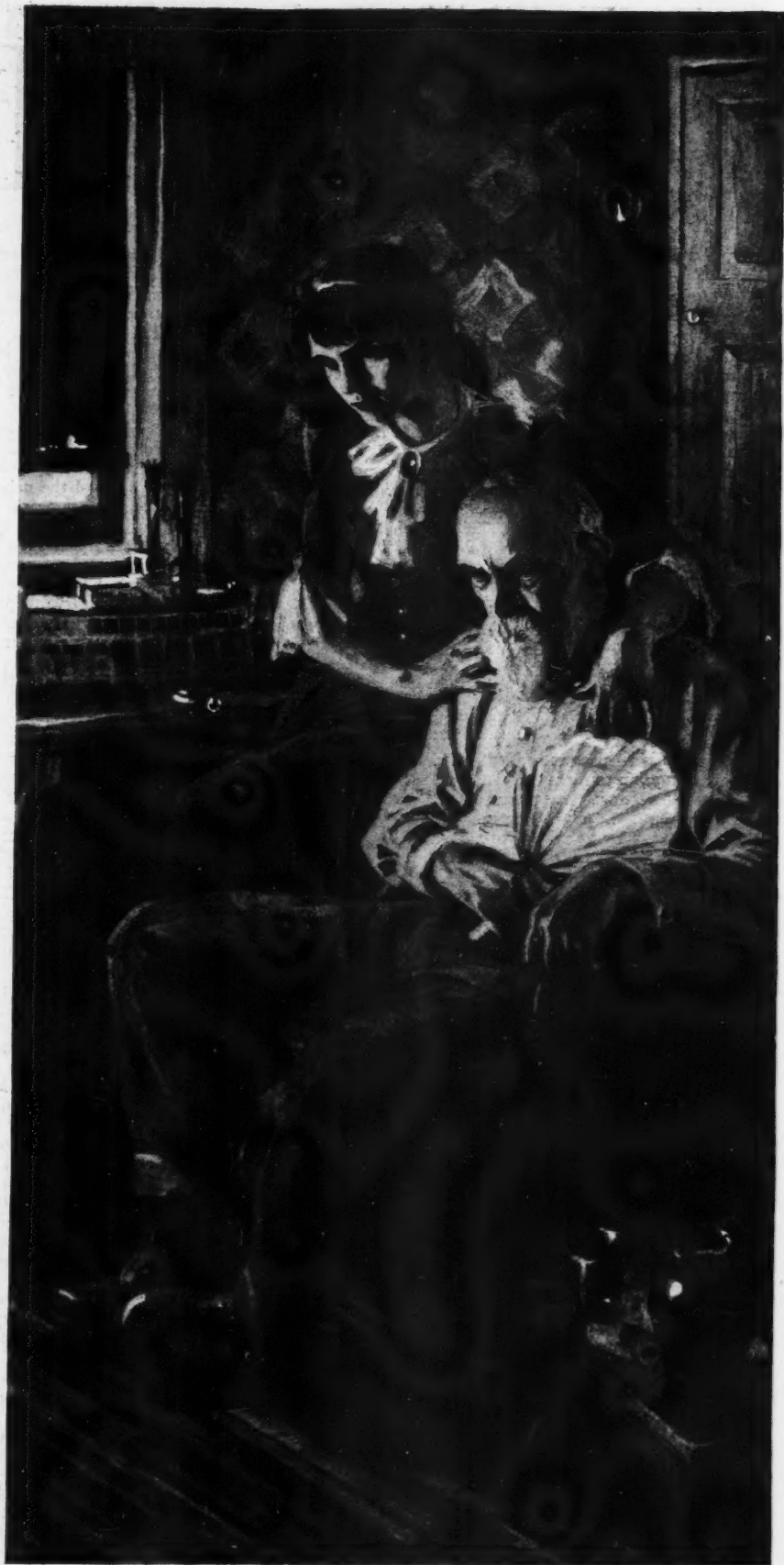
And if that night she soaked a pillow with her weeping, she showed a cheerful if somewhat swollen face to her drooping daddy across the breakfast table next morning.

SO THAT was that. The small tragedy of Mr. Romulus Polk's undoing—a great and overpowering tragedy to him and his, but small enough to the community at large—made less than a nine-day sensation. Before a week was out people had current topics to discuss.

At the end of that week on a baking afternoon, the Prayin' Mate, as they called him now, Cap'n Tip January, came to port on the independent packet Promised Land, of which he was part owner, and heard the belated news. He heard it from this one and that one and by bits and snatches, for he was supervising the unloading of cargo, and besides, in the midst of the job there occurred one spirited interlude in which he played the major rôle. In fact he made some rather exciting news himself, there by moonlight on the cluttered wharf.

He was wearing the outward reminders of this experience when he started up-town next morning. His bony right fist was wrapped in a handkerchief and there was a long but shallow gash above one of his eyes and on the same side the cheek was so discolored and so swollen that the bulged skin there had a slick purplish cast to it like the rind of a very ripe eggplant.

It was good and hot and vapory. On the narrow porch of the old (Continued on page 195)



"But what's the use of fighting, Tip? How could I fight—flung ashore like an old worn-out something, with a black mark on my name as a pilot?"

IF You Didn't Have to

By Jesse Lynch

WHEN Harry, our young host, came up from the cellar, taking off his gloves after stoking the furnace, he remarked with a casual grin, as one often will, "Gosh! I wish I had a million dollars." Then, filling his pipe, he joined Caldwell and me by the fireplace. Mary, our charming young hostess, was still out of the room, washing the dishes or putting the baby to sleep. She joined us later.

Harry soon forgot his not very serious reference to the money problem, and entered into my discussion of the golf problem, which seemed to me, an older man, of more serious and immediate importance. But Caldwell, who had been glancing at the young man with a quizzical and affectionate smile, said:

"What would you do, Harry, if you had a million dollars?"

"Quit work!"

"I wonder if you would," said Caldwell, looking into the fire. "You seem like too much of a man to do that."

I thought he was going to say something banal to the effect that no one is ever contented, or the more we get the more we want.

So did Harry, for he replied, "Oh, a million dollars is enough for anybody. I wouldn't work myself to death merely to be known as a rich man. Life is too interesting. I'd like to enjoy it."

"What's interesting and enjoyable about it?" asked the older man.

"Well, you ought to know. You've been everywhere, seen everything, met everybody. Don't you find it all right?"

"Oh, yes," Caldwell admitted, "it's pretty good. But it has been part of my job to roam the world. So I have never had to pay for travel. I have always made travel pay me." Caldwell was a mining expert. "But never mind about me," he went on. "I want to know why you'd like to have a million dollars."

I now thought that Caldwell was about to get off the usual moralizing about riches not bringing happiness. Successful middle-aged men are so fond of recommending poverty to young men, though I notice they always take pains to avoid it for themselves, when possible.

But again I was mistaken in Caldwell. "A million dollars is a nice thing to have," he said, "and I admire you for your moderation. But I still don't know why you want it, and I don't believe you do, either."

"You bet I do!" said Harry. "I'd quit work and enjoy life."

"Well, you might do one or the other," said Caldwell, "but I'll bet you couldn't do both. Very few men do."

"Oh, I'd take a chance," said Harry, laughing.

"The trouble is," said Caldwell, "that anyone who is young enough to enjoy life is not old enough to quit work. Suppose you had your million and were to retire now, tomorrow, what would you retire to?"

"Why, if I had a million dollars, I could do as I pleased. I'd travel a lot; I'd build a big place in the country, instead of renting this cramped little bungalow in the suburbs. I'd have plenty of servants so that Mary wouldn't have to do the housework. I'd get her a string of pearls. I'd buy a couple of real cars. I'd raise dogs, and I'd play golf in the mornings even in the middle of the week."

"And then what?"

"I wouldn't want anything better than that."

"For how long?" Caldwell asked. "Inside of a year you'd get to work again—not necessarily at making more money, but at making—well, at making more of a stir in the world than you could by raising pups or playing a fair game of golf."

"Oh, but suppose you're not ambitious? I don't care any more about fame than Mary cares about social position."

"Well, neither does a beaver," said Caldwell, smiling, "but in captivity he declines to loaf all the same. He builds dams, despite the fact that his fish are tossed in to him every day and he doesn't have to work any harder for his dinner than your offspring."

"He doesn't realize that, I suppose. He's formed the habit—a bad habit," said Harry, smiling.

"All right, call it a habit. Good or bad, we've got it too, and it won't let us alone, whether we like it or not. That's why so many men who retire either die or go back to work within a year or two.

68

Even those who do not return to what is called work—what do they do instead? How do they enjoy life? They shoot big game. They climb high mountains. They organize expeditions. They endure hardships and dangers. Only they call it fun."

"Well, it is," said Harry. "That's not work, that's play."

"Of course it's fun, but it's hard work all the same, whether you call it play or not. Any healthy, normal human being really wants to work, is miserable if he doesn't. Everyone, I tell you, has to work."

At that point, Mary came down the stairs.

"Everyone?" she asked. "Look at Mrs. Burlingame."

Mrs. Burlingame was the wife of Harry's boss at the works, and the leading lady of the neighborhood.

"Yes, look at her," said Caldwell. "The poor thing has to work so hard. Aren't you sorry for her?"

"Work!" Mary shrugged her pretty shoulders. "She has six servants. No, I'm not sorry for her."

"Neither am I. Because she has the great good sense to work. To be sure, those servants prevent her from working in the home, so she has to work outside of it—charity, the church, the dramatic club, the League of Women Voters, not to speak of the difficult task of social climbing."

"Well, if you call that work——" threw in Harry.

"What do you call work? Only what you're paid for? She isn't paid for that, I admit. On the contrary, she pays to do it, showing how necessary and desirable work is."

"Well, if Mrs. Burlingame must work, she might better do a little work in her own home," said Mary, who had to do more than a little in hers. "She might be a helpmate to her husband in some other way than merely helping him spend his income."

"Oh, he likes it," said Caldwell. "That's what he pays her for. She practises 'vicarious leisure' for him, as it is called. He is too busy by day and too tired by night to do much of that sort of thing first-hand for himself. So he hangs pearls and other expensive things upon his wife and sends her gadding about, in order to advertise his affluence. She is a sandwich-woman. The wives of most rich men are." Caldwell was a bachelor.

MARY laughed and, I thought, colored a little. She would have been quite willing, I imagined, to act as a sandwich-woman for Harry's affluence, if he had any.

Perhaps Caldwell also guessed Mary's ambition, for he added: "The idea is, my dear, so to dress and adorn our women that they can do no productive labor, and so display them as to prove it, thus reflecting glory and credit upon the so-called superior sex, who keep and pay for them. But, since they can't do productive labor, and won't do much reproductive labor, why, then, the only thing left for them is to do non-productive labor. Hence all the interesting activities of the modern woman."

"Well," said Harry, "Mary and I wouldn't go in for that kind of life—if we had money."

"Certainly not," Mary said, a little too emphatically.

"All the same, you'd have to find something to do," pursued Caldwell.

"Oh, there'd be plenty of interesting things to do, but we'd take life easily," said Harry. "Wouldn't we, Mary?"

"Of course we would," she answered. I knew she wouldn't.

"Only for a little while," Caldwell returned, wagging his head, "and then you'd take on other absorbing responsibilities and a busy program. Otherwise you'd probably cultivate some absorbing diseases to interest you. If your mind isn't supplied with anything else to work on, it will work on itself. It's got to work. Nobody really wants to take life easily. We merely think we do."

"You see, we happen to be born in a world made by and for work. And when we do not use our God-given mental and physical faculties in the way they were intended to be used, why, we are simply going contrary to the whole scheme of life and of the universe—a universe of motion, not of rest."

"That's all very interesting," said Harry, "but you don't seem to recognize any difference between work and play."

"There isn't any," said Caldwell, "except in degree."

"They are as different as night is from day."

Williams Work

"You're wrong. All you mean is that you are paid for work and have to pay for play. Therefore, you think the latter is desirable, and the former requires a bribe. That is the trouble with the vast majority of the human race in its attitude toward work. They look upon work as something that intervenes between them and a good time, as a means to an end. The only reason they work, so they think, is in order some day to avoid work. It is the most unfortunate mistake in the world."

"Oh, that's easy enough for you to say. Your work is interesting. I just wish you'd hold down my job in the office for a month or so. I'll bet you'd quit singing these pæans of praise about the joy and beauty of labor."

That got a laugh from all of us.

"Well, when it comes to that," the older man added, "if you tried mine, under certain circumstances that I have had to stand up against, I'm not so sure you'd want to trade places." And he told us of some of his hardships in frozen Siberia and in the hot, horrible jungles of the tropics. He told us of the loneliness and homesickness that were included in the price he had had to pay for the position he now held in his profession.

"But nearly every man," he concluded with a grimace, "thinks his own job the hardest and most disagreeable in the world. That's why so few fathers encourage their sons to follow in their own footsteps."

"Then you believe," asked Harry, "that everybody ought to be contented—so long as he can work, do you?"

"No, I don't. It's a sin to be contented. It is neither human nor divine. It's contrary to nature and the whole scheme of our active universe. A divine discontent is part of the urge that makes us work. But it is not, I repeat, in order to give us the means of avoiding work. There are plenty of people who are miscast in their jobs, and I suppose that even in modern times, with shorter hours and higher pay, the vast majority of mankind have work that is so dreary and monotonous that it oughtn't to be called work at all."

"Then what ought it to be called?" asked Mary.

"Drudgery, toil—anything but work. Work is as natural as eating. Overwork is as bad as overeating. It's almost worse than no work at all."

"You mean the poor girls in our mills?" asked Mary.

"Well, some of those operatives are, as a matter of fact, rather pathetic, but not because their work is too hard, but because it's too easy. It requires a minimum of effort, of intelligence, and no imagination or initiative. It merely requires constant, daily, monotonous attention. Instead of its being, as we sometimes say of uncongenial tasks, 'too much like work,' it's not enough like work. There is no personal interest, no chance to use the mind, no challenge to the pride, the skill or ingenuity of the operator, no chance to grow—in other words, no real chance to work at all. Still, there is one thing worse than that kind of work."

"What?"

"No work at all."

"Oh, you mean because you would starve?"

"No. Prisoners in solitary confinement do not starve. They are fed. But they are not allowed to work. They are compelled to loaf, and this, as any of them will tell you, is the severest punishment known to man. No wonder so many of them go crazy. No wonder they prefer breaking stones on the road."

At this point I remarked that I thought our friend had made out a good enough case for work, but that I, as a fundamentalist, was afraid that he could not reconcile it with the teachings of the



Bible, where work was represented as a curse and a punishment, visited upon our original ancestor for his original sin. And therefore he must be wrong.

"The New Testament," said Caldwell, "teaches nothing of the sort, and the interpretation of the Old Testament was merely a mistake. For, as you all recall, we are distinctly told that God, the Creator, worked so hard that He rested on the seventh day, and the glow of work well performed was also mentioned. He pronounced His work 'all very good' and to this day that divine approval remains one of the greatest satisfactions we poor human beings are allowed to enjoy."

Still I was not quite convinced. "Then why is it that we were brought up to believe that Heaven was a place of rest?"

"Nothing of the sort was mentioned in the New Testament," Caldwell repeated. "The old Hebraic conception of Heaven was a misunderstanding, due to a slave race's misconception of work. To them work meant merely overwork. For a people toiling in the sun under the lash of a taskmaster, it was perfectly natural to conceive of Heaven as a place of rest, where they wouldn't have to do any harder work than play a harp. They envied their rich and idle masters, so quite naturally they conceived of Paradise as a permanent loafing place. As a matter of fact and psychology, that kind of Heaven would really be Hell. Instead of eternal rest, what we really want is eternal activity. We don't want death everlasting, but life everlasting."

T Don Quixote of Tin-pan Alley

AT ONE time there were twelve Italian restaurants on Twenty-fifth Street, which is probably more than there are in Tuscany. Out of all of them, the best bargain was Carlogero's. There were more colors in the *antipasto*, more vegetables in the *minestrone*, more bread-sticks in the glass holders; the wine bottle had less of a depression in its end; the roast chicken was somewhat less tough. The lights were dimmer, and the table-cloths were sometimes clean.

All this was back in the days when the round cobblestones were giving up the battle with the asphalt; when there were more hansom cabs than taxis, but not many more, and when the dark beer in the Knickerbocker grill was very cold indeed.

There was a little balcony at Carlogero's, for the musicians. Six or seven there were, always—a pianist, two violinists, and the singers. Having just finished a lively rendition of "*La ci darem*" the artists were sitting back and chatting, and the tenor was making love to the soprano, quite according to precedent.

His name was Arturo, and he was twenty-two, but he had crowded a few things into his brief years. At sixteen he had left Palermo, very suddenly. There had been a little argument which terminated in a dark and crooked alley, and the other contestant had been left looking up at the sky. Not being affiliated with the famous fraternity which has such strong chapters in Naples and Sicily, Arturo panted his farewells to his family and set out that night on a trawler bound for Lisbon. It took the rest of his hastily mustered resources to get him to New York, and he didn't come in style.

His first job was laying water-pipe, and he didn't like it. After the weather got cold, he went into a factory which made ladies' combs. That he didn't care so much about, either. Somebody told him that a Catholic church up-town needed a tenor.

Now Arturo really was a tenor, a florid, overenthusiastic tenor, one whose A-flat was flamboyant rather than apologetically falsetto. The pastor accepted him with joy, and two years after that Arturo gave up the comb factory for the artist's life, that is to say, twenty dollars a week and two of Carlogero's meals a day, and idle moments with the soprano.

She was a different type altogether. Arturo's professional education was slight; she was an encyclopedia of tinsel music. She knew whole operas that he had never heard of. Meyerbeer and Donizetti and Bellini didn't mean only "The Prophet" and "Lucia" and "Norma" to her. To begin with, she was Russian, and she collected composers with a dilettante's enthusiasm. Her voice originally had been a fresh and cool coloratura, but she had sung in France, in Germany, in Australia, in South America, and now it was more like what one would expect. She admitted that she was thirty.

Thirty, or more than thirty, she was still handsome, with lovely haunted eyes, and a gentleness that survived her bitter training. Bitter it had been. She had had some misfortune in the South, at Quito, or Buenos Aires, perhaps in some low concert-hall to which she was beguiled, where she had encountered deceit or brutality or indignity, or perhaps only unhappy love, and it had sent her scurrying back to Europe. Upon her return, her friends congratulated her upon new qualities in her voice and she had burst into tears.

For a year or so after that she had visions of rising in her profession, perhaps to the very top. At that time Hammerstein had proven that New York would support two opera companies. Why not three? An entrepreneur of limited resources enlisted the services of a polyglot troupe and Drina was among them.

They opened at the old Academy of Music. Hammerstein came, listened to the tenor, and straightway kidnaped him and made a small celebrity of him. There was a bass who was just as remarkable, and there was Drina. But the impresario shrugged his shoulders.

Deprived of its best tenor, the company lasted about ten days. Drina sang Violetta to an audience who paid the handsome sum of \$227.25 gross. When she appeared for the first time she

70



Arturo had pushed in between Drina and Clancy—"You peeg! Go away before I harm you." "Before you what?" asked the prize-fighter sweetly.

looked up at the house; up is the word, for the house was all in the gallery. And she laughed, probably the only time anyone has ever laughed in "*Traviata*."

Through the first melancholy preliminary chords of "*Ah, fors è lui*" she laughed again. Then in the approved Continental manner, she advanced to the footlights and sang, and the gallery, who had paid twenty-five cents apiece, knew that this was one time they had their money's worth and they greeted her with hoarse cries. "*Ah! Baba! Brava! Bis! Hil Bis!*"

So she sang it again to her tiny audience that whistled and stamped and shouted. Their naiveté overbalanced their lack of numbers, and they made a gratifying amount of noise. Perhaps you don't go much to cheap opera. Maybe you were at the Palace when Fay Templeton sang "*Rosie, you are my posie*." The audience at the Palace didn't make much more racket.

Applause buys only hyacinths. You couldn't run even the old Academy for that size gross. Drina found herself out of a job on Saturday. What she did during the next three years is best known to herself.

Here she was, at length, at Carlogero's. Once again she was singing things which she thought were beautiful. No longer would her voice be roughened by tawdry songs, "*Bon-bon Buddy the Sha-ka-lot Drop*," "*I'm ty-ing the leafis so zey won't come down*," "*Mit me vare ze Lan-ternes Glow*," "*Zhust a leetle lof, a leetle kiss*."

Better this. Better the Italian audience that looked up from

By Edward L. McKenna

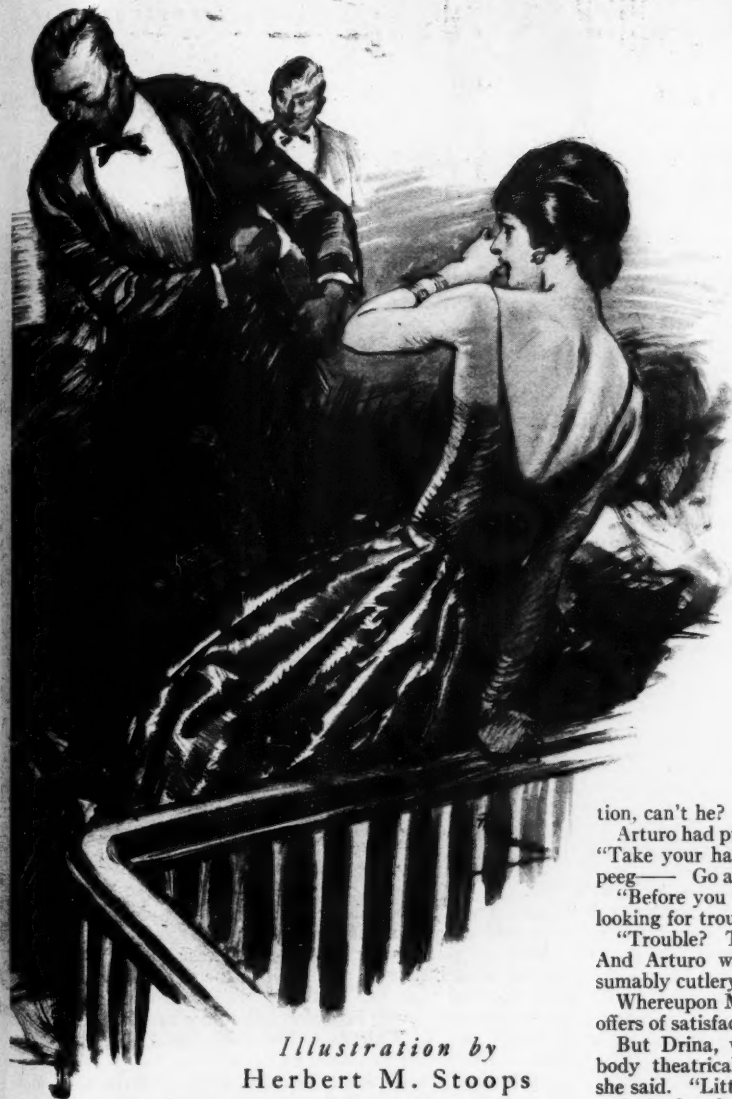


Illustration by
Herbert M. Stoops

the ravioli when it heard something from "Favorita" or "La Figlia." She could close her eyes and imagine that it was La Scala, Covent Garden, the Metropolitan. That she was still young, that life was stretching out welcoming hands. That this boy by her side, with his great bellowing voice, was De Reszke, Campanini, Caruso. A nice young boy, Bohjemoi, God bless him, but he'd never go far. She could have gone far . . . And so young, so unsophisticated, so untried . . .

"Look, Drina. Business, no?"

It was business, beyond a doubt. A party of men, romping in with the boisterousness of a blizzard. Laughter, and loud voices, and much checking of expensive overcoats. The waiters hurried to serve them, while whispers ran around the café.

"Oh, look—look at the guy with the eye! . . . Who? . . . Clancy? Jim Clancy? Yeah? . . . Prize-fighting crowd, ain't they? . . . Who? Clancy? . . . Who? Jim Clancy, you say? Who's he been fightin'? . . . Oh, yeah, that's him, been fightin' the dinge up at the Fairmount . . . Fightin' the dinge—how'd he make out? . . . Who? Jim Clancy? What, the eighth, huh? . . . Sure, that's Clancy. Been fightin' up at the Fairmount . . . Sure, he knocked the dinge out, in the eighth, up at the Fairmount . . ."

Drina looked down curiously from the little balcony. A thick-set fellow, this Clancy, with a young face horribly bruised. He was drinking a somewhat intoxicating combination known as a King William, part of which was lemon juice, and presently, another King William. Disdaining the *carte du jour*, he ordered a planked steak, and lighted a large cigar to whet his appetite.

Drina knew what this crowd would like. First she sang a little Russian song which sounded quite Gaelic, and for an encore "Sure a lee-tle bit of hay-ven fe-ell—from out de sky vun day."

Sure enough, in a minute a waiter was hurrying toward her with a ten-dollar bill. She hesitated; then she borrowed a pencil and wrote on a torn strip of a menu, "Drina thanks Mr. Clancy."

Arturo meanwhile watched her with every evidence of concern, not to say displeasure.

The party broke up with much noise and many a loud farewell, but Clancy still stayed. Finally, when the café was about to close, he lurched out of his chair. Mr. Clancy had been omitting the lemon juice during the last hour or two. Up the stairs he came and steadied himself before her.

"What do you say, Kid?"

Drina, who had risen with more timidity than you might expect of a soprano in a restaurant, drew herself up and her eyes flashed. Deliberately she turned away.

Clancy put out a hand. "Now, babe, don't get sore. A fellah can ask a question, can't he? I'm only just asking a question, that's all."

Arturo had pushed in between them. Fat little Arturo himself. "Take your hand from the lady's arm. Can you not see, you peeg—Go away, go away before I harm you."

"Before you what?" asked Clancy sweetly. "Hey, Wop, you looking for trouble, hey?"

"Trouble? Trouble? Yes, I give you trouble. I keel you." And Arturo was reaching in his pocket for something, presumably cutlery, when Clancy's fist stretched him on the floor.

Whereupon Mr. Clancy left, not in haste, but issuing generous offers of satisfaction to any who might feel themselves concerned.

But Drina, white-faced, had thrown herself across Arturo's body theatrically, but practically nevertheless. "Petrushka," she said. "Little darling."

And when he came to, he shook his head and smiled. "Ah, Drina. So I have keel him, no? Always I take care of you. My life, my darling, ah, *baba!*"

Later, he walked home with her. "Now you marry me, no?"

She stopped. "Ah, no, Arturo. A boy like you—no."

"A boy? Listen, I have keel a man. In Sicily. A boy? Thisa wan also I keel, unless my foot slip. Listen, Drina, I love you. You are the grand artist. I also. Only you are so far above, so beautiful. And your voice, ah! It always say, you are so sad, so sad. I give you joy, Drina. I take care of you. I fight for you. I die for you. Listen. If you no marry me, I keela you, you hear, and me also."

Drina trembled delightedly. This one had the prize-fighter stopped, as the Russian expression no doubt is.

"Oh, Arturo. If, long ago, I had one like you—"

"Hush. Do not tell me. I go crazy. Do not think of those time, never, never again, you hear? What is that? Whatever it is, it is nothing. A girl like you, so lovely, so sweet, so gentle. A-agh! Don't speak of things like this, any more. I keel you."

"No, Arturo."

"And so we get married. And by and by, next year maybe, when we sing together in the Met-ro-pol-i-tan, we think of these time and we laugh, no?"

They were still singing together when Carlogero's closed in 1918. Don't know what became of them after that. Heard them one night in 1917 when I was on a forty-eight-hour pass. "*Parigi o cara*" she was singing with closed eyes, and he was looking at her proudly and drawing a deep breath preparatory to his own onslaught. When they finished he seized her hand, and they bowed like two happy children.

Just a Sweet Girl



IF YOU are a regular attendant at the cinemas you are undoubtedly familiar with April Morning. Her name isn't quite that, of course, but it is almost as obvious and even more open to ridicule.

April's newest picture, "Love in a Cottage," has just been released and it is giving her admirers—of which you may be one—just what they want of April. Her young, girlish smile, her charming naïveté, her innocence, her youth, show her at her best—loving, frank and ever so kittenish—in a darling, girlish way.

No wonder April is gaining new admirers every hour. She's the kind of star that the fans like best of all—capricious, gay, mischievous and yet with a heart of gold. Even the fan magazines can have a lot to say about her without being afraid that, before the magazine leaves the press, the veneer of their flattering stories will have worn away to show drab scandals underneath.

April is everything the most enthusiastic of the fan writers want her to be. She is young. No doubt about that. She doesn't have to have her close-ups taken under layers of gauze as do many supposedly still youthful stars. April is as young and, as fair as the most enthusiastic of her admirers would like to believe her to be and as pretty, too. Pretty, with the prettiness of a very young girl.

Her eyes are large and blue and just round enough to look eternally youthful. Her lashes are long and curled, even without the use of mascara—though no one is ever privileged to see her without it. Her mouth is a rosebud without the always-present lipstick, which she uses only to enhance and not to change that delightful feature. Her nose is short and straight with little, childish, round nostrils. Her cheeks are dimpled, with just the tiniest shadows in them so that she is especially appealing when she looks pensive—one of her best expressions. Her hair is a soft gold and forms engaging ringlets all over her head. It's quite likely that the color is not entirely natural, but then it's hard to tell where nature and artifice meet these days.

Her figure is supple, and while she's taken on just a few pounds lately, she is still slim enough for the screen.

The things the fans like most about April are not her golden curls and her slender body and her big blue eyes at all, but the fact that her home life is such an ideal one. Stars these days are always getting into such horrible messes. A divorce here. Scandal there. Things cropping up when you least expect them. Nothing like this about April Morning. Her own life is as lovely and romantic as her best picture. The same kind of romance, in fact.

No wonder her followers are so enthusiastic over her pictures when all she is doing is just being herself—just acting her own beautiful romance all over again.

Perhaps you yourself know the story of April Morning. There's

no reason why you shouldn't. All the motion-picture magazines have carried such complete versions of it.

April Morning's father died when she was a little girl. Because she was so ambitious to get ahead in the movies, which she felt from the first were her means of artistic expression, her dear mother sold the lovely little cottage, where the family had been so happy back in Waterford, Iowa, and April and her mother came to Hollywood to search for fame.

April wasn't April then. Her name was perhaps a bit more unromantically Mamie Blatz and her father, until his unfortunately early demise, had been the keeper of Blatz's Cash and Carry Grocery.

As soon as they reached Hollywood, April and her mother had started making the rounds of the studios. Of course there had been the usual hard luck at first. This wouldn't be that favorite of all forms of fiction—the Cinderella story—if fame had come too early. Finally, April was given a tiny chance in the films. Just in a mob scene, at first. So many stars begin just that way. There were weeks more when she didn't even get that.

Finally a director, struck by her brave young beauty, gave her the tiniest sort of rôle and then Arnold Berger, president of the Four Star Film Company—it's Five Star Film Company, now that April Morning's name has been added to the list—saw April.

It was love on both sides at first sight, so they say. Even now Berger likes to tell reporters how, when he first saw April, he knew that she was the ideal he had been looking for. Of course Berger happened to have a wife at the time but that was the only unpleasant detail in the perfect romance.

Berger himself was fifty-five, but he felt that he was young at heart—he said so often enough. The first Mrs. Berger was fifty. He had married her when they were in their early twenties—back in New York. He had been a pants presser then, and hadn't thought of much success beyond perhaps a little tailoring business with Ma Berger helping him with the customers.

Then had come Opportunity. In order to obtain a lease on his store he had been compelled to rent the store next door. This he had subleased for a motion-picture theater. He was no fool, Arnold Berger. When he saw how things went with that he went into the picture business himself. Five years later he was the proprietor of five motion-picture theaters in the neighborhood.

Charles D. Mitchell



Mamie was rather afraid of the famous Arnold Berger. But she did all of her little tricks—for weren't men all alike?

Ten years more and he was with the distributing end of a large film company. It wasn't long afterwards that he got into the production instead of the distributing end.

Ma Berger hadn't risen with him. You know how that is. Some wives—Ma Berger had been busy with the babies at first, though that's no excuse nor reason at all for a woman to lose interest in things. Handsome Montgomery Berger, who was married to that darling little Phyllis Wing, is their son. And Irene Hill, the actress—she didn't want to get her fame by being her father's daughter—who was married to a millionaire in California last year, is their other child.

Arnold divorced Ma Berger, who went back to New York to live with her relatives, and he and April were married. It was a wonderful wedding and all of the film magnates and stars were present. And all of the film magazines published glowing accounts of it with appropriate pictures of the bride and groom. Berger took April to his lovely home in Beverly Hills and here, according to the magazines, April's dream has come true.

IF YOU are in Hollywood you can see for yourself. If not, the magazines will bring it to you. In the current pictures of any of them you can find April and Arnold Berger at breakfast, with Kato, the Japanese butler, in attendance. Or April pouring afternoon tea for famous visitors—with Berger near. Or April and Berger entertaining guests at formal and beautifully appointed dinners. At all of the movie openings April and her famous husband are together, ready to take quite modestly the recognition and approval of their public.

Two or three times a year they come to New York—for of course Berger doesn't like April to make the fatiguing journey alone. Here, again they are interviewed at their lovely hotel suite, where the living-room is always full of flowers and Berger,

By Thyra Samter Winslow

who wrote

"People Round the Corner"

like as not, can be seen coming in with a beautiful corsage of orchids for April. Sometimes he brings lilies of the valley and sweet peas, instead. They may not be as expensive but they do so fit April's personality. Yes, indeed, little April Morning is living her own fairy story, a romance as lovely as any she portrays on the screen.

The only trouble with this account of April Morning's life, as her public knows it, is—that it isn't true. That is, it is a bit inaccurate, a trifle lacking in authentic detail. To be sure, most of the salient points are true enough, but there have been strange misstatements made by Miss Morning, perhaps for the sake of that quaint band known as "the fans" who, tradition has it, must be kept in cotton-wool regarding their favorites and never under any circumstances told everything.

Mamie Blatz was born in Waterford, Iowa. That is true enough, even if the exact date of

the stupendous event has been a trifle overstated. Her father kept the Cash and Carry Grocery and, because it was easy enough to take enough provisions from the store for living purposes, the family managed to get along. There was never a question of social position. The Blatzes not only lived in the wrong part of town but on one of the poorest streets of the section in a gray cottage that had once been white, with a few straggling bushes in front, usually gray, too, from the dust of the unpaved street.

Mamie left school when she was thirteen. What was the use of so much education, anyhow? Boys didn't like girls who were too smart. Schoolboys were too young anyhow, fresh kids who never had any money to spend. Mamie was already beginning to prefer the drummers who stayed at the Waterford House. As she grew older there were always one or two of her favorites in town and they would telephone her as soon as they got in and come out right after supper. The two of them would see the latest motion-picture at the Airdome, if it were summer, or in the Palace Theater, if the weather were too cold to allow folks to sit out-of-doors.

It was the dearth of amusement in Waterford as well as a natural conceit fostered by these visiting gentlemen that made Mamie decide on a screen career. Already her reputation was none too good in Waterford. The eligible young men of the town scarcely spoke to her unless you can call the rather suggestive winks of some of the faster members "speaking."

There was no chance for matrimony in Waterford, even if Mamie had been desirous of it, but there was no one in Waterford whom she wanted to marry, even if she had had the opportunity. She thought of them all as "a bunch of stiffies," frequently said that they were "dead from the neck up" and even hinted on some occasions that their demise had occurred below the neck also.

She was a pretty girl and when her father died, and she and her mother were able to collect not only his life insurance, but a small amount for the business as well and there was nothing to

keep them in Waterford, Mamie decided that Hollywood was the place for them.

Mrs. Blatz, rather a querulous, discontented woman, was not at all opposed to Mamie's suggestions. She was sick of housework, had been, in a way, tired of her husband long before his death, though she would never have had enough initiative to get away from him. She was not very intelligent or strong-minded and it was easy enough for her daughter to sway her. Neither Mamie nor her mother had ever traveled before, but Mamie, at eighteen, liked adventure, and even the ride through the Mohave Desert seemed vastly amusing to her.

In Los Angeles they found a cheap apartment, one room with a bed that was supposed to disappear entirely in the daytime but that deceived no one as to its location, and a kitchenette large enough so that Mrs. Blatz and Mamie did not have to patronize the very good cafeterias, unless they wanted to.

Mamie had bought a few clothes, which followed in a way the prevalent Los Angeles styles, that is, they were a bit too bright in color and far more extreme in cut than clothes should be. Then she gave her mouth a daub of the gayest lipstick she could get, adjusted her new hat at the most extreme angle it would stay put, and started out to conquer the studios.

Unfortunately, as far as Mamie was concerned, thousands of other aspirants from thousands of other Waterfords had already descended upon Hollywood. Every motion-picture studio waiting-room was full of girls, anxious to be discovered and thrust into stardom, full of sharp-eyed mothers, of little, early-maturing children with self-conscious, smirking faces, of middle-aged women thwarted in their youth and now eager to obtain some of the beauty and romance of life that had been denied them, of slender, rather sinister-eyed men, of men whose faces were all too vacuous—all, all eager for movie careers.

You'd get to the studio in the morning and sit, if you could find a chair—wait. When a director came in to choose types out of the extras everyone would sit pitifully forward on the chairs, eyes strained and hopeful, false and begging smiles on all the faces. How sure they were that they would all make good if they had an opportunity! And how few opportunities there were!

Occasionally a director would choose a couple of middle-aged women, an old man, a young



Day after day Mamie visited scene. Then the director of



the studios. She wasn't even chosen as the least extra in a mob
"Any Wife's Husband," eager for new faces, gave her Her Chance.

boy and leave all undiscovered a hundred young April Mornings with wistful, smiling faces and slender young bodies who were picturing themselves already on the cover of the latest movie magazine.

Day after day Mamie visited the studios. She didn't get into a single picture! She wasn't even chosen as the least extra in a mob scene. She got acquainted with fifty other extras, learned something of their ambitions, their pasts—as they told them. She knew half a dozen directors by sight, a dozen office boys, was recognized by two dozen pert young women at the information wickets at the studio entrances. She didn't get in.

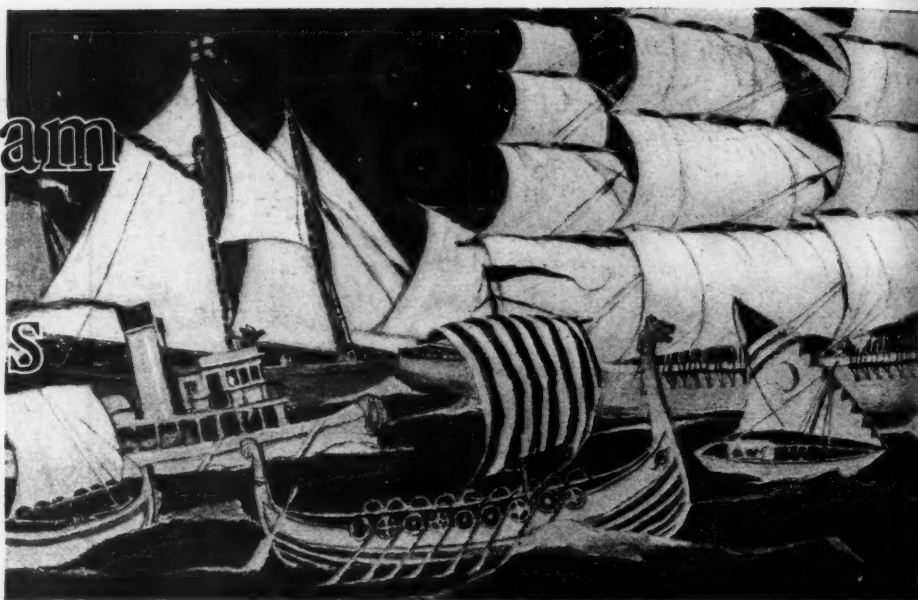
Then she met Lawrence Bryan. It was quite a legitimate meeting, far more legitimate than the meetings to which Mamie was accustomed. Mamie hadn't flirted much in Hollywood, not because of any moral issue, but because she was afraid any friends she would make might interfere with her later progress. How would you know with whom you were flirting? Why, you might be making all sorts of wrong connections! Important men weren't likely to pick up girls on the streets. They had too many other opportunities.

Mrs. Blatz had become acquainted with a Mr. and Mrs. Spangler who came from Columbus, Ohio, and now lived in a similar cubicle in the apartment building. Mrs. Spangler, in turn, had met a Mrs. Bryan at a church entertainment—and Mrs. Bryan was the mother of Lawrence. One evening Mrs. Bryan had come to call on Mrs. Spangler—and Mrs. Blatz had been invited in. And Lawrence had called to take his mother home and Mamie had been there.

A casual meeting, like that! And suddenly the world changed for Mamie. She was in love! She knew it instantly. She had had half-hearted affections for a dozen different traveling salesmen she had met in Waterford. She had been faintly stirred by a couple of extras she had seen in the Hollywood studios. She had thought herself thrilled by movie stars—from the safe distance of the screen magazines. This was different. This was real. She knew that immediately.

Mamie never remembered the details of that first meeting with Lawrence. All she knew was that she took Lawrence Bryan's hand in the funny little one-room apartment of Mrs. Spangler—and immediately the occupants of the apartment, Mrs. Spangler, her own mother, (Cont. on page 122)

Dream Ships



I saw fantastic vessels there—for

WHEN I saw him first, that evening,

I was startled by the change. There was something haunting, terrible, in the face of my old friend. But he opened his eyes and saw me, and quickly over his features came the old appealing humorous smile that had made him loved in college, nearly twenty years before.

He had been living all this time in a factory town in Illinois, where he had stuck close to his business. But I'd always been fond of Jimmy Gale; and so, when I happened to be in Chicago, only some fifty miles away, I telegraphed to ask if I might come out and spend the night. His wife replied that he was not well but that it would do him good to see me. So I came by the next train.

She met me in their little car and told me of his trouble. In the last two years, he'd been having blinding sick headaches every few weeks; and at such times an ugly birthmark had appeared upon his face. But she gave me little idea of how it could disfigure him.

A great jagged line of scarlet ran across his forehead like some ugly danger sign—a flaming, monstrous, sinister thing, which seemed to be burning into the man!

Gaunt and gray with suffering, he lay there and smiled up at me.

"What's back of this, Jimmy, what's the trouble?" I asked, as he reached up for my hand.

"Lord knows," he said. "We've tried the doctors. All they say is, 'Quit your business. Take a year off. Go abroad.'"

"Well? Why not?"

"Fat chance," he said. Sharply he shut his eyes on his pain. "I've been building up this business ever since I got out of college. Just when at last it was going well, the war came, and I lost two years at a navy job in Washington. Competitors got a lead on me then, and when the war was over I had a devil of a time. Been doing better lately, though. A few years more as good as this and I'll be able to get away."

"But Jim, old man—"

"Oh, yes, I know"—with a faint smile—"I look like the ghost of a fellow hanged for murdering his wife. But if you'll stay a day or two, you'll see me perfectly well again."

"Yes, until the next time. But your wife tells me these attacks are coming more often, and getting worse."

A haunted gleam leaped into his eyes, but vanished as quickly as it came; and he said, with his old appealing smile:

"Let's go right off to Europe tonight. I'm the finest little traveler in this whole wide blooming world, so long as I can lie in bed. And it may take the pain away."

So we talked of the summer long ago when we had gone together abroad, between our junior and senior years. We took the whole journey over again; for noticing the look of relief which by degrees came over his face, I kept talking quietly on.

"Remember that night in Bergen?" I asked. And there came to us a picture of the quaint old Norwegian town, where we had gone down to the harbor, on one of those weird "white nights" of the north when at midnight it is no darker than dusk, and had wandered about the piers and wharves or sat on kegs and smoked

our pipes, watching the ships in that strange half-light—the stanch little freighters, dirty and scarred, departing for ports all over the world.

Nearly all night we had watched them go—and suddenly I remembered now how Jimmy had sat and sketched those ships. He had filled a whole book with his sketches that night.

"Do you do any sketching still?" I asked. And I caught a slight glimmer in his eyes.

"Yes—sometimes in the office I do. When I'm figuring on some contract or talking business to a man, I make fool little pictures," he said. "I don't even know I'm making them—just find 'em there when the talk is done."

"Why don't you take it up again? Come abroad for a year and try it!" I urged.

But Jimmy smiled and shook his head, and our rambling reminiscences went quietly on as before. Moment by moment I could see that sinister disfigurement grow less vivid, die away. So did the pain, and he fell asleep.

HE WAS nearly recovered the next day. We played golf in the afternoon, and I tried to urge my plan once more; but still he declined, and the best I could do was to get him to say that he'd spend a week with me soon in New York.

It was over six months till I heard from him. Then he called me up one day in April and we dined together that night. He had come to New York on business, and his time was pretty full; but we went to plays in the evenings; and late one lovely afternoon he asked if I would show him some of the life down on the docks, which I had used in my book, "The Harbor."

I was only too ready to agree; I saw a chance to tempt him there; for the great harbor of New York has a spell that it can cast on a man in such restless days of spring; and it would be good for Jimmy Gale to dream a bit of the Seven Seas.

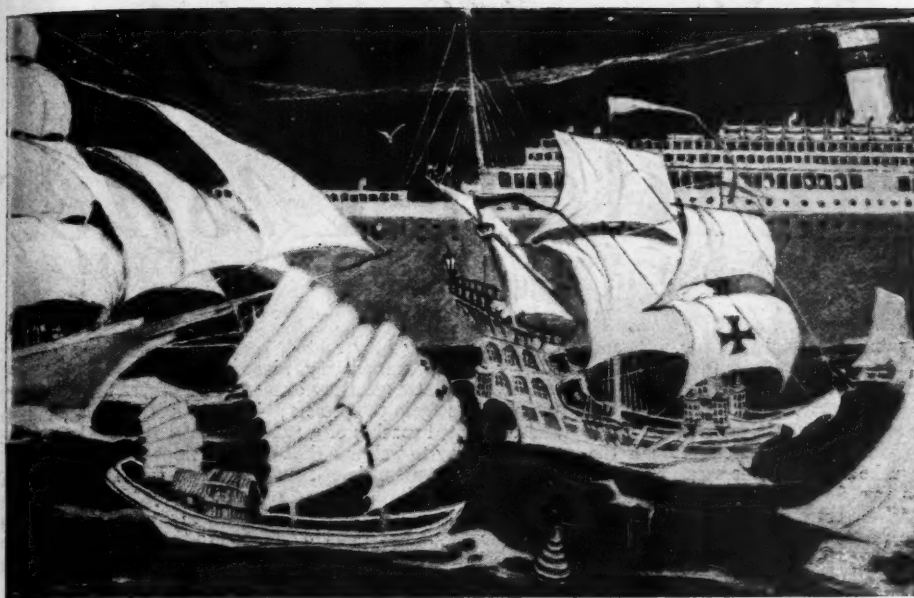
So I took him over to Brooklyn first, and we worked along the East River docks. Under the mighty bridges there lay ships of all kinds, large and small, some of them bound for the Far East. We entered shadowy pier sheds redolent with spices and filled with bales and barrels marked Shanghai, Singapore, Java, Ceylon.

We sat and smoked on the end of a pier; and through the teeming river life came a big freighter, bellowing. Three little Jap officers stood on her bridge, talking and smiling, glad at the thought of the long sea road ahead of them.

"Where are the old Yankee clippers?" asked Jim. Regretfully I shook my head. "There must be one of 'em left alive," he insisted wistfully.

So we searched all down along the wharves and far around to Erie Basin; and there at last we did discover one forlorn old sailing ship. Again we sat down, and pretty soon the hand of my friend made an unconscious little movement toward his breast pocket. Was it for pencil and paper? I asked. No, he took out his pipe instead.

By Ernest Poole



Jimmy had roamed not only all over the face of the earth but back into the ages.

But as he smoked and watched the ship, he seemed fixing her well in his memory.

"I thought a bit of going into the navy when I was a kid," he remarked.

We dined down-town, on sea food and a couple of mugs of smuggled ale; and then wandered up the North River, looking at the ocean liners. The night was soft and balmy. Again and again we stopped for a smoke. Jimmy was talking little now. The dusk had settled long ago into a glamorous darkness all filled with lights from far and near, lights red and green and yellow and white; their reflections danced on the waves which slapped the planks and piles of our wharf.

Swiftly moving shadows passed us—tugs and barges, ferry-boats and police launches with green lights. The smell of salt water was in the air, and directly above us loomed the bow of a great liner, white and dim, lights gleaming from her many rows of countless little port-holes, and her masts and her huge funnels rearing dark against the stars.

I talked of journeys I had made, to England, France and Italy, to Russia and to China, too. I tempted him. He appeared to be listening so intently that I talked on and on and on—till suddenly I noticed that he'd taken out a pencil and pad and was sketching absent-mindedly—or rather, so absorbedly that he didn't know I was there!

But only a few minutes after that, his upward glance at what he was sketching met my own. With a startled look and a queer little laugh, he put his pencil and paper away.

"Look here, Jimmy Gale!" I said. "Come on and do some more of this! Come on aboard with me next month! Why, boy, you're starving for the sea!"

But a strange little smile had come on his face—wistful and mocking, friendly and kind, affectionate and yet amused.

"And so it was all a frame-up," he said. "Never mind, it's been a grand old night—almost as good as Bergen was. Don't spoil it all," said Jimmy Gale.

IN SPITE of all that I could do, he went back home the next day, and I had to sail without him.

Abroad I forgot—and it was not till nearly two years later that, finding myself in Chicago again, I telegraphed asking if I might come down.

"Delighted to have you. Come tonight if possible," was the reply. And when I arrived there early that evening, again his wife met me at the station. She confessed that she had replied to my message without letting Jimmy know. Why? Was he ill again, I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a smile. "A miracle has happened. Jim hasn't been sick for nearly two years."

"Wonderful! Did you take him abroad?"

"No, I couldn't budge him!"

"Then what has cured him?"

"Ships," she said.

eyes—and I thought he was in for another attack. But he took a good strong cup of tea and went into his study, and there he stayed for hours alone.

"About eleven, I looked in, and found him in an easy chair with a big pad upon his knee, sketching an old sailing ship—with a look of such utter peace in his eyes that I all but fell on my knees. This was the cure for his trouble, I thought!

"I went to Chicago, the next week, to an artist friend of mine, and came home with an easel and sketching materials of all kinds. Jimmy was as pleased as a boy, and in less than a month his life had changed. Not in the daytime—at the office he was the same hard-working idiot that he had always been before. But when the tired business man came home, we had supper at six o'clock; by seven, he was at his easel; and there he would stay until three in the morning! And he did this night after night!

"I thought he was killing himself at first, for he got up as usual and was in his office before nine. How could he ever get along with only four or five hours' sleep?

"But months went by, and he still kept well. Not a single one of his attacks. Every night he sat down at his easel and drifted gaily off to sea!

"Then we had a little trouble. I'd grown pretty tired of staying at home and never going anywhere. In spite of myself I got jealous of that eternal easel. He felt it, from something that I said, and so he stopped sketching for a while. He was sick of it, he told me, and he insisted on going out in the evenings, as we had before.

"But after two or three months of that, he came home one night with a raging headache. I could hardly get him to bed; the poor boy was half blind with pain; and out on his face, like a mark of Cain, came that hideous blotch of red!

"You are murdering something in this man!" I told myself that evening; and as soon as he was well enough to be able to sit up in bed, I brought him a pad and pencil.

"Now, Jimmy, for heaven's sake, sketch!" I said.

"In an hour his trouble had disappeared, and it has never come back on him since! Meanwhile we've hit on a compromise. We go out about two nights a week, and the rest he has for his trips to sea. And the reason why I didn't let him know that you were coming tonight was that I wished you to see him at work. It's something worth looking at," she said.

And it was. When I came softly into the room, there at his easel sat Jimmy Gale. All about him on the walls were crude but wonderful little pictures of ships of every conceivable kind, from viking boats and Chinese junks to pirate ships and Yankee clippers and the big liners of today.

I saw fantastic vessels there—ships of dreamland and of the days when men had first put out to sea. For Jimmy had grandly roamed at will, not only all over the face of the earth but back and back into the ages. There was magic in that silent room! I caught his look of absorption and peace, and I thanked God for the Seven Seas!

The Strange Story of the 3 Golden Fishes

ONCE on a time shipping showed aloft in the ports and estuaries of certain Kentish and Sussex towns, but the Cinque Ports were deserted some centuries ago by the sea, their common benefactor, and now life molders in Rye, Romney, and Sandwich amid recollections of better days.

A tidal river or estuary flows past Sandwich through the marshes, reaching the sea somehow, and on the occasion of my first visit I was grateful to two fishing-smacks and a collier moored in its sluggish current, for these small craft by spell of contrast reminded me of the great, square-sailed galleons that once littered the wharves with bales of silk, crates of rare porcelain, and barrels of wine from Lisbon and the Canaries; and my

imagination, now fully roused, perceived horses from Barbary coming ashore marvelously accoutered, with high-pommeled saddles and a strange array of bits and bridles. For a moment the past was again the present; vision succeeded vision; and the gilded, painted coaches of merchant princes rattled through the great gateway to welcome the arrival of ships long overdue.

This old town smells of story, said I to myself, and could I but trace one to its lair . . . I had heard my friends speak of a fifteenth-century town hall, and I inquired my way thither from the passers-by. None was in doubt as to the whereabouts of the hall. All the same, I allowed a small boy to lead me. But the doors of the hall were locked.

A reflection that human beings rouse my imagination when gable ends leave it sleeping carried me a hundred yards farther into the town, and I welcomed a sudden vision of farmers repairing to an old-time inn on market-days to drink lusty ale after disposing of the sheep that I had admired in the fields on the way to Sandwich, rough little fields adorned with thorn-bushes and watered with pleasant brooks.

On the heels of these visions, memories and reflections came a sudden sympathy with sheep and lusty ale, and determined to enjoy both, one in leg of mutton and the other in pewter tankard, I said: If a story awaits me in Sandwich I shall come upon it in the Royal George. And finding the George in a triangle of small streets, almost a courtyard, I entered the parlor, saying: An inn of story, the veritable inn of my imagination; sanded floor, colored prints of horses that have won the Derby, the Oaks, the Leger, and game-cocks of unrecorded exploits. Nothing lacks. The waiter is according to my aspiration; he is in perfect harmony with the town deserted by her friend and accomplice, the sea; a stocky man of sixty, over whose skull some last wisps of hair were trailed carefully this morning, and are probably trailed with the same care every morning. Trimmed away are the large Victorian whiskers he once wore; of them remain only some small bunches of curled hair looking like crisp parsley above his ears.

It seemed to me that I had seen his long, wide mouth in many waiters before, and remarking his cumbrous, trailing gait, I said to myself: A man grown old in the habits of his trade, but no less a human being for that. And satisfied that this was so, I followed him to a seat and heard him speak the words that I had already heard in my esurient imagination:

"A nice leg of mutton is ready, sir."

It was pleasant to watch him bundle himself out of the parlor and return a few minutes afterwards with two slices of mutton, a piece of Yorkshire pudding, a dish of potatoes and greens. I liked him to be near me while I ate; answering from time to time his questions about the mutton, and passing from mutton to sheep, I spoke to him of the flocks I had seen from the train feeding under broken hedges or collected by watercourses as in a picture. Within five minutes I learned that his name was John Selby and that he had lived all his life in Sandwich.

"A declining town for years," he said, "long before my time—declining for hundreds of years, so I have heard, ever since the



Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens

Miss Charlotte, the homely one, was seldom seen with her two sisters, her taste being for gardening.

By GEORGE MOORE

A Comedy of a Man Who Always Was Lucky— Especially in MARRIAGE

sea left us. We are holding on somehow, but if something doesn't happen, sir, a luncheon such as you are eating will be a thing of the past in the George. Pickles, sir? Worcester sauce, sir?"

"No, thank you," I answered. "On second thoughts, John, I'll have both, for they remind me of the days when I ate them, days of wax fruit, antimacassars, and rep sofas."

We spoke of the race-horses on the walls, winners of the Oaks and the Derby and the Leger and the Two Thousand Guineas, and of the game-cocks, and I heard much from John about the art of trimming cocks for battle, of the minting of spurs and the tying of them, and speaking thereof John said:

"It seems to me, sir, that all the laws they make nowadays are to prevent people from doing something they want to do."

"Right you are, John, right you are!" and my voice was so emphatic that it brought the conversation to a standstill.

I waited for John to resume it, but he stood embarrassed, and it was to help him that I glanced round the room, saying: "Truly, Sandwich must have declined, for such an inn as the George to have so few customers. How many have you had this morning?"

"Only one, sir, Mr. Cather. He came in early in the day and went away in a hurry, leaving his fishing-rod and creel in the corner over yonder."

"Forgetting them in his hurry?"

"Forgetting them?" cried John. "He would as soon forget his head as forget his fishing-rod! He left it in my charge, and I am perhaps the only man in whose charge he would leave it, for that rod is the very one with which he caught three fish that fetched sixty thousand pounds or more."

"Sixty thousand pounds for three fishes, John!"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

BUT there aren't any fishes in that dirty estuary."

"He doesn't fish in the estuary, sir. He goes to the Bourne to fish, and he wouldn't miss an April fishing in the Bourne for any money you could offer him, not for more than sixty thousand pounds. If he did, he'd feel his luck would turn. But you'd like a piece of cheese, sir; we have some that I think you would like. And what do you say to a glass of port? We have still some left twenty years in bottle."

"I think I can trust you about port, John."

"You can, sir, for I don't believe in deceiving gentlemen; the truth is best in the long run."

"A good adage, John; truth and luck are precious possessions. A man who catches three fishes worth sixty thousand pounds certainly has luck on his side. I would hear the story."

"So you shall, sir; I shan't be away a minute." And it was not long after the minute he said it would take him to fetch the port that he returned with a bottle full of promise, for the dust and the cobwebs that enveloped it were not artificially applied but the consecration of time.

"You will drink a glass with me, John? and you'll drink sitting down, for port cannot be appreciated if the bibber be not comfortably seated."

"I don't think, sir, that Mrs. Bragg would like to catch me drinking with a customer."

"But should she come in unexpectedly I will answer for you, John, saying that a story cannot be told standing up."

"Well, sir, since you will have it so and will speak to Mrs. Bragg, saying you insisted."

"I will do that and more, John; and now tell me the story of the man who caught not one golden fish but three golden fishes."

"You are a stranger in Sandwich, sir?"

"This is my first visit."

"May I ask then, sir, if you have walked about the town, and if you noticed in your walk a tall, gabled, red house?"

"Standing at the end of a short avenue," I answered, "with shelving lawns and comely trees."



*C. Trout—
the third greatest butler in England.*

"The same, sir—the house that the three Honorable Miss Pettigues lived in."

"But what have the Honorable Miss Pettigues and their house to do with Mr. Cather's luck?"

"You shall hear, sir, all in good time."

The words "all in good time" caused me to raise my eyes, and seeing that the old waiter was already enwrapped in his story, I resolved not to interrupt again, but to let him tell it in his own way.

THE Miss Pettigues had fifteen hundred a year each, sir, four thousand five hundred between them to spend in the Red House. A great deal could be done with four thousand five hundred a year in the 'seventies in a country town.

"Every day the phaeton came round to the front door to take them for their drive, and they went out driving, Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie. Miss Charlotte, the eldest, was seldom seen with them, her taste being for gardening, and there was always plenty of work for her, she said, in the greenhouses at the back. I think Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie welcomed Miss Charlotte's taste for gardening—not that they didn't love their sister, or were unkind to her; far be it from me to suggest anything of that kind; but their tastes were different from Miss Charlotte's. She was the homely one, who liked her garden, and they liked painting and music."

"Fine, aristocratic women they both were, sir, with aquiline noses, Miss Ada perhaps more commanding than Miss Pinkie, handsomer, but not so pretty. Miss Pinkie had the loveliest head of flaxen hair I ever saw in my life, flaxen with a tint of red in it; I have heard it compared to spun silk. Miss Ada sketched in water-colors. There's hardly a piece of the marsh that hasn't been painted by her, and windmills, too—she painted many, and would drive for miles around to get a good view of a watermill or an old castle.

"Why they never married was a great question in the days gone by. Some said Miss Ada looked too high, among dukes and marquises, and that she didn't think any of the gentry good enough for her. Her manner was distant, though it was part of herself, and it may have kept suitors off. But the same could not be said of Miss Pinkie. She was always ready to sing for a charity. Miss Ada, who was much interested in hospital work, accompanied her sister on the piano. A gentleman writing to the Sandwich Gazette said that no one could sing her own songs better than Miss Pinkie, though Miss Lind might do better in an opera."

"You seem to have known the family very well, John, and to have a good memory," I said, with the intention of encouraging him to tell the story in his own way.

"Sandwich born and bred, sir," he answered, "with every opportunity

of knowing the Miss Pettigues, of seeing them leave the Red House in their phaeton every day of my life, and being called in when I was a mere pantry boy to help; and a great delight it was to me in those early days to leave the pantry and sit on the stairs to hear Miss Pinkie sing 'Robin Adair.' Mr. Trout, their butler, knowing that I had an ear for a sweet tune, always let me get away—but I haven't told you about Mr. Trout, who took big wages from the Miss Pettigues, as was his right, for in the trade competitions he was judged to be the third greatest butler in England, and he would have been first if he had got his due, but there's a lot of trickery in those competitions.

"However, whether he should have been first instead of third is a matter of opinion, but everybody knew him to be a fine, courtly gentleman—gentleman on his father's side, for when he had the measles his old mother came to nurse him, and she was not Mrs. but Miss. It was then that we began to say: 'Good blood will make a show, no matter on which side of the blanket the child may be born,' and Trout must have had a long ancestry of blue blood behind him, for he ran to sixteen or seventeen stone



C. "Then you will marry one of us?" said Miss Ada. "Which do you

without coarseness anywhere, neither in his face nor hands, not even in his belly, sir, which is a coarse feature in heavy men—perhaps in thin men as well as in heavy," John added with a snigger.

"The Derby, the Leger, and the Oaks were his favorite races, but now and again he was given to studying the weights for the big handicaps and backing his judgment, and nobody ever had finer judgment; he'd have made a great handicapper. When I saw him come down the street and go into the George I'd run after him to hear what he had to say, and everybody in the room would listen to him just as I did. It's extraordinary the commanding way he had, and without knowing it. He talked and we listened just as children listen to the parson, swallowing every word he said; and as he was in the parlor of the George, he was at the Red House.

"And to make a story that is often too long, short, one day Trout, having taken his orders in the drawing-room after breakfast, gave the ladies notice, saying that he needed a change and was leaving at the end of the month. At which they all began to speak at once. Miss Charlotte asked if he wasn't satisfied with

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choose, Trout?" "Ob, Miss!" said Trout, and his heart seemed to stop beating.

this room and if he would like to have a private sitting-room; Miss Ada offered him more wages; and Miss Pinkie left the piano and took her seat by her sisters on the rep sofa.

"If Trout wishes for a change," she said, "I can recommend Scotland."

"Trout thanked the three ladies for their different kindnesses and said he had no thought for more wages, nor did he wish for a private sitting-room, and when he had spoken of change he didn't mean change of air.

"You have heard of a better situation, Trout?" said Miss Ada.

"No situation would suit me after yours, miss, but I've been in service now for a quarter of a century and, as I have said, would like a change. The lease of the George is for sale—"

"Trout, we think you should have warned us before that you desired to leave," said Miss Ada, and Trout, who was always a little afraid of her, took his chance to dodge behind the screen and get out of the room before she could say another word. She was too proud to call him back, but every morning when he came for orders the argument began again.

"We have tried to persuade him," said Miss Pinkie, "not once but ten times, and every day he seems more fixed in his idea than he was the day before. I am afraid there is no hope."

"On these words Miss Ada poked her knitting-needles through her worsted ball, placed it in the basket by her side, and the three sisters sat looking at each other.

"We shall never be able to keep him unless he marries one of us," said Miss Charlotte.

"Marries one of us!" cried Miss Ada. "We are on the eve of losing Trout, and I must remind you, Charlotte, that this is not a moment for pleasantries, and such pleasantries!"

"You are very hard on me," said Miss Charlotte, "very hard. But I don't see that I have said anything so very shocking. We can't manage without Trout, and if you can suggest any other way of keeping him I should be glad to hear it. I wouldn't have proposed marriage if you had had anything else to suggest, but every morning we try to persuade Trout and every morning he tells us that he has signed the lease. And if you can't read his face, I can; he is determined to be landlord of the George, or— Well, I have told you!"

"You think, Charlotte, that the thought has come to him—"

"No, I don't think the thought has ever come to him; I wish it had; what I propose is that we tell him."

"That we tell him!" said Miss Ada.

"There is nothing else to do. You have proposed more wages, Ada; again and again you have added another and another five pounds a quarter; and you, Pinkie, have offered him a three-months' tour in Scotland. And now only three more days of our old life remain to us. In three days we start to live as best we can without Trout. You look frightened, and well you may, for though I know very little about housekeeping, you know less. You think only of your water-color paintings and your poor people, Ada, and you, Pinkie, have your piano and your songs.

"I have my greenhouses to look after, but coming and going from the garden to the kitchen I have picked up some little knowledge of housekeeping and dread the responsibility that is about to fall upon us. I can't sleep at night for thinking on whom we can rely to look into the coachman's bills for hay and corn. We shall never be able to cope with the cook without Trout, for being used to taking orders from Trout, she'll not take them from us. I lie awake thinking who will count the linen before it goes to the wash and count it when it comes (Continued on page 138)



A Regular Fellow

EMERGING, through gleaming French doors, onto a terrace bathed in the June sunlight, Sally's mother paused and looked about. She was not looking for Sally; of Sally she had, on her repeated assurance, washed her hands years ago. This morning she was about to make her daily inspection of the gardens and, incidentally, speak a few pregnant words to the gardener concerning the roses.

The gardener, who was Scotch, suspected as much. From behind a rose-bush he eyed her dourly. He knew more about roses than Sally's mother could ever hope to, and being human, ached to tell her so. But, being Scotch, he didn't.

Sally's mother looked like—and was—the sort of woman born to be prominent in charitable organizations, club life and what not. When she spoke it was with the voice, always, of Jove's better half.

The roses, subject of impending discourse, remained unperturbed. Slugs might be busy at their vitals, but to the casual eye they presented beauty, and the June morning was filled with their penetrating fragrance. A gentle breeze wafted this far, but it did not penetrate to where, behind the eight-car garage, stood Sally. Lithe and sweetly assembled was Sally, as her boyish riding-breeches amply evidenced. Yet she was, if one accepts her mother's verdict, absolutely devoid of feminine charm. That was the least of her worries.

82

"Break my neck nothing," she was announcing, with customary finality. "Why should I break my neck any more than you? Besides, you promised me last week you'd let me try it."

This was addressed to the younger of the two males who comprised her audience. The younger was in his early thirties, a well-articulated six-footer, wide of shoulder and trim-waisted. He too wore riding-breeches, a bit the worse for wear.

"But there is a trick to it," he protested, speaking not so much brokenly as with the accent that ever reveals the foreigner. "You move your hands this way and that and if you make even the little's mistake——"

He gestured expressively, a swift boyish grin revealing his strong white teeth. A personable young alien, and if in his high forehead line there was a hint that some day he might be a little bald it did not matter. For he, like Cæsar, had a comely head.

"Of course it's a trick," accepted Sally scornfully. "But how can I get it unless I try it out for myself?"

The other, older man cut in. This was Sally's father, whom Sally was supposed to resemble. In character and certain plebeian tastes, that is; not, fortunately, in appearance, for Samuel Middletown was, in his own phrase, no beauty.

"You might as well let her try it and get it over with, Mark," he drawled. "She won't give either of us any peace until she does."



By ROYAL BROWN

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

Sally grinned. "Ask Dad—he knows," she commented. They had been standing beside a depot car. Now Sally, placing one foot on the rear hub, lithely swung herself up onto its top. On top was what had the appearance of a miniature airplane, minus propeller and engine. This was, in fact, a glider. In it the young man with the Cæsar-like head could, as he had already demonstrated this morning, keep himself in the air for a breathless interval by using hands and arms to agitate its wings.

The body was a long cocoon. Into this Sally wriggled her slim suppleness, letting her brightly cropped head emerge.

"Ready," she announced, her hands on the controls.

THE younger man, though plainly still doubtful, swung obediently into the depot car and started the engine. But before slipping the clutch in, he stuck out his head for a final bit of advice.

"Remember," he pleaded, "that if you want to turn—"

"Step on the gas," commanded Sally. "I've got the theory—all I need is practise."

The depot car started, gathered speed, its course followed by the interested and expert appraisal of Sally's father. Expert because he was an ingenious Connecticut Yankee who invented what he called contraptions. Such as that which carried one of his earliest patents, a socket that held a whip firmly, unless it was removed by hand.

"There's a fortune in it," he had prophesied to Sally's mother, a quarter of a century before. "You have no idea how many whips people lose. Now with this socket of mine—"

Neither socket nor prophecy had impressed Sally's mother much until she had discovered it was to be manufactured and royalties actually paid. It was then that she had decided to accompany, or perhaps escort, Sally's father to the altar.

The truth was that she was sick of teaching school and she had felt that almost any change must prove for the better. But she had discovered her mistake.

The whip-socket was practical enough and might have provided the comfortable income she had visioned, had not gas stations been about to take the place of hay and grain stores. The result was that Sally's mother had, for almost ten years, taken boarders. She preferred to forget that period now and might have, had it not been for Sally's father—and Sally.

Especially Sally.

"Why can't you be more like Victoria?" was a question Sally had heard many, many times since childhood.

As a matter of biological record Victoria was Sally's older sister. Aside from that they were not sisters, either on top of or under the skin. Especially under.

Even during the boarding-house interval, Victoria had been superior to her environment. She could and did walk abroad

and, returning, still preserve the aura of impeccable immaculateness with which she set forth. But Sally! Dirt seemed attracted to her by some malicious personal magnetism. And her associates! Then, as now, impossible. She was perfectly, incorrigibly plebeian. Like her father who, this June morning, remained still the perfect pattern of a carelessly attired, impractical visionary, for all that some preposterous little device he had invented was bringing in incredible royalties.

This had something to do with an automobile engine. Just what, Mrs. Middletown did not know—or care. And Victoria, who nowadays discussed Matisse and Tchaikovsky, Japanese prints and Gertrude Stein's poems, with the elect, shivered expressively at the mention of it.

"Don't ask me about it!" she protested, her plucked eyebrows anguished, when anybody asked about her father's invention. "If you must know, ask Sally!"

Sally knew the dingus inside out. She had inherited her father's love for mechanism; as far as she was concerned, Matisse was bunk and Tchaikovsky an awful noise. The sort of things Sally could understand were gas engines and imported racing cars, such as the one which had brought her a state-wide acquaintance with traffic cops.

When she wasn't in this she was apt to be under it, probing into its vitals and doing work that the Middletown chauffeur was paid to do.

THIS June morning, however, the glider had presented her with a new interest. As her father had remarked, there would be no peace for anybody until she had tried it, personally.

And so, as the depot car reached the desired momentum, she gritted her teeth.

"Whoosh!" breathed her father, half apprehensively, half appreciatively, as the glider took to the air and, like a large and slightly alarmed bird, actually aped flight.

He was quite unconscious of the fact that on the terrace beyond the garage was his wife. Or that she, presiding goddess of this domain—and an easily offended goddess—was in her normal ten-o'clock-in-the-morning mood. But he did realize, abruptly, that unless Sally changed her course, she was going to hit the garage roof.

"Hey!" he bellowed, inanely. And unnecessarily.

Sally could see as well as he what she was headed for. She knew she ought to turn but she had forgotten how. And before she could remember, the glider grazed the ridge-pole and started slipping down the other side. The slight impetus the incline provided gave it a second of respite; then drunkenly it crashed to earth.

"Gosh!" murmured Sally, extricating herself from the wreckage and feeling her nose. "That was a nose-dive."

"Sally!" said her mother.

Just that. But her tone spoke volumes. It expressed her first astonishment at seeing a queer object descend upon the garage roof; her not inexcusable apprehension as it bore down upon her; her inevitable indignation at the damage done to side-swiped rose-bushes; and finally her instant, just wrath when the cause of all this was disclosed.

"I guess I did the wrong thing at the wrong moment," commented Sally.

"Do you ever do anything else?" demanded her mother bitterly.

The question was purely rhetorical. Sally's mother expected no answer. Her outraged eyes were about to appraise the damage done her roses when they were given new direction. Her husband had shot around the corner of the garage, closely pursued by a young man whose existence Mrs. Middletown, for the moment, ignored.

"Well?" she pronounced frigidly.

The monosyllable stopped Samuel Middletown as short in his tracks as a roped steer. It was a monosyllable he had heard often, but it never signified that things really were well for him.

"Oh—hello, Emmeline," he said weakly. "I—I didn't know you were here."

Sally's mother suspected as much and might have said so had not, at that moment, her attention been distracted by the young man in worn riding-breeches.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he was demanding of Sally distractedly, in his foreign accent.

At that Sally's mother reached automatically for her lorgnette. Something warned her this was the sort of young man who needed chill and critical inspection to put him in his place. But her lorgnette, unfortunately, was lying on a Louis Quinze dressing-table in her boudoir.

"Bumped my nose," Sally assured the inquirer after her well-being. "I guess that's not serious, though. But I'm afraid your glider is a total loss."

He gave it one swift glance. "I," he announced, with his quick, engaging grin, "will tell the what you call it—the cock-eyed world—it is!"

And that, as far as Sally's mother was concerned, was sufficient. This tall young alien was not only responsible for the thing Sally had tried to fly in but was, patently, one more of those impossible representatives of the lower classes—she could see that even without her lorgnette—whom her husband was forever picking up.

Now, meeting her husband's eyes, she suddenly realized he was actually considering introducing the intruder to her. It was in the air. He had no sense of dignity or proportion. He had once actually introduced her to a man who, she discovered afterwards, had come to examine the plumbing.

"Well, he's a right smart young chap," he had argued defensively. "He sort of reminded me of my brother Will, the one who died."

Now, lest he precipitate a similar contretemps, she spoke quickly. "Come inside, Samuel!" she commanded. "I want to speak to you—at once."

Turning, she passed through the French doors into the house, leaving her husband looking absurdly like a small terrier who, in the midst of innocent play—innocent, that is, as conceived by the offender—suddenly perceives his mistress with whip in hand. He glanced at Sally and the tall young foreigner.

"Guess you'll have to excuse me for a mite," he apologized and sheepishly set his course through the French doors.

He found his wife in the living-room. This was a pleasingly proportioned room, if oppressively correct as to appointment. Every piece of furniture seemed placed by mathematical calculation. And this, the living-room, was a perfect index of the home into which Samuel Middletown's mechanical ingenuity had catapulted him.

A fool for luck, Samuel Middletown. So his neighbors, owners of other big estates along this strip of Connecticut shore, had catalogued him.

"Absolutely impractical—like most inventors," was the verdict of those who did not consider him a peer. "Stumbled onto a device that was just what automotive engineers were looking for. But somebody—his wife, probably—must have had sense enough to keep him from trying to manufacture it himself. It's licensed, on a royalty basis. Basic patent and money rolling in. Soft for him."

And this was true, save for the credit attributed to Mrs. Middletown. By the time her Samuel had finally evolved the idea that was to bring him fortune, he had developed a protective reticence about his affairs. She had known nothing until long after it was patented, and she had felt that the contract she then learned he had entered into was the essence of imbecility—and had told him so.

"Well—those automobile men are smart. This way I'm sure of fifty cents royalty on every one used."

"Fifty cents!" she had snorted. "What's fifty cents?"

"It sorta mounts up!" he had persisted.

WHETHER he had had any actual idea of how much it would mount up she had never been sure. She herself had counted but little upon it. They had not materially changed their mode of living up to the day when a newspaper referred to Samuel Middletown as one more millionaire created by the age of gas. She had not credited it at first; eventually she had discovered it was close to the truth.

This house, the perfect symbol of their new estate, had been her first achievement. Samuel Middletown, the nominal owner, had had nothing to say about it. And he said nothing, at least to his wife, save when his back was to the wall. Such as when a valet was suggested for him.

"I've put on my own nightshirt and buttoned my own galluses since I was knee-high to a grasshopper," he had announced violently then. "You can have all the hired hands you want to help you and Victoria to dress yourselves, but if you try to get any valay for me I'll—I'll start chewing fine cut again."

The threat had carried the day for him.

Of course there had been no workshop in the new house for him. He had found one in the slums—or practically that—which surrounded the railroad station. Mrs. Middletown had visited it just once, her idea being to install a mahogany desk and Oriental rugs, only to realize at once the futility of such embellishments there.



C "I suppose," murmured Sally dreamily to the Marchese, "that we simply must go back and—break the news to the family. Won't it knock Mother's eyes out!"

Sally spent hours in the dusty loft. Her father did not mind having her around while he puttered—at least that was the way he put it.

"That's nice of you," she had commented coolly. "But I don't want to be a bother. Perhaps you'd prefer it if I read a book of etiquette and went in for society, like Mother and Vicky."

He had glanced up at her, startled—she was sitting on one end of his work bench, a silken extremity swinging free.

"Good gosh!" he had ejaculated. "You wouldn't do *that*, Sally!"

"But I've got to do something. And if I'm in the way here—"

"You know darn well you aren't," he (Continued on page 133)

M^{The} Mad Carews

The Story So Far:

IN A panic-stricken effort to escape a marriage that she felt would end in poverty and monotonous farm life, Elsa Bowers married Bayliss Carew. Bayliss knew that Elsa did not love him, but he wanted the opportunity to win her love—and he was willing to wait for it. And though Elsa did not take on the responsibilities of a wife in her marriage, Hildreth Carew made clear to her that she had become, in that moment, a Carew woman responsible for the recklessness and ruthlessness of the Carew men.

For years Elsa had hated the Carews for their unfair dealings with their neighbors. She had watched them driving hard bargains with her father, forcing him to sacrifice his best lands. And she blamed them, too, for the tragic accident to her brother Reef, years before, of which his empty sleeve was a constant reminder. In particular she had hated Bayliss who, in their first encounter, had taken her at a disadvantage, pinching her bare foot under the table when she dared not cry out. But now she was Bayliss's wife.

Just after their marriage Peter Carew was killed in a drunken brawl over a girl. Elsa found herself succumbing to a desire to protect the memory of the gallant Peter who had been her childhood hero, though she had determined not to follow the example of the other women of the family, who had completely spoiled the Carew men. And then, with something of fright, she seemed to see the glamour of Peter enveloping her husband—and tried in vain to banish the illusion.

In the Carew house Elsa found added difficulties. Grace Carew, Peter's widow, who was devoted to Bayliss, was jealous of his wife and made her jealousy apparent, openly accusing Elsa of having married Bayliss for his money. But the discomfort of living among the hostile Carew women was short-lived, for Bayliss built a shack for them on the land at the top of the Mountain overlooking the Hollow, which Elsa's father had given her for a wedding present.

On the first evening in the new house, while Elsa was preparing supper and waiting for Bayliss with a mixture of fear and desire, she was startled by the arrival of Lily Fletcher, a girl with whom she had grown up. Lily was distraught; she told Elsa that she was going to have a child, whose father was Joel Carew, and Joel had gone away to escape the responsibility.

Lily departed when Bayliss came in, and later Elsa told him Lily's story and asked him to write Joel. But Bayliss refused to interfere.



C "You keep that handsome man o' yours home, see?" Nate told Elsa. "He comes down this way more'n he ought. Zenka's my wife now."

Elsa, who had been fiercely hoping that for once Bayliss might forget his heartless indifference, felt that her dawning love for him had been forever killed. And, impelled by anger and hurt, she told him that she hated him more than she had ever hated anyone. Bayliss laughed at her, and in a blind rage she struck him; but he caught her to him, kissed her and left the house.

She went into her bedroom, bewildered by her instinctive response to his embrace, and for the first time locked the door between herself and Bayliss.

By *Martha Ostenso* who wrote

"Dark Dawn"

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz



Peter Carew had died—and a few weeks later, old Sarah Phillips. Pretty Lily Fletcher had married Axel Fosberg, shutting a dark knowledge within her heart because of Axel's pride. Elsa could look down across the Hollow to where Axel had built a small house for himself and Lily on the quarter-section of land he had bought from old John Fletcher. People said they were very happy together. Less than a month ago, Nate Brazell had taken Zenka Wolf, closing his door against the world and upon his own brutality.

That was the life of the Hollow, Elsa thought. Out there lay the world of Steve Bowers who had forgotten how to laugh, of Uncle Fred growing old and brittle like a dried twig of cottonwood, of Reef plodding through the slow years with his face toward an unrisen star, of Fanny Ipsmiller and her clumsy infatuation for the despicable Nels, and of Joe Tracy singing his way across the fields of a June night and filling the hours with

tales of his wanderings.

It had been her world, too—Elsa Bowers's world—before she had forsaken it—before it had forsaken her, rather, for that was what she felt now as she stood looking from the window at the cold drizzle that covered the land.

SUMMER died suddenly that year, in a night of wind that screamed through the Hollow like a mad thing. In the wild, bleak dawn that followed the world stood barren. At twilight a cold rain began to fall, shrouding the gray fields.

Elsa stood at the window of the new house and looked out through the forlorn drizzle. They had moved up from the shack only two days before, and now—it would be three months tomorrow since she had married Bayliss Carew. Three months.

She had blundered stupidly away from that world, thinking to escape the crushing sordidness of the Hollow in the fabulous world of the Carews. She knew now that she had been blinded by her stark fears—and by her vain hopes. Above all, she had



Elsa wondered what had brought Zenka to her house at such a time. Had she come to find Bayliss? . . . Elsa thrust the ugly thought back in her mind.

been blinded by her own pride. She had known that ever since the night Lily Fletcher had come to her with her secret and had precipitated that violent scene between herself and Bayliss.

In the sharp agony of that night's solitude she had admitted to herself at last that neither fear nor hope of any kind had drawn

her to Bayliss Carew, however they might have blinded her to what she was doing. It was love, flaming, passionate love, love that had smoldered in her heart down through the years of her growing, love that had turned inward upon itself because its object had seemed so remote, so unattainable, love that had

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become a fierce hate because she had no other answer to give to the cruel arrogance of these mad Carews.

It would have been easy to go to Bayliss that night, in spite of what had passed between them because of Lily Fletcher, humbling herself in her hunger for love, yielding to some mad desire for her own annihilation. It was thus the Carew women had always gone to their men, it was thus Lily Fletcher had gone in her stupidity to Joel Carew, it was thus she herself might have gone to Joe Tracy in a moment of forgetfulness, subjecting her spirit forever to the dull, crass tyranny of her body.

She was glad that something stronger than her own deep yearning for love had won that fight for her, won it for Bayliss Carew, too, though he knew nothing of it. She had been glad when she had looked from the door of the shack the next morning and had seen him among the builders on the slope above, standing a little apart from the men, in the full flood of early sunlight, directing the work as if he had been to the manner born.

SHE had stood there in the doorway for a long time, letting her eyes roam over the reedy waste in the southern end of the Hollow, before he had at last come down to her. Then he had paused in front of her, smiled slowly down at her, and asked her forgiveness for what he had done the night before.

"That was just plain brute, Elsa."

She would never forget the sound of his voice. She had looked at him, then turned quickly away again so that he might not see the burning in her cheeks or the uncontrolled tears that came hot upon her lashes. He had taken her hands then and kissed them lightly, saying nothing more, and had gone back up the slope to his work.

She had stood and watched him go, knowing that he was suffering, yearning toward him with all her heart, yet barbarously obdurate because she could not be anything else. And so they had gone through the lissom, flaunting days of late summer and early autumn, like phantoms in armor, she had often thought, passing and repassing in a gray half-light that was as impenetrable as abysmal night, signaling to each other in grotesque and mocking gestures.

From where she stood at the window she could see Bayliss moving about among the buildings on the slope below, a shabby felt hat pulled down over his brow, an old gray sweater showing below the bottom of his blue denim coat, his trousers disappearing in knee boots. He had spent most of the day at the Carew place, where he had gone to talk with his father about horses they had bought the week before in Hurley. Elsa had looked from the window a dozen times during the late afternoon to see if he had come back.

It was not until the rain had begun to fall, however, that she saw him drive along the road, not from the southward, as she had expected, but from the direction of Sundower and Nate Brazell's place.

He had not come up to the house, but had turned at once to help Gorham, their one hired man, carry into shelter a dozen or more sacks of feed that had come down from Sundower that afternoon. Elsa's eyes followed him as he strode back and forth at his task.

She had never thought a Carew capable of the amount of work Bayliss had done during the past few weeks. When he was not busy getting the buildings ready against the coming of winter, he was in the fields laying out the work for the spring months, or walking through the Hollow where the wild land joined his own, thinking his own thoughts, turning over in his mind plans of which Elsa never learned anything.

Many times during those weeks it had come to her that Bayliss Carew might be slowly breaking under her obduracy, that he was turning from her in those long silences while he walked the fields. No proud man can spend his days in secret torment and remain the same. Perhaps he was working down there in the rain this very minute so that he might not have to come to the house and go on with the ludicrous mockery of their marriage. Elsa bit at the tip of her little finger, watching him through tears that came from the very pain of looking at him.

At last she turned away to the task of making supper. She lighted the lamp and set it on its shelf near the range. In the spring they would have electric light, Bayliss had said—always building for a future, their future.

She had only herself and Bayliss to cook for. With characteristic delicacy Bayliss had provided Gorham with quarters of his own in the shack they had occupied during the building of the new house. The shack had been turned to use as a tool shed, but Bayliss had left one room and the kitchen completely furnished for the man's use. Gorham, a confirmed bachelor, was pleased

with the arrangement and Elsa treated him frequently to some savory dish of her own cooking.

With supper well on the way, Elsa went into the dining-room and set the table hurriedly. From old habit, she stood back and let her eyes run over the table with its fine china and its silver lying under the soft purple-gray bloom of dusk. She lighted the yellow candles, rearranged the brittle, brilliant flowers she had carried in from the hillside the day before the wind had swept the country, then placed two chairs for herself and Bayliss. Again she stood back and eyed the table critically.

A sudden pain struck through her. She felt herself a stranger here, even in the moment of her pride in all the beautiful things with which she was surrounded. She and Bayliss had spent a week together in the city, selecting what they needed by way of furnishing the new house. It had been a difficult time for her, the more so because Bayliss had been so gentle, so careful to give his approval to her every choice. And yet, difficult as those days had been, there was more than mere harmony in the furnishings of this house; they bore the established charm of things that were loved. And Elsa loved them with a proud love.

Especially she loved the living-room. She had had Gorham build a fire there in the late afternoon to take the chill out of the air. From where she stood she could look through the open doorway and see the shadows playing like ragged goblins over the warm walls, the low, heavy beams of the ceiling, the polished floor, the rich-napped rugs, the deep hospitable chairs, the tight and orderly backs of the books in their cases, and over the shining gloom of the piano.

At the sound of a footfall from without she felt a sudden unsteady wavering of her body. It was Bayliss coming into the small entry at the side of the house where he always hung his outer work clothes. She heard him clear his throat and visualized abruptly the stern set of his mouth, the suggestion of rigidity in the way he held his head. She heard him open the door and come into the house with an even tread, as though he were counting his steps as he came.

He would go at once to his room and appear presently, ready for supper, his clothes changed, his hair brushed into the best order he could give it, his whole attitude one of unnatural, pleasant calm. She turned away quickly and hurried into the kitchen to finish her preparations for supper.

THEY were at the table. Bayliss had been telling Elsa of his day with Seth Carew. They had had a letter from Joel telling them of an opportunity that had come to him to enter a prosperous firm of architects next summer. Michael's wife, Nellie, had had word from her brother in Texas. He had been using his own money and some of Michael's in a scheme to develop his oil holdings in the South. Michael would be a wealthy man before another year had gone. Old Seth himself had sold a herd of young Holsteins to a dealer from Wisconsin and was buying another half-section of land adjoining his own on the southward side.

Elsa had listened to the news with an unreasoning resentment smoldering within her. Always going forward, these Carews, always growing richer and more sure of themselves!

"You may be glad yet, little enemy, that you married into the family," Bayliss teased her, smiling at her with his mouth at a crooked, whimsical angle.

Their glances held for an imponderable second, then Elsa looked away, her lashes narrowing with a slight nervous flutter.

"But I haven't told you the real news," he went on quickly. "Hildreth was getting ready to come over with it this morning when I drove in. They're going to give us a surprise party."

"Who?" Elsa asked.

"The district—everybody! They'll all be here, don't worry. You knew you'd be in for it sooner or later, of course. They're coming down on us tomorrow night. Hildreth tells me they've bought you an eight-day clock—an unholy fright, probably, but you can hide it away an hour after they've left."

Elsa was appalled. To what farcical lengths would she and Bayliss have to go to satisfy the curious that here was a happy marriage indeed? Involuntarily her eyes met his across the table and she saw in them a look of ironical amusement.

"You see," he went on in his casual manner, "these friends of ours have their own ideas of what a well-conducted marriage ought to be. The only thing we can do is try to be game about it—and then forget it as soon as it's over. Hildreth is coming up to help you get ready for them." He leaned toward her suddenly and his voice became very gentle. "As a matter of fact, Elsa," he said, "I'd give anything in the world to spare you this. I don't think it matters so much to (Continued on page 140)

The T By Beverley Trouble with



Unless I am very much mistaken, you will find this on my tombstone.

LORD KILBRACKEN of Killegar was a wiser man than Sir Walter Scott. Listen to this little gem of wisdom from his pen:

Oh woman! In our hours of ease
Incompetent to make our teas,
Too apt with inattentive eye
And wandering wits the task to ply,
Too apt to fill the teapot up,
Just when we want our second cup!
What can we do or say when thus
You condescend to wait on us?
With gratitude of course we take
What ministering angels make,
And yet we know it's better when
It's made by ministering men!

I agree quite fiercely with Lord Kilbracken. I recalled these words last week when I was lying ill in bed, suffering the visit of a charming young thing who, I am told, would make an ideal wife. She swayed round my bedroom, a pale lovely creature, making what I believe are called "little feminine touches"—a delicate way of describing the art of fussing.

From my pillows I watched her, irritated almost beyond endurance. I ought not to have been irritated by her, for she had played to perfection the rôle of a modern ministering angel. She had talked in a low voice, she had put an exquisitely refreshing scent on my handkerchief, she had been cool and calm and detached. It was only when she began to criticize my bedroom that my gorge rose.

She assumed, as a matter of course, that a woman can arrange a room better than a man—a ludicrous fallacy. "Those curtains should sweep right down to the ground," she said. "That would add several feet to the height of the room." ("And spoil the whole effect of everything else in it," I muttered between my teeth.)

"And," she added, "what a funny place to put that old Chinese vase!" (I had built a niche specially for it, where it gleamed green and gold in the sunlight.) "Of course"—with a radiant smile—"we must put it on the mantelpiece." Which she proceeded to do, as though she were conferring a favor on me. "And those roses will look quite lovely in it." (Roses in a Ming vase! A Ming vase! I ask you!)

"There!" She paused, a figure of slim beauty. "Isn't that an improvement? Ssh!" A finger to her lips. "You mustn't talk."

It was lucky for her that I mustn't.

The "feminine touches" continued. My dressing-gown, which made so decorative a splash of color on the wall, reminding me of Lido days, was bundled into a cupboard. A lovely old mirror, cracked and tarnished, was put away in a drawer—"the shabby old thing." The curtains were pushed from their severe folds into terrible little flounces . . . Oh—I forget the rest.

That little visit taught me a lot. It threw a vivid light on the side of marriage which for most young men is shadowed by sentimentality. And strangely enough, a few days later, as though I were being tended by an unseen power, I saw the warning light again.

This time it was a blonde who unconsciously instructed me. (I sound like a sort of sheik, but I can't help that.) It was a perfect day in spring, one of those days when the English countryside seems to lie under a haze of gold dust. Together, she and I had motored out of London to an old inn I knew of which lies some sixteen miles from London.

As we sat down to luncheon in the garden I drew in a deep breath of sheer happiness. Here was sunshine. Here was apple-blossom. And here was—let us call her Julia—a perfect companion, the fairest of them all. I looked at her and smiled. She smiled back, radiantly.

"Now come along," she said, "and eat this lovely lamb before it grows cold."

I felt the smile fading from my face. Somehow, I hadn't thought of food. If somebody had brought me a yellow apple I might have thrown it



A woman's method of angling is deplorably crude.



In twenty years I shall be a bachelor in the forties.

W Nichols Women



Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon

in the air and laughed out loud, or a glass of wine—but lamb! Lamb which would grow cold! I shook my head.

"I'm not a bit hungry," I said.

"But, my dear, you must be hungry. You've been driving for nearly three hours."

"Honestly, I don't want a thing."

"Oh, Beverley. You can't be well!"

I looked at her again. The look of sweet solicitude in her eyes would have melted many a man's heart. That so obvious an angel should show so tender an interest in one! That those eyes should dim for one's sake! Well, I am afraid that I did not melt. No, sir. I was thinking of something else.

A grisly vision seemed to blot out the sun, the vision of endless meals in the same sweet company, meals which I should be forced to eat when I did not want to eat, meals when I should have to gulp down the savory because "cook will be offended if nobody eats it," when I should have to swallow the soup "because I found the recipe myself." I, to whom there is something almost indecent in the thought of eating unless one wants to eat. The vision of all this made me shiver.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you're shivering. You've caught a chill. I knew it."

I ate my lamb in silence. And I fear that I was a dull companion on the drive home.

Back in London, I soon forgot the blonde—though the memory of the lamb lingers yet. And as I went round from party to party, from one house to another, I realized that if I were to remain single I should have a hard job of it.

Please do not take that statement as an evidence of conceit on my part. I have no illusions about myself. I have an ordinary sort of appearance, I make a decent income, I am young and healthy. Apparently these qualities are an irresistible bait to half the young unmarried females I meet.

If they do not propose to me in so many words, they do in so many actions. They take me into corners and ask me what is my ideal of a wife. With coy surprise they discover that they have just those qualities that I name. (I think of different qualities each time according to my mood.) With an archness that would have put Jane Austen's heroines to shame they pretend to be interested in the things which interest me—waxing lyrical over some book or play which they have never read.

At first I was taken in—but now . . . There was one girl I remember, who made herself quite dizzy drinking champagne simply because she had heard me say—to somebody else—that a certain 1916 Extra Dry was a greater consolation in life than a clear conscience. She thought I should regard her as sporting. I merely regarded her as a fool.

The title of this article might have been "I should make a better housekeeper than most women I know." I cannot help remarking, however, that I should also make a better proposer than most women I



She assumed that a woman can arrange a room better than a man—a ludicrous fallacy.

know. Their methods of angling are deplorably crude. We can cut out the woman who relies entirely upon her sex-appeal. She is merely a dangerous form of Bolshevik who ought to be locked up, like any other anarchist who is in possession of weapons over which she has no control.

But the others—the others whom I meet at every party, who simper at me in every theater, who are fresh and young at luncheon, and languid and elusive during dinner—for heaven's sake, let them try some new methods. If they think I am taken in by carefully dropped hints about their own virtues, or loudly extolled praise of mine, if they think I am deceived by these sudden changes from a modest violet to a flaring rose, and vice versa, then they are very much mistaken.

But all these things are irrelevant. I set out to prove that I should make as good a housekeeper as most women I know and I hope to prove it. For of all the lies which I have ever heard about women, the most outrageous seems to me the lie that "it takes a woman to make a home."

Stroll with me over my tiny house in old Chelsea. It is my first house, for I am still in the twenties, and I left Oxford without a penny. But is it not a pleasant little house? There is

a window-box filled with daffodils from the Scilly Islands. There is a knocker, brightly polished, which I found on a barn outside Rome.

Inside, you will find no "feminine touches," but you will find comfort. A long room hung with old "grisailles" from a French château. A piano, unadorned by repulsive photographs. The right number of chairs and couches. Two old Adam alabaster urns, which glow golden and soothing at night. A huge desk, with no tiresome knickknacks on it.

Come up-stairs and look at my linen-cupboard. I remember, at home, (Cont. on page 116)

The Lady who turned Thief

By J. S. Fletcher

THE Reverend Francis Leggatt, Vicar of Meddersley, was one of those men whom it is not easy to excite or to disturb. Nature had blessed him with a well-balanced temperament, and he had seconded nature's beginnings, during his school-days at Eton and his undergraduate days at Cambridge, by a strict devotion to the study of mathematics; he was essentially a mathematical sort of person, precise, orderly, given to perfection of detail.

His taste was for the straight line—but he was certainly thrown off it when, one fine spring morning, he hurried across from the vestry door of his fine old parish church to the study of the vicarage, into which peaceful retreat he immediately summoned the wife of his bosom. Mrs. Leggatt, hastening thither, found him standing on the hearth-rug, his hands thrust in the pockets of his trousers, his eyes bent to the toes of his well-polished shoes.

"Marian!" he said, looking up with an expression which his wife had never seen before. "Prepare yourself for a shock. There's been a theft from the church. The Hislip chalice is gone."

Mrs. Leggatt threw up her hands and sank into the nearest chair with a stifled moan. Her husband's curt announcement took her breath away. She could not have been more horrified if he had said that the local bank had gone to smash, or government securities dropped to zero.

The Hislip chalice was famous, unique; its value was—Mrs. Leggatt did not know what. What she did know was that it was one of the very few pre-Reformation chalices left in England; that it dated from 1427 A.D., and that experts and archeologists regarded it with a reverence such as that which devotees accord to the bones of a saint. Dry-as-dust gentlemen came from far and near to look at it; now and then Leggatt, as custodian, allowed it to be photographed, standing guard over its sacredness while the man of the camera was busy. And once a vandal from way over the Atlantic had calmly offered the vicar ten thousand dollars for it—and had added insult to insult by an equally calm suggestion that perhaps twenty thousand might do when Leggatt answered icily that ten thousand would not.

Mrs. Leggatt found words at last. "Impossible, Francis!" she gasped. "It—it must be mislaid!"

"No!" said Leggatt, with a snap of his lips which his wife knew well enough. "It's—gone. I had occasion to open the safe in the vestry just now and, of course, I saw that the Hislip chalice wasn't there. I've always kept it in one place ever since I came here nine years ago—in the far right-hand corner. Well—that corner's empty!"

"You have not misplaced it yourself?" suggested Mrs. Leggatt. "I never misplace anything," replied the vicar, with a characteristic sniff. "As you are aware," he added.

"When did you last see it, Francis?" she asked feebly.

"Today is Thursday," replied Leggatt. "I last saw it on Monday. To be precise, on Monday afternoon. We had better recall the circumstances, Marian. You will, perhaps, remember that Monday was a very wet day. During the afternoon, Sir Charles sent a note across from the Hall saying that his guests were kept indoors by the bad weather, and would I help him by showing them over the church? They all came across—Sir Charles with them.

"I showed them everything—they were in the church with me well over an hour. An hour and twenty-five minutes to be exact. Of course, I showed them the church plate. I took it all out of the safe and set it on the vestry table. Naturally, I told them all about the Hislip chalice—its history, its unique character, its immense value. I put it back in the safe with all the rest of the plate."

"And, of course, locked up the safe," said Mrs. Leggatt.

Leggatt, who still stood on the hearth-rug, shifted his position uneasily.

"Well," he answered, "I'm sorry to say I did not—just then, at any rate! I left the keys in the lock, though—I think I had some idea about taking one of the registers out before finally locking up the safe. No, we went out of the vestry then to

examine the church. I regret to say—now—that the party didn't keep together. Some remained with me, listening to my description, some went off one way, some another—you know what people do in such circumstances. Eventually they all left. Then I locked up the safe—without reopening it—and came home. Marian—there's no doubt about it. The Hislip chalice was stolen while those people were in the church."

"You think somebody slipped into the church while you were showing Sir Charles and his guests round?" suggested Mrs. Leggatt.

"No, I don't," replied Leggatt sardonically. "Nobody could slip in! I locked the church door from the inside so that we shouldn't be disturbed. No—I think that one of Sir Charles's guests stole the chalice."

Mrs. Leggatt let out an exclamation of horror. "Francis!" she said. "One of Sir Charles's guests! Impossible! Not to be thought of!"

"I think of it, anyway," retorted Leggatt. "And as to its being impossible, that's pure nonsense, Marian. What do we know of Sir Charles Leddingham's guests? Absolutely nothing—as regards their moral characters, anyhow!"

"But—but—people of that class, Francis!" protested Mrs. Leggatt.

"Oh, fudge!" said Leggatt. He laughed contemptuously.

"That's all nonsense, too! But let's go through them. We'll rule out Sir Charles—he's nothing worse—and nothing better, for that matter—than a horse-racing squire. Well, there's old Lord Pelford and, of course, Lady Pelford. I don't suspect them—I mean, I don't see any reason for suspecting them. Old Pelford, of course, is a retired judge—I don't think he'd steal the chalice. Nor could his wife."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Leggatt indignantly. "Dear people—they were both extremely nice to me when we dined there the other night."

"THEN there's Sir Robert Sindall," continued Leggatt. "I know nothing about him except that his horse won the Derby last year."

"And he's a very wealthy man, too," observed Mrs. Leggatt.

"That doesn't impress me," said Leggatt. "I've heard of millionaires who were afflicted with kleptomania. Then there's Colonel Belchanter."

"And Mrs. Belchanter," added Mrs. Leggatt. "They're nice people, too, Francis!"

"I dare say they are all nice people, Marian," answered Leggatt freezingly. "But one of them has appropriated the Hislip chalice—I'm as sure of it as I am that I see you sitting there. Well—there are four others. Captain Riversley—raffish sort, I should say. Horses—cards—that sort of thing. Mr. Hawksfoot—I don't know anything about him, but I should imagine he's some sort of an adventurer—the sort of man you see at Monte Carlo, and at Deauville, and at Tattersall's on a Monday morning."

"How do you know, Francis?" suggested Mrs. Leggatt. "You've never been to any of those places."

"I've read a good deal about them, anyway," retorted Leggatt. "And I keep my ears open. Well—two more. Women. Miss Field-Maple—"

"Such a very nice girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Leggatt. "You couldn't suspect—"

"And Mrs. Peacock—"

"Mrs. Peacock is a delightful woman!" said Mrs. Leggatt. "I took quite a liking to her! She was so awfully sympathetic about Bobby when I told her that I was uneasy about his cough."

"I noticed that Mrs. Peacock is remarkably fond of and extremely proficient at bridge!" remarked Leggatt cynically. "And I should say, from her conversation, that she's like all the lot there—a devotee of horse-racing and that sort of thing. Marian, you can't get away from two facts. First, the house-party across there at the Hall is of the turfy sort—gamblers, every man and

woman
Sir C
with
"W
whisp
"N
At



C. "I told Sir Charles and his guests all about the Hislop chalice—its history, its immense value. And one of them stole the chalice. I'm sure of it."

woman of them, from old Pelford downward. Second—one of Sir Charles Leddingham's guests has appropriated that chalice, with a view to selling it! But—which?"

"What shall you do, Francis?" asked Mrs. Leggatt in a whisper. "The police?"

"Not at present," answered Leggatt. "No—I'll think!"

At that Mrs. Leggatt rose and departed, and her husband

picked up his pipe, and after carefully filling it with tobacco, felt for his match-box.

Leggatt thought hard, and deeply, and long. Of one thing he felt almost certain—nobody had entered the church from the time he left it on Monday afternoon to the moment he had gone into it that morning, Thursday. There (Continued on page 156)

The Love of a Loafer



DICKIE PETERS arose feeling worse than usual; and that was pretty bad, for frequently Dickie felt a trifle worn and frayed in the mornings. He had a confused sense that something very important had happened the night before, something enormously, transcendently important—something that might alter the whole course of a man's life. But what was it?

"I must have made another million dollars," said Dickie, grinning somewhat wryly at himself. "But where is it?"

That was always the question when Dickie made a million dollars—where was it? He was forever making a million dollars—on the backs of menu cards in restaurants and clubs, on the margins of newspapers and the blank leaves of theater programs, and on table-cloths themselves. An idea, a white surface, a soft black lead-pencil—and Dickie was off!

Presently he would be convincing everyone within sound of his voice that there were millions in it—whatever "it" might be. Not the least convinced would be Dickie himself. For at thirty-six he was still an enthusiast, a believer. After one of these fervid sessions Dickie always felt so wealthy, and so benign and friendly towards all the world, that almost anybody could borrow ten dollars from him—if he had it. And frequently he had, and they did.

"Where was I last evening?" he asked himself as he went into the bathroom of his little bachelor apartment in the Forties and turned the cold water into the tub. A medley of confused images and pictures began to form and dissolve in his aching head, and for a moment Dickie endeavored to watch them as one might watch a bad cinema show to which one had come too late to catch the clue of the story.

"The question should be, where *wasn't* I?" he said presently, giving it up.

"A million dollars last night and this morning only a bad taste," he said and looked at the cold water. There was a malevolent glitter of wintry light upon the surface of the water, as if it consciously rejoiced in the agony it was about to inflict upon him.

"I know what *you* think," he said, addressing the water. "You think I am nothing but just a table-cloth millionaire." He had once been called that by a friend, and in his hours of candor and dejection he was inclined to admit there might be truth in it. And after a bad night he always looked at the water in the tub and talked to it before he could force himself to enter it; he

C"Wall Street!" With that word there had been another click in Dickie's mind. Now he remembered whom the nose belonged to!

dramatized the plunge before he took it, for his was an essentially dramatic nature.

"I know what you think," he said to the water. "You think I'm a bum. But I'm *not* a bum. If I were a bum I wouldn't even consider getting into that tub!"

The water malignantly succeeded in registering its arctic quality. It was silent, but nevertheless Dickie knew how it hated him. "You think I'm a flivver," said Dickie to the water. "You think I haven't got the nerve. But I have! I'd have the nerve even if you were full of icebergs and walruses and polar bears and Eskimos."

There had been one certain morning some months previously when, as he talked to the water about polar bears and walruses, Dickie had begun to see these interesting animals; and the sight had affected him painfully. Now he made conversation about them a kind of touchstone. If he could talk about them airily without seeing them, perhaps the Night Before hadn't been so bad after all.

"Who's got guts?" he asked. "I have! Who isn't a total loss? I'm not!"

And with that he went into the water. One scream and the worst was over. He came out, towed himself vigorously, glowing physically, and warmer with the consciousness of a moral victory. And he needed something to give him that consciousness. For Dickie was at times aware of a certain deterioration. The cold bath itself was a test. If the morning ever came when he couldn't force himself to it, Dickie would feel definitely upon the down-grade.

None of his friends, and friends he had in well-nigh incredible numbers, could have told you exactly how Dickie lived. He would have found it rather hard to be definite about the matter

By Don Marquis

The Story of a Tablecloth Millionaire



Illustrations by
Dudley G. Summers

himself. "Sometimes," he said, "I'm lucky, and sometimes I'm unlucky."

There had been a time when he described himself as a broker. He still dabbled in the stock-market, with varying success. One of his dreams was to come into possession of an absolutely sure-thing tip from a big operator. In conversation with him you discovered that on one of his boundaries he was vaguely allied with the arts; that is to say, he had put money into musical shows and into the legitimate drama at times, both his own money and that of his friends, and sometimes he lost and sometimes he won. He could become more eagerly enthusiastic about a show—almost any show—than even the author or the star.

There were periods when he described himself as a promoter. He had been known to have jobs—he had first come to New York as a newspaper man. He had once been a press-agent for a grand-opera star, and at another time press-agent for a circus. He had written vaudeville sketches and he had been a bond salesman.

Dickie sometimes considered very seriously the idea of marrying a wealthy woman. He might possibly have done so, for he knew a number of wealthy women, and—as Dickie modestly put it himself—"Women, as a class, sort o' like me." Unfortunately, when Dickie fell in love it was always with some girl who was *not* wealthy, and when he was in love he was eagerly, enthusiastically, genuinely in love.

How did it happen that he always got most deeply in love just at the times when he was deepest in financial embarrassments? "Fate," was his own explanation of this phenomenon, "just fate!" But these spells of poverty, coinciding with his periods of amatory enthusiasm, did save him from getting married—and as regards matrimony he was habitually two-minded. "It's a kind of yes-and-no game," Dickie would say, "and maybe it's a good thing fate always intervenes."

He had never been more in love, nor more perturbed about financial matters, than on this particular morning when he was trying to remember what exceedingly important thing had happened the night before.

"Maybe I proposed to somebody last night," he said. "Who? And was she rich or poor? And did she accept me? And will she hold me to it? And what will Julia think of me then?" Julia being the girl—not wealthy—with whom he was in love currently.

somewhat cheered as he looked at himself in the mirror. "You're not really a *hard* drinker," he reassured his reflection in the glass, "and you're not really a bum. But there is something a little wrong about your memory. Why in the dickens can't you recollect where you were and what happened to you last night?"

Care returned to him again, and he went out into the street with a worried look between his eyes, his brow contracted with the effort to remember.

Dickie lived in a block in the upper Forties, between Sixth and Fifth Avenues. It was commonly reputed to have sixty speak-easies in it. He turned into a chop-house near the Sixth Avenue end of the block, passed through the dining-room, traversed a narrow passage and rapped on a sliding panel in a heavy door.

The panel slid open and a pale-blue, watery eye surveyed Mr. Peters through the aperture.

"It's me, Bob," said Dickie ungrammatically.

The door was unchained and Mr. Peters entered. The room had been made into an exact replica of the old-fashioned barroom—the vanished barroom with the brass foot-rail and the free lunch at the end of the counter, the like of which stood on every other corner in the pre-Volstead days. It was just the same—and yet it wasn't the same. For in spite of the sawdust on the floor and the long mirror in the back and the conscientious nudes upon the walls, the care-free, happy manner of the old days was absent. That is to say, one felt one could be jolly here so long as one was not *too* jolly.

"Bob," said Mr. Peters to the bartender, "was I in here last evening?"

"You were that, Mr. Peters," said Bob.

"Was I lit up?"

"No, Sir," said Bob. "I've never seen you that way, Mr. Peters. You're one of the most conspicuous gentlemen to hold his own that I ever served."

"Remember whom I was with?"

"With several gentlemen," said Bob. "Quite a few gentlemen was in here giving the Eighteenth Amendment the razz in a heartfelt way, last evenin'."

"Gentlemen who come here all the time?" persisted Dickie.

"You was among friends, Mr. Peters," said Bob, "but I got the notion somehow you was all new friends to each other, but friendlier new friends I never seen."

"You don't remember what I was talking about, Bob?" asked



C. "When I marry," Julia blazed, "I'll marry a man that's got hold

Dickie. He hoped that some chance phrase might revive in his memory that all-important Something that had happened to him the evening before.

The bartender, with knitted brows, considered profoundly, stroking the gray walrus tusks of his mustache. Finally the light of triumph came into his eyes, and a flicker of hope stirred in Dickie's breast.

"I do," said Bob. "It was feenancial! Your talk was concerned with makin' a million dollars for everybody present. Myself, I was one of your heirs. Some folks is but too willin' to let bygones be bygones, but I ain't possessed of that kind of ingratitude, and this mornin' I thank you for last night, Mr. Peters."

"But how was I going to make that money?" said Dickie.

"Well," said Bob, "some way feenancial it was. Or so I gathered from the talk. But somebody was sayin' limericks all the time, and somebody was singin' songs, and somebody kept tellin' the one about the Scotchman over and over, and I was busy with the bottles, and somehow or other the details got away from me. But it was some way feenancial."

"Thanks, Bob," said Dickie. He finished his drink and went into the dining-room and had a very light breakfast, still in great perplexity. The sense that something tremendously important, magnificently important, had occurred the previous evening grew and grew upon him.

He left the chop-house, walked six doors east and entered an Italian restaurant, a basement *table d'hôte* place.

"Tony," he said to the proprietor, as that oily and falsely genial person came forward to greet him, "I was in here last night, wasn't I?"

"Yes, Mr. Peters," said Tony, rubbing his pinkish hands together.

There is a legend that Tony's hands are pink because he makes the wine he sells fresh every morning. He also sells what purports to be Scotch whisky. There is no bar in Tony's place. His truly hellish concoctions are drunk from china cups and served from innocent-looking coffee-pots—if you are a chemist perhaps you can figure out what sort of metal these coffee-pots are made of, for it is an observed fact that Tony's evil liquids actually do not eat holes in them.

"WAS I drunk?" asked Dickie.

"No, no, no!" cried Tony, with a grin like a flash of dental lightning. "Not-a da le-e-e-ast leetle bit-a drunk! Verra, verro sober! You praise-a da wine verro, verro much las' night, Mr. Peters, you praise-a da Chiant' my brother send-a me from Italy."

"How drunk I must have been," murmured Dickie, as he went out, "to praise Tony's wine!"

He betook himself five doors farther east, climbed three flights of stairs, passed a little card certifying that he was a member in good standing of the Interboro Golf Club through a narrow slit in a wall, and was admitted to a large room around two sides of which ran a buffet bar.



of his life—you get me, Dick Peters? A man!"

"Deacon," he said, to the presiding genius of this rendezvous, "was I here last night?"

The Deacon looked at him out of a pair of eyes that would have been exact mates except that the upper lid of the left one habitually drooped, imparting an air that was at once knowing and slightly sinister to his pale countenance. He was a slender, quiet man, angular and bony, dressed in black clothing faintly reminiscent of clerical garb. But when he spoke his voice belied his appearance and his nickname of Deacon, for it was the hoarse accents of the underworld which he expelled from one corner of his mouth without moving the opposite side of his face, a trick of speech peculiar to the convict.

"You was, Dick," said the Deacon.

"Intoxicated?"

"Plastered," said the Deacon.

"Whom was I with?"

"Little bozo who didn't look so good to me," said the Deacon. "He was drinkin' Worcestershire sauce with an egg in it. Who was this bird?"

"I don't know," said Peters.

"Anything went wrong? Been rolled, Dick?" croaked the Deacon hopefully. "Say the word, Kid, and I'll have one of the boys look that bozo up for you and give him the works."

"Thanks, but don't bother, Deacon," replied Dickie, shuddering away from this friendly offer to arrange a bit of felonious assault for his benefit. "It's nothing serious."

The Deacon seemed disappointed, even a little hurt by the

refusal, and insisted on Dickie's having a thimbleful of French brandy with him. It was most excellent, as cognac goes these days, and Dickie had a second thimbleful, remarking jocosely:

"This sure is the place for the cognac-scented cognoscenti to hang out, Deacon."

The levity was a flight above the Deacon's perception; but he, nevertheless, smiled a thin-lipped smile which revealed a golden tooth, and whispered harshly: "Jus' say the word, jus' say the word—any time I can do you a favor like that, Dick."

"Darned old criminal!" said Dick to himself as he went down the stair. "He really meant that. I wonder why it is that crooks, children, nuts, women and dogs always seem to like me."

It was the third place he went after he left the Deacon that some small cell in his brain suddenly opened—perhaps under the stimulation of strong drink—and recalled one place he had been, certainly, the previous evening—Madge Elder's dressing-room.

"Heavens!" he said, in something like fright. "I didn't propose to Madge, did I?"

Madge, one of the many queens of musical comedy always regnant in New York, might be just whimsical enough to take him at his word and marry him for a change, he reflected.

She had usually married wealthy men, but she was an unaccountable person, with an active sense of humor—and it might be, it might be! He didn't want to marry Madge, although he liked her, but that would make not the slightest difference in the world to Madge, as he well knew. If she took the notion to marry him she would do it no matter what he thought about the matter—and maybe he had given her the notion.

"And what would Julia say to that?" he sighed. And then, sadly: "I wonder if I'm going to have to quit drinking."

He pursued his inquiries, becoming more and more worried, as he progressed along the south side of the block towards Fifth Avenue, calling at every variety of place in that exceedingly variegated and joyously careless block. He learned that he had been in most of them, sometimes accompanied by one jolly playmate, sometimes companioned by as many as half a dozen.

"Must have been somebody's birthday I was celebrating last night," said Dickie. "Whose, I wonder?" Not Madge's, he was sure; no lady had been with him—and Madge never called attention to her birthdays, anyhow.

It was at, perhaps, the tenth place which he visited that he made a further partially successful attempt at recollection—it came to him all at once that he had left Madge's dressing-room with some friend of hers whom he had met there, and that it was about ten o'clock. He remembered Madge's saying that it was about ten. It appeared possible that this stranger and himself had gone about together for hours and hours afterwards. But who was the fellow, and what did he look like? Dickie struggled vainly for a name, for the remembrance of some salient feature.

"I think," said Dickie, "I'll go and see Julia."

And then, as the possibility that he might have proposed to Madge recurred to him, he murmured: "I'll tell Julia she's got to marry me right away."

Marriage with Julia appeared more desirable than it ever had before, not merely for its own sake, but (Continued on page 126)

D

Concluding—A Novel of Today

dangerous Business

ELLEN accused herself, as soon as he was safely away; she had dodged him; she had dodged Lew Alban. She had learned that she still possessed the power to attract him, only to sacrifice it, she thought, by having affronted him. Ellen did not know that, until he obtained her, she would always have that which a woman, ungained, maintains over a man who has long looked upon her with desire.

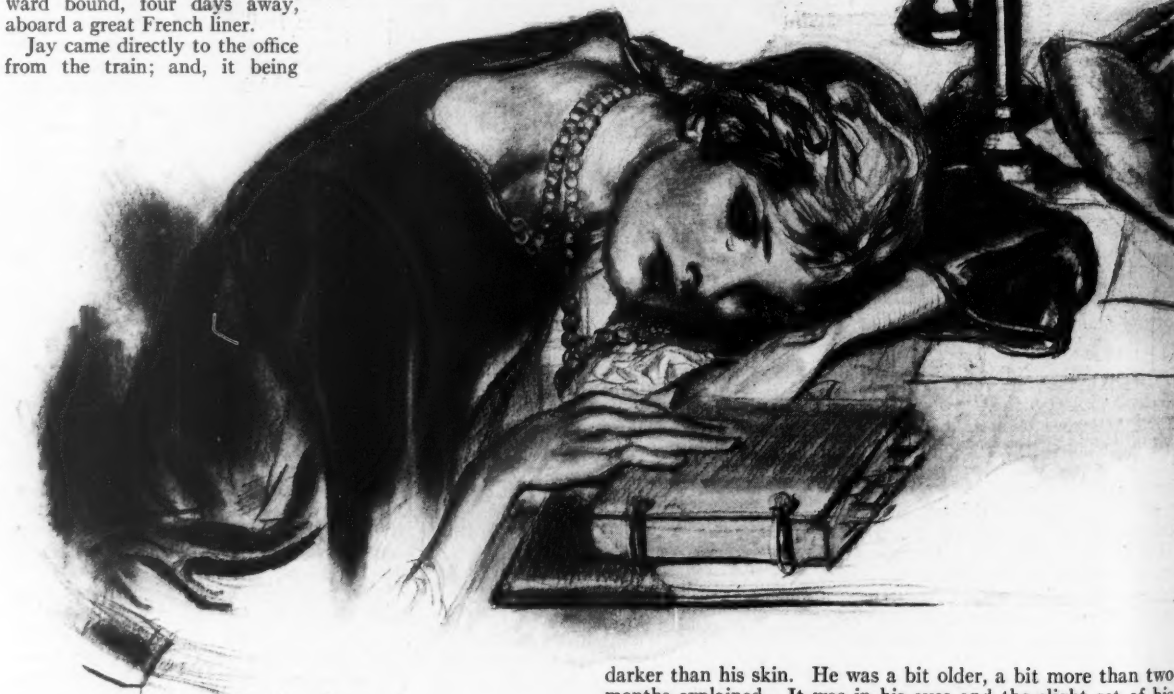
Ralph Armiston saluted Lew's departure with heartfelt thank Gods; for it gave Ralph what he most required—time. "Howarths are warming to us; but we can't force the fire," he said to Ellen. "Mr. Lew Alban hasn't the least idea we've a chance to cook a cake with Howarths or he'd have cut our throats before sailing, weary as he was of well-doings. Now, unless he's a thoroughly gratuitous liar, we have six weeks."

It was at the end of the fifth that he returned to the office, late in the day, and instructed Ellen:

"Wire, please, my brother-in-law to come on—and not to wire his partner at the pumps that he's coming. I want him to drop in on Lyman Howarth. Something is nearly ripe to pick."

Ellen wired and received the response; tomorrow he was coming. Lew Alban was homeward bound, four days away, aboard a great French liner.

Jay came directly to the office from the train; and, it being



mid-morning and New York, not Chicago, she was alone when the door opened and he was before her. He closed the door quickly, and after they had spoken, he stood off from her.

This was not, and could not be, resumption at the point of their parting; they had dropped from that, both of them, in externals; but what was within him? Anything of that which beat in her?

He asked her about her family and of Ann and Ted by name; and she answered, noticing that his hair had become, again,

darker than his skin. He was a bit older, a bit more than two months explained. It was in his eyes and the slight set of his lips, after he smiled; he was taking more responsibility; he was less a boy.

But if he flung himself, exhausted, across a best-room bed, he would sleep like a boy again! Looking at him, in this New York office, she saw him suddenly as he had slept in the shaft of light from the lamp in her hand.

"How has it been in Chicago?" she asked him.

"Rotten," he told her honestly.

"How is your father?"

Jay winced. "Spending his soul on economy. I'm glad you don't see him. He's"—Jay hesitated and made a clean breast

By Edwin Balmer

who wrote

"That
Royle
Girl"

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz



"Ellen!" Jay pleaded.
He had been wrong, he must
have been wrong about her.
"Oh, Jay, now I can tell you . . ." she sobbed.

of it—"he's lost his confidence, you see. He knows we're losing Alban so he tries to scheme how we can run without it; no chance; we can't; we've got to have more business; Howarth, of course you know," and he sat down beside her and talked with her about Howarth until Ralph arrived and took him away.

She had him for a few minutes at the end of the day, almost as in Chicago. "I dropped in on Lyman Howarth," he told her, "and couldn't pretend I just happened to be in town and didn't care about his business. I didn't tell him we had to have it, either; I stayed somewhere between. There's a chance for us to take that business away from Slengels but never if Lew leaves us to go to Slengels first."

Ellen walked to her room in a clear November coolness, with gusts of breeze at her cheek, the harbinger stirrings of a storm.

By morning a storm—that completely capricious and relentless

dealer in destinies—was spread over land and sea. It howled out to the ocean to strike the greatest ships and to make seasick, in his de luxe stateroom, Lew Alban. This was one of its countless consequences. Upon the Western plains and especially upon the roaring reaches of the Great Lakes—that region where the wind had the water at its mercy in the middle of a continent—it struck with a suddenness and

fury not known to the seas and dashed, like the hand of God, at its victims.

Against the package freighter Gideon Gant, out of Duluth with a crew of twenty-two officers and men, the gale beat; and the Gant flashed over the raging waves of Lake Superior the alarm that she was sinking. Signals from her then ceased, but watchers on the cliffs near the little Keweenaw settlement of Brebeuf saw a steamer, struggling with the storm, come within a mile of the cliffs before she foundered. They saw a life-boat upturned and specks, which were men, toss in the waves and disappear.

They saw a mast remain above the waves; a mast, from the sunken hull, stood; and on the mast clustered five specks. A good glass showed them plainly; they were men. They could not save themselves and no one could save them.

No boat could live in the gale-driven surf over the rocky reef between the mast and the shore; no coast-guard cannon could carry a line that distance. The sole chance of success was from the lake, and the freighter Gilbert Ramsay tried to approach the mast—and turned back. The Albert Loring got closer before

giving up; and the master of the coal-carrier Donagon put his ship nearly beside the wreck only to find, and to report, that the situation was hopeless because the Gant lay slightly on her side, tilting the mast toward the shore so that it was impossible to reach the men from another vessel.

So the ships could do nothing but stand by, a mile or so away in deep water—stand by and watch, helpless as the watchers on the shore.

On the first day the newspapers printed only brief reports of the fact. Night passed and in the morning the five specks were upon the mast; the glass showed that they moved their arms. The five men lived and looked at the ships and at the shore. And there they clung, in their lashings, and looked all day.

That night, in thousands and tens of thousands of homes, men, women and children on their knees prayed for the five men on the mast of the Gideon Gant, while the watchers on the shore stared out into the dark and the Albert Loring, standing by in deep water, played its search-light on the mast; it was all anyone could do.

ELLEN POWELL, in her room near Washington Square, New York, was one of the many who prayed; for New York had heard of the men; all the continent heard of them. Their situation, continuing, caught at the minds and the hearts of the millions as nothing else that day; it became the poignant, frightful plight of human beings doomed slowly and painfully to die in sight of their fellows, helpless to relieve or reach them; and upon their plight, the sensation and sympathy of the millions were spent.

From all the neighborhood of Brebeuf, thousands flocked to the shore to stand and look out; in every city and town with a newspaper, people telephoned, between editions, for news of the men on the mast of the ship sunk in Lake Superior. No news event in months had so stirred the public.

They felt not only the plight of the five men; they felt the challenge to civilization in the helplessness of mankind to save, or even to help in the slightest, the five men slowly dying in sight of all.

The prayers, which composed the sole possibly effective effort of man, pleaded for the gale to diminish; but instead the storm strengthened and worked around out of the north. Freezing weather was on the way.

At dawn, again the glasses showed that the five men survived.

The French liner, bearing Lew Alban, docked in New York at noon of this day; and Lew, having been exceedingly seasick, greeted Art Slengel rather listlessly and received with no enthusiasm whatever an invitation to a party that night.

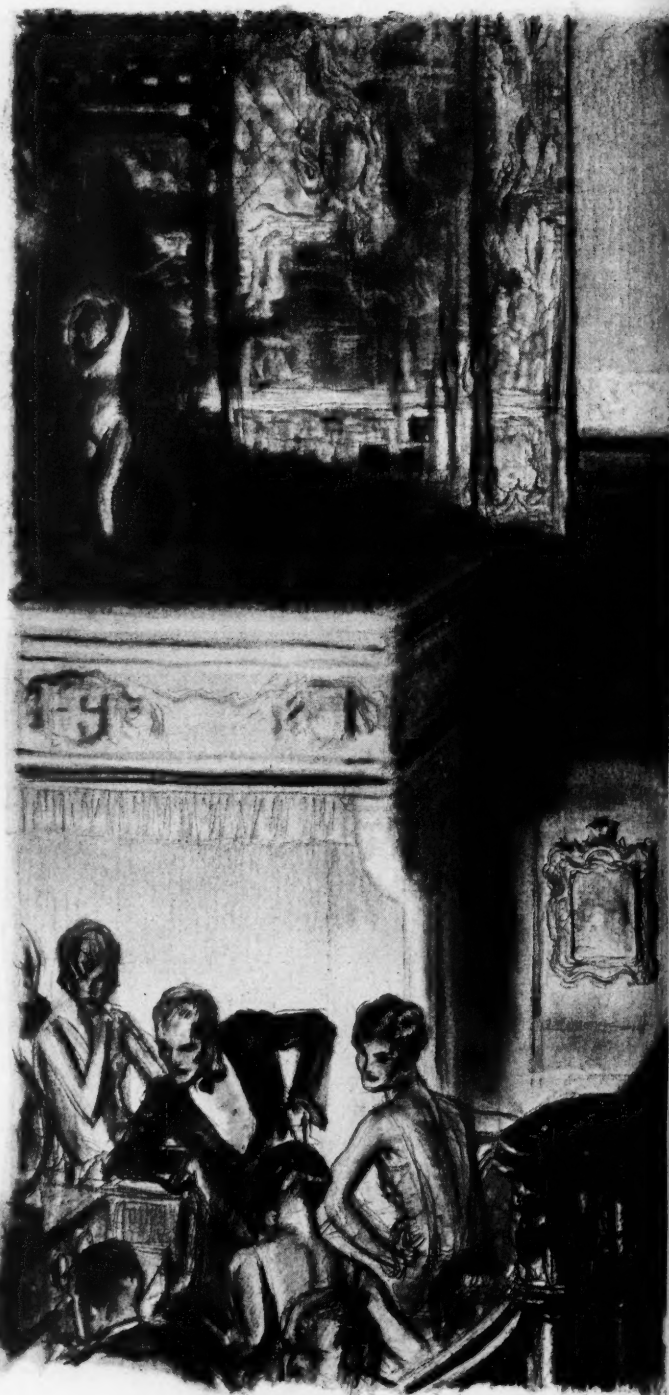
Lew went to his apartment and did not encourage Art to linger, after he had paid for the cab. Lew slept for a couple of hours and, as the recuperation from seasickness is remarkable for its rapidity and completeness, awoke greatly refreshed. He felt hollow and, not having enterprised with food recently, experimented with coffee and grapefruit with such reassuring results that he decided to dine, satisfyingly, a little later; and he did not want to dine alone.

His fancy flitted from girl to girl of those whom he might summon or Art might send to him. None of them met his mood of the day; they seemed coarse, too bold and eager. His memory of them displeased him; he had come from Paris.

A face and a figure, never coarse, never bold or eager and very, very pleasing to him lay in Lew's reverie; moreover, there was a matter of doubt whether, if summoned, she would come to him. No harm trying.

Lew phoned Ralph Armiston's office and her voice replied, pleasantly exciting him. "This is Miss Powell?" he formally inquired, to make sure of her; and she recognized him. "I'm back," he said. "Is there anything for my attention today?"

Ellen was alone, except for the girl who assisted her. Mr. Armiston and Jay both were out and either might or might not return to the office; they were working on Howarth.



Ellen had shaken off Lew . . . "You look over

They had endeavored, earlier, to get in touch with Lew but had been put off, she knew; and she knew very well that neither expected anything of him. Moreover, it was plain, at Lew's immediate, careful inquiry for herself, that this was a personal call with personal implications.

"We've several things that have been waiting for you," Ellen replied, not consciously preparing what she said.

"Do you want to bring them over to me today?"

"Yes," said Ellen.

"I am not at my office; I didn't go to the office. You remember my home address?"

"Yes."

"Will you bring those matters to me here?" Lew asked.

Ellen could not quickly reply; she had to gather herself. "At once," she said; then she did not permit herself to delay to think.



wild water," came from the radio, "to the Gideon Gant, which sank on the first day of the storm . . ."

She bundled into an envelop several papers for him, scarcely selecting them; he was in no hurry for these, she knew. She put on her hat and coat and went down to the street.

There was wind and it was colder; in the west, and especially in the northwest, it was much colder. "Men on the Mast Freezing!" proclaimed the black news-heads of the papers.

Ellen bought one and, forgetting Lew, she stepped into a vestibule to spread and read it. Cold had come over Lake Superior; Ellen knew what that meant!

The men on the mast could not be seen to move, except for one who kept his arms free and seemed to be beating at his comrades, in their lashings, to arouse them. It was clear weather—clear except for the spray flying before the gale. The wind, for all the prayers—and in the little church at Brebeuf there was constant praying—did not diminish.

The Gilbert Ramsay, convinced of the utter hopelessness of giving aid, had gone on; but the Donagon and Loring and two other steamers, tossing far out in deep water, did not desert the dying men on the mast. The ships could do nothing, but at least they could stand by. The crowd on the shore could do nothing but light fires for the freezing men, on the mast, to see.

Ellen read and, reading, she saw—saw it as none of the others, stopping to spread and read, could see. Tightness drew in her throat so that it hurt her. She bundled the newspaper under her arm. What was this big envelop? Oh, yes; for Mr. Alban—Lew Alban, who had sent for her.

She stepped to the curb and entered a cab, for she was shaking so; she gave Lew's address, after a moment's thought, for she had forgotten it.

Lew saw her pay off the cab; he (Continued on page 151)



CHe told his stenographer to draw a check for \$10,000 payable to herself for a trip around the world.

GIVE me time and I'll tell you the weight of the moon. If you'll wait until tomorrow morning I'll telephone you just how many babies were born in Kamchatka in 1907. What Gladstone said in 1876, the name of the Alps—anything you'd like to know I can find out for you. All I have to do is dash down to the Public Library and look it up. Gosh, what a mass of useless information is stored there!

But when it comes to something important, all the learning of man leads nowhere. And we all know that there's only one important thing, and that's love.

If only the Public Library could tell a man—or a woman—what love is all about and where to find it! Which seems as good a place as any to take you by the hand and lead you into the office of J. Smith. Close to forty, streaks of gray in his hair, thin-lipped, firm-chinned, broad-browed and blue-eyed. Pink of condition, glow of health, three million dollars!

Realtors nodded gravely when you mentioned J. Smith and Company. Here was a young man, born in a country town, who had come to New York at the age of eighteen, begun business life as an office boy, and in less than twenty years had made himself a decided figure in the world of real estate. Men pointed him out to other men as an example of what industry, thrift and foresight could accomplish.

Quite a man, J. Smith. Not much with the ladies, though. It's darned hard to find a girl who is honestly interested in subdivisions or acreage. And, for that matter, J. Smith wasn't interested in women. If you spend all your time figuring how to get five houses on an acre of land and still have room for gardens and garages, you haven't room to crowd in the lighter things of life. Vaguely, J. Smith anticipated the time when he should be married and have children. Blind man, he considered them the lighter things of life.

Then, all of a sudden, he discovered that men whom he had known twenty years ago had half-grown children. He heard them brag of Jimmy's progress with the gloves, and how the singing teacher raved over Jenny's voice. These men had places to which they went after the day's work. Maybe their wives nagged them; perhaps their children wheedled and begged for money and more money. But just the same they were necessary to other people.

J. Smith wasn't necessary to anyone. Oh, the office staff would miss their jobs, but that didn't mean that J. Smith was *necessary*. The staff would find other jobs. To be necessary meant that you were an integral part of another life. Why, if he should cash in this very minute, who'd care?

J. Smith decided to marry.

Girls, girls, girls! There were the daughters of Elmer Saunders. Solid man, Saunders. But not so solid that he didn't encourage

You Can't

But it Can Be

J. Smith to take his daughters, either or both, out to parties. After all, a three-million-dollar son-in-law is no debit when you step into the loan department of the bank. And even if J. Smith was no Ted Shawn, many a young girl hid her grimaces when three million dollars came down upon the left big toe.

There was Wilkinson—Jamaica Apartments—with his good-looking sister. There was the niece of Bennings and Company.

J. Smith was not conceited; neither was he a fool. He knew that he could have had any one of these girls, and probably any one would have made him an excellent wife. But a yearning for romance came into his heart. He wanted to love and be loved, not married and looked after.

He went to countless dinners, sat bored through numberless shows, became a familiar figure to waiters at night clubs. But his pulses never stirred.

This was silly. Somewhere in the world was a girl whom he could love with all the pent-up fervor of his thirty-eight years, a girl who would tremble and blush at the touch of his hand, and who would appraise him with the eyes of love and never think of his bank-account. But she wasn't in New York. If she were there, he'd have found her.

It's funny how a man like J. Smith can become obsessed with a new idea. Business had occupied his mind exclusively for twenty years. Romance kicked business right out of his thoughts. So, on this day of your introduction to him, he is dictating letters to his stenographer. He spreads his arms wide in a gesture of relief.

"That's all, Miss Johnson."

The stenographer looked up at him cheerfully. "I hope you have a pleasant trip, Mr. Smith."

He murmured a polite word. He didn't see her; in the thirty months that she had worked for him he had never seen her. He looked through his pockets, checked over his letter of credit, his passport, his steamer ticket, shook hands with everybody in the office, and started off on his voyage around the world.

He wondered what his employees would think if they knew the real object of his journey. He had told them that he was going on a pleasure trip, that he was taking his first vacation in twenty years, and that he was going to see most of the world before he returned. He had wound up all pending matters; his trusted



CHe went to countless dinners. Somewhere was a girl he could love. But she wasn't in New York.

By Arthur Somers Roche Find the Answer in Books

Found in a Woman's Eyes

Illustrations by
Corinne Dillon

head clerk could be relied upon to make any decisions that might be needed. His office might make no money while he was away, but it certainly would lose none. He chuckled as he started for the boat. What a blithering jackass they'd think him if they knew that he had started off on a quest for romance!

But that's just what he was looking for. And somewhere in the world he'd find the pair of eyes into which a light would leap, a pair of lips which would part invitingly for his.

Moonlight on an ocean liner. Pretty girls, eager to stroll the deck with a personable man. Acquaintanceship that ripens into intimacy by the third day.

"You don't have to offer to marry me because I let you kiss me," said the girl from Chicago. She giggled mischievously.

J. Smith sighed with relief. She was a peach, this girl on her way to study art in Paris. The moon, the fragrant youth of her, the dancing waves—for a minute he had thought that this was love. Thank heaven she hadn't taken him seriously. A darned nice girl, sweet as a rose, but he didn't want to marry her. The minute his lips touched hers he knew that this wasn't the romance for which he had gone a questing.

Paris! The little French *midinette* whose family had been ruined in the great wave of invasion. A lady from the tips of her shabby shoes to the ends of her carefully manicured fingers. But it wasn't love that made Fanchon slip so readily into the arms of J. Smith.

Fanchon was *triste*. A kiss? *Pouf!* Monsieur surely could see no harm in the granting or the taking of so slight a token. Monsieur Smeeth was a gentleman, gallant and gay, and he had been charming to Fanchon, and she had given him her lips as part of the gaiety of a delightful evening. J. Smith was glad of that. Because, the moment his arms encircled dear little Fanchon, he realized that he had not reached the end of the quest.

And there was Margherita in Venice, and there was that English girl in Cairo, that girl with the marvelous skin. And on the voyage through the Red Sea there had been that brilliant-eyed girl from Chile, in whose olive cheeks seemed always to burn the fire of her youth. He would always think tenderly of her. But the tenderness was what any man might feel for any lovely girl.

There were many others, traveling Americans and Europeans who condescended to flirt mildly with J. Smith before, his year of travel ended, he arrived back in New York.

Well, dog-gone it, he just wasn't built for romance. He hadn't stirred any of the girls whom he had met, nor had any of them moved him. Why not face the facts? He was a born bachelor, would keep on working until he died, getting lonelier and lonelier every day, piling up money for distant cousins to squabble over when at last he should die.

He took up the routine of his work, but the old zest, which had sustained him during twenty years of money-making, was no longer there. He couldn't be lured on any more parties.

Confound it, if a man couldn't have the best, let him do without any! If he couldn't have genuine love, let him do without a shoddy makeshift. He could marry, could have children, and find that measure of content which perhaps ought to satisfy him. But he hadn't been satisfied with less than the best in business. He wanted a fortune, and he had not stopped working because he had amassed a competence.

In whatever he had attempted in life he had acquired the best. With less he never could have been contented. And certainly a man who married for the sake of a home was little better than the animal who mated with any animal that happened along.

So J. Smith resumed business. He had had a lot of interesting experiences on his tour of the world. Sometimes something in a



In Venice, Margherita
... He would always
think tenderly of her.

letter that he was dictating to Miss Johnson would remind him of some amusing incident that had occurred in the shadow of the pyramids or in a gondola in Venice.

He would forget the business of the moment and chat to her. She would listen with that awe which the untraveled so often show for the words of one who has seen the wonders of the earth.

Once, involuntarily, she sighed.

"Tired?" he asked. He was a gentle and most considerate employer.

Miss Johnson shook her head. "Just wishing," she replied.

"What for?" he inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not even sure it was a wish. Just a wonder, I guess."

"Well, what were you wondering?"

"Hearing you talk about the Alps and the geishas and the Taj Mahal made me wonder if I'd ever see them."

He stared at her. A kindly impulse mellowed him, warmed

his blood. "How long have you been working for me?" he asked.

"Four years," she answered.

"And how long would it take you to save enough money so that you could take a year off and go around the world?"

"About twenty or thirty or fifty years," she laughed, and then added: "Thousand' was the last word, Mr. Smith."

"Never mind that letter I was dictating," he said. "I estimate that a girl could make the same trip I made on between nine and ten thousand dollars. Women don't have to throw the parties that men have to. Kindly draw a check for ten thousand dollars, payable to yourself, and give it to me for my signature. If I were you," he went on casually, "I'd have one of those travel agencies book your whole trip. When you're ashore live where you want, but let them arrange for boats and trains. I'd get a letter of credit for five thousand dollars, and the rest I'd carry in express checks."

"Are you joking?" demanded Miss Johnson.

"Have you ever heard me joke during office hours?" he countered.

She shook her head. "Of course I'm not joking," he told her.

"But why? Why should you give me all this money and a year's vacation?" she asked.

He shook his head bewilderedly. "I don't know. Is there any reason why I shouldn't? I—I just want to."

Through her lashes she looked at him. They were long lashes, and they curved at the ends. The eyes were that dancing brown that in emotion seemed black. They were black now.

"I'll take it," she brusquely announced.

It's a lot of fun, as all experienced travelers know, to advise a person about to take a journey where to go, how to get there, and what to do after you've arrived. Sometimes the hours pass when you think that only minutes have elapsed. It's surprising how well you can talk if your speech is raptly listened to.

Of course Miss Johnson couldn't sail on one of those six-day boats. No use in wasting money that way, especially as the ocean voyage is the best fun of all. So she took the Blennerham, a comfortable boat that was due to put her ashore at Plymouth ten days later. All the staff of J. Smith and Company, including J. Smith himself, went to the boat to see her off. Smith was touched by the fact that she had no relatives to bid her *bon voyage*.

Darn cunning she'd looked in that blue cloth traveling dress. Her toque had been pushed awry by the kisses and embraces that had been bestowed on her by her fellow employees, so that the sweet ringlets of her bobbed brown hair had been disclosed.

Kind of fresh of Casey, the bookkeeper, kissing her that way. It was all right for the women to do it, but where did the men get off to grab her and muss her up?

In his taxi, on the way up-town, J. Smith thought heavily. How delightfully the color rose in her cheeks when he had said good-by! What swimming gratitude had been in those brown eyes as she had looked at him! Bless her heart, she'd have a wonderful time.

But next morning, when she wasn't there to take his dictation, he suddenly bethought himself of the not-so-wonderful time that he was going to have. Why, he was going to miss her!

When had he got this crazy idea of wanting to be loved? Let's see, he'd been abroad twelve months. About eighteen months before he started on his journey, he'd felt this unsatisfied longing. By gosh, when you figured it out, he'd been uneasy within six months after Miss Johnson had come to work for him. About three weeks after she'd become his private stenographer!

104



She was going, going for a year. She'd meet some young fellow, fall in love . . .

Lord, had he chased romance around the world when all the time it had been right in his office? Vividly every expression of her face was limned before his eyes. What a fool he'd been, with this desirable one at hand, not to have made her his!

Then he sneered at himself. There had to be two engaged in the kind of love he wanted. If Lucia Johnson had been in love with him she'd never voluntarily have separated herself from him for a year. She looked upon him as a kindly old gentleman, from whom it was not even improper to accept the gift he had given her. Just a boss who could be generous to his employee. No love for him could have stirred her young bosom.

But he could have asked her, couldn't he? He hadn't been afraid to ask Glendenning and Company to let him handle that Staten Island development that had given him his first big start, had he? He needn't have been afraid of a chit of a girl.

He put his head in his hands. She was gone, gone for a year. She'd meet some young fellow, fall in love . . .

Suppose he'd felt this way about talking to Glendenning and Company? He'd had decision then; by gosh, he had it now! He reached for the telephone. In the hours spent in planning Lucia Johnson's voyage, steamship schedules had become as familiar to him as the real-estate market.

A fast liner, he knew, was sailing tonight at twelve.

He could be on the dock waiting for her when she disembarked at Plymouth.

He was.

"Hurried across, beat you here, could have wirelessly, but wanted to hear you say it yourself."

She recovered from her surprise at seeing this familiar face. "You could have asked me in New York," she shyly told him.

"If the answer's yes, why did you leave me?" he demanded.

Her blush was deeper. "Because you'd never have thought to ask me unless I went away."

"I'm asking you now to marry me," he blurted out.

"I'm telling you that I will," she said.

You see, there's no book in the library that will tell a man where to find romance. Otherwise, J. Smith would not have needed to run around the world to learn that romance is always near at hand.

But how can one tell, if there are no books? Well, learn to read a woman's eyes.



On the Red Sea, that brilliant-eyed girl from Chile . . .

The Traitor by W. Somerset Maugham (Continued from page 39)

passport in his pocket, under a borrowed name, and this gave him an agreeable sense of possessing a new personality. He was often slightly tired of himself and it diverted him for a while to be somebody of R's facile invention. But he did not in the least know how he was going to set about the job that had been assigned to him. It was a ticklish business.

He remembered the ominous words that had been said to him when first he was engaged to do the work that had brought him to Geneva. He was at the moment in England on short leave and chancing to go to a musical party was there introduced to a middle-aged colonel whose name he did not catch. He had some talk with him. As he was about to leave, this officer came up to him and asked if he would mind calling upon him, since he had something to say to him. Ashenden consented and was given an address and an hour.

Going to this place at the time appointed, he found himself in a street of rather vulgar red-brick houses. Over the house at which Ashenden had been asked to call was a board up to announce that it was to be sold, and the shutters were closed. He rang the bell and the door was opened by a non-commissioned officer.

He was not asked his business, but led immediately into a long room at the back. The colonel whom Ashenden had met at the musical party and who was known in the Intelligence Department, as Ashenden later discovered, by the letter R, rose when he came in and shook hands with him.

He was a man somewhat above the middle height, lean, with a yellow, deeply lined face, thin gray hair and a tooth-brush mustache. The thing immediately noticeable about him was the closeness with which his blue eyes were set. He only just escaped a squint. They gave Ashenden an uneasy feeling. His eyes were hard, and cruel, and strangely piercing; it was they that gave his countenance a somewhat foxy, shifty look. His manner was pleasant and cordial.

He asked Ashenden one or two questions about what he was doing in the war and then, without further to-do, suggested that he had particular qualifications for the Secret Service. Ashenden was more or less acquainted with several European languages and his profession of writer was excellent cover; on the pretext that he was writing a book he could go to neutral countries without attracting attention.

They talked a little more and then Ashenden, with his instructions in his pocket, rose to go. He remembered with great distinctness the last words that R said to him. They were spoken with a casualness that made them impressive.

"There's just one thing I think you ought to know before you take on this job. And don't forget it. If you do well you'll get no thanks and if you get into trouble you'll get no help. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly," said Ashenden.

"Then I'll wish you good afternoon."

Ashenden enjoyed the work, but he was disappointed at not getting material that seemed likely to be at any time of use to him as a writer. Being no more than a tiny rivet in a vast and complicated machine, he never had the advantage of seeing a completed action. He was concerned with the beginning or the end of it, perhaps, or with some incident in the middle, but what his own doings led to he had seldom a chance of discovering.

Ashenden got up from the bench on which he had been sitting and strolled slowly to his hotel. It was a small German hotel, of the second class, spotlessly clean, and his bedroom had a nice view; it was furnished with brightly varnished pitch-pine. There were tables in the hall and he sat down at one of these and ordered a bottle of beer.

The landlady was curious to know why in that dead season he had come to stay and he was glad to satisfy her curiosity. He told her

that he had recently recovered from an attack of typhoid and had come to Lucerne to get back his strength. He was employed in the Censorship Department and was taking the opportunity to brush up his rusty German. He asked her if she could recommend to him a German teacher.

The landlady was a blond and blowzy Swiss of middle age, good-humored and talkative, so that Ashenden felt pretty sure that she would repeat in the proper quarter the information he gave her. It was his turn now to ask a few questions. She was very voluble on the subject of the war, on account of which the hotel, in that month so full that rooms had to be found for visitors in neighboring houses, was very nearly empty. A few people came in from outside to eat their meals *en pension*, but she had only two lots of resident guests. One was an old Irish colonel and his wife who lived in Lausanne and passed their summers in Lucerne and the other was an Englishman and his wife. She was a German and they were obliged on that account to live in a neutral country.

Ashenden took care to show little curiosity about them—he recognized in the description Grantley Caypor—but of her own accord she told him that they spent most of the day walking about the mountains. Herr Caypor was a botanist and much interested in the flora of the country. His lady was a very nice woman and she felt her position keenly.

Ah, well, the war could not last forever. The landlady bustled away and Ashenden went up-stairs.

Dinner was at seven, and, wishing to be in the dining-room before anyone else so that he could take stock of his fellow guests as they entered, Ashenden went down as soon as he heard the bell. It was a very plain, stiff, whitewashed room, with chairs of the same shiny pitch-pine as in his bedroom. It was all neat and clean and presaged a bad dinner.

Presently one or two stray persons came in, single men with some occupation in Lucerne and obviously Swiss, and sat down each at his own little table. They propped newspapers against their water-jugs and read while they somewhat noisily ate their soup.

Then entered a very old tall bent man, with white hair and a drooping white mustache; he was accompanied by a little old white-haired lady in black. These were certainly the Irish Colonel and his wife of whom the landlady had spoken.

At last the persons arrived for whom Ashenden had been waiting. He was doing his best to read a German book and it was only by an exercise of self-control that he allowed himself only for one instant to raise his eyes as they came in. His glance showed him a man of about forty-five with short dark hair, somewhat grizzled, of middle height but corpulent, with a broad red clean-shaven face. He wore a shirt open at the neck, with a wide collar, and a gray suit. He walked ahead of his wife and of her Ashenden only caught the impression of a German woman self-effaced and dusty.

Caypor sat down and began in a loud voice explaining to the waitress that they had taken an immense walk. They had been up some mountain the name of which excited in the maid expressions of astonishment. Then Caypor, still in fluent German but with a marked English accent, said that they were so late they had not even gone up to wash, but had just rinsed their hands outside. He had a resonant voice and a jovial manner.

"Serve me quick, we're starving with hunger, and bring beer, bring three bottles. *Lieber Gott*, what a thirst I have."

He seemed to be a man of exuberant vitality. He brought into that dull, overclean dining-room the breath of life and everyone in it appeared on a sudden to be more alert. He began to talk to his wife in English and everything he said could be heard by all; but presently she interrupted him with a remark made in an

undertone. Caypor stopped and Ashenden felt that his eyes were turned in his direction. Mrs. Caypor had noticed the arrival of a stranger and had drawn her husband's attention to it.

Ashenden turned the page of the book he was pretending to read, but he felt that Caypor's gaze was fixed intently upon him. When he addressed his wife again it was in so low a tone that Ashenden could not even tell what language he used, but when the maid brought them their soup Caypor, his voice still low, asked her a question. It was evident that he was inquiring who Ashenden was. Ashenden could catch of the maid's reply but the one word *Engländer*.

Ashenden finished his dinner. When he came into the hall he found tied to the leg of a table a bull-terrier and in passing put down his hand to fondle his drooping, soft ears. The landlady was standing at the foot of the stairs.

"Whose is this lovely dog?" asked Ashenden. "He belongs to Herr Caypor. Fritz, he is called. Herr Caypor says he has a longer pedigree than the King of England."

Fritz rubbed himself against Ashenden's leg and with his nose sought the palm of his hand. Ashenden went up-stairs to fetch his hat, and when he came down again saw Caypor standing at the entrance of the hotel talking with the landlady. From the sudden silence and their constrained manner he guessed that Caypor had been making inquiries about him. When he passed between them, into the street, out of the corner of his eyes he saw Caypor give him a suspicious stare. That frank, jovial red face bore then an expression of shifty cunning.

Ashenden strolled along till he found a tavern where he could have his coffee in the open. He was pleased at last to have come face to face with a man of whom he had heard so much, and in a day or two hoped to become acquainted with him. It is never very difficult to get to know anyone who has a dog. But he was in no hurry; he would let things take their course.

Ashenden reviewed the circumstances. Grantley Caypor was an Englishman, born, according to his passport, in Birmingham, and he was forty-two years of age. His wife, to whom he had been married for eleven years, was of German birth and parentage. That was public knowledge. Information about his antecedents was contained in a private document.

He had started life, it appeared, in a lawyer's office in Birmingham and then had drifted into journalism. He had been connected with an English paper in Cairo and with another in Shanghai. There he got into trouble for attempting to get money on false pretenses and was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. All trace of him was lost for two years after his release, when he reappeared in a shipping-office in Marseilles.

From there, still in the shipping business, he went to Hamburg, where he married, and to London. In London he set up for himself, in the export business, but in two or three years failed and was made a bankrupt. He returned to journalism and was employed by a London paper. At the outbreak of the war he was once more in the shipping business and in August, 1914, was living quietly with his German wife at Southampton.

In the beginning of the following year he told his employers that owing to the nationality of his wife his position was intolerable; they had no fault to find with him and, recognizing that he was in an awkward fix, accepted his suggestion that he should be transferred to Genoa. Here he remained for some months after Italy entered the war, but then gave notice and with his papers in perfect order crossed the border and took up his residence in Switzerland.

All this indicated a man of doubtful honesty and unsettled disposition, with no background and of no financial standing; but the facts were of no importance to anyone till it was

discovered that Caypor, certainly from the beginning of the war and perhaps sooner, was in the employment of the German Intelligence Department. He had a salary of forty pounds a month.

Though he was dangerous and wily, no steps would have been taken to deal with him if he had contented himself with transmitting such news as he was able to get in Switzerland. He could do no great harm there and it might even be possible to make use of him to convey information which it was desirable to let the enemy have. He had no notion that anything was known of him. His letters—and he received a good many—were closely censored; there were few codes that the people who dealt with such matters could not in the end decipher and it might be that through him it would be possible to lay hands on the organization which still flourished in the heart of England.

But then he did something that drew R's attention to him. Had he known it, none could have blamed him for shaking in his shoes: R was not a very nice man to get on the wrong side of. Caypor scraped acquaintance in Zürich with a young Spaniard, Gomez by name, who had lately entered the British Secret Service. By the fact of his nationality Caypor inspired Gomez with confidence and managed to worm out of him the fact that he was engaged in espionage. Probably the Spaniard had done no more than talk mysteriously; but on Caypor's information, when Gomez went to Germany he was watched and one day caught just as he was posting a card in a code that was eventually deciphered. He was tried, convicted and shot.

It was bad enough to lose a useful and disinterested agent, but it entailed besides the changing of a safe and simple code. R was not pleased. But R was not the man to let any desire for revenge stand in the way of his main work and it occurred to him that if Caypor was merely betraying his country for money it might be possible to get him to take more money to betray his employers. The fact that he had succeeded in delivering into their hands an agent of the Allies must seem an earnest of his good faith. He might be very useful.

But R had no notion what kind of man Caypor was; he had lived his furtive life without notice, and the only photograph that existed of him was one taken for a passport.

Ashenden's instructions were to get acquainted with Caypor and come to some conclusion about the chance that he would work honestly for the British. If he thought there was a prospect of this he was entitled to sound Caypor, and if his suggestions were met with favor, to make certain propositions. It was a work that needed tact and a knowledge of men. If, on the other hand, Ashenden came to the conclusion that Caypor could not be bought, he was to report Caypor's movements.

The information he had obtained from Gustav was vague but important; there was only one point in it that was interesting, and this was that the head of the German Intelligence Department in Berne was growing restive at Caypor's lack of activity. Caypor was asking for a higher salary and Major von P. had told him that he must earn it. He was urging him to go to England. If he could be induced to cross the frontier, Ashenden's work was done.

"How the devil do you expect me to persuade him to put his head in a noose?" asked Ashenden.

"It won't be a noose, it'll be a firing squad."

"Caypor's clever."

"Well, be cleverer, confound you!"

Ashenden made up his mind that he would take no steps to make Caypor's acquaintance, but would allow the first advances to be made by him. If he was being pressed for results, it must surely occur to him that it would be worth while to get into conversation with an Englishman who was employed in the Censorship Department. Ashenden was prepared with a supply of information which it could not in the least advantage the Central Powers to possess. With a false name and a false

passport he had no fear that Caypor would guess that he was a British agent.

Ashenden did not have to wait long. Next day he was sitting in the doorway of the hotel, drinking a cup of coffee, when the Caypors came out of the dining-room. Mrs. Caypor went up-stairs and Caypor released his dog. The dog bounded along and in friendly fashion leaped up against Ashenden.

"Come here, Fritz," cried Caypor, and then to Ashenden: "I'm so sorry. But he's quite gentle."

"Oh, that's all right. He won't hurt me."

Caypor stopped at the doorway. "He's a bull-terrier. You don't often see them on the Continent." He seemed while he spoke to be taking Ashenden's measure; he called to the maid. "A coffee, please, *Fräulein*. You've just arrived, haven't you? Weren't you in the dining-room last night?"

"Yes, I've come here to recuperate after an illness."

The maid came with the coffee and seeing Caypor talking to Ashenden put down the tray on the table at which he was sitting. Caypor gave a laugh of faint embarrassment.

"I don't want to force myself upon you. I don't know why the maid put my coffee on your table."

"Please sit down," said Ashenden.

"It's very good of you. I've lived so long on the Continent that I'm always forgetting that my countrymen are apt to look upon it as confounded cheek if you talk to them. Are you English, by the way, or American?"

"English," said Ashenden.

Ashenden was by nature a very shy person, and he had in vain tried to cure himself of a failing which at his age was unseemly, but on occasion he knew how to make effective use of it. He explained now in a hesitating and awkward manner the facts that he had the day before told the landlady and which he was convinced she had already imparted to Caypor.

"You couldn't have come to a better place than Lucerne. It's an oasis of peace in this war-weary world. That is why I've come here. I'm a journalist by profession."

"I couldn't help wondering if you wrote," said Ashenden, with a smile. It was clear that Caypor had not learned that "oasis of peace in a war-weary world" at the shipping-office.

"You see, I married a German lady," said Caypor gravely.

"Oh, really?"

"I don't think anyone could be more patriotic than I am; I'm English through and through and I don't mind telling you that in my opinion the British Empire is the greatest instrument for good that the world has ever seen; but having a German wife I naturally see a good deal of the reverse of the medal. You don't have to tell me that the Germans have faults, but frankly I'm not prepared to admit that they're devils incarnate."

"At the beginning of the war my poor wife had a very rough time in England and I for one couldn't have blamed her if she'd felt a trifle bitter about it. Everyone thought she was a spy. It'll make you laugh when you know her. She's the typical German *Hausfrau* who cares for nothing but her house and her husband and our only child Fritz." Caypor fondled his dog and gave a little laugh. "Yes, Fritz, you are our child, aren't you?"

"Naturally it made my position very awkward; I was connected with some very important papers, and my editors were not quite comfortable about it. Well, to cut a long story short I thought the most dignified course to take was to resign my positions and come to a neutral country till the storm blew over. My wife and I never discuss the war, though it's more on my account than hers; she's much more tolerant than I am."

"That is strange," said Ashenden. "As a rule women are much more rabid than men."

"My wife is a very remarkable person. I should like to introduce you to her. By the way, I don't know if you know my name. Grantley Caypor."

"My name is Somerville," said Ashenden.

He told him then of the work he had been doing in the Censorship Department, and he fancied that into Caypor's eye came a certain intentness. Presently he told Caypor that he was looking for someone to give him conversation lessons in German so that he might rub up his rusty knowledge of the language; and as he spoke a notion flashed across his mind: he gave Caypor a look and saw that the same notion had come to him. It had occurred to them at the same instant that it would be a very good plan for Ashenden's teacher to be Mrs. Caypor.

"I asked our landlady if she could find me a teacher and she said she thought she could. I must ask her again. It ought not to be very hard to find someone who is prepared to come and talk German to me for an hour a day."

"I wouldn't take anyone on the landlady's recommendation," said Caypor. "After all, you want someone with a good North German accent and she only talks Swiss. I'll ask my wife if she knows anyone. My wife's a very highly educated woman and you could trust her recommendation."

"That's very kind of you."

Ashenden observed Grantley Caypor at his ease. He had an instinct for observation, but it worked peculiarly: he found that he noticed everything that was significant to him. Though he could not have told you how many towers there are on Canterbury Cathedral, under the shadow of which he had lived for years, he could write a portrait of a man he had seen for a couple of hours a quarter of a century before so accurately that none that knew him could fail to recognize it.

Ashenden had known Gomez, the young Spaniard, whom Caypor had betrayed. He was a high-spirited youth, with a passion for adventure, and he had undertaken his dangerous work not for the money he earned by it, but from a pure spirit of romance. It was not very nice to think of him now six feet underground in a prison yard. Ashenden wondered whether Caypor had felt a qualm when he delivered him up to destruction.

"I suppose you know a little German?" asked Caypor, interested in the stranger.

"Oh, yes, I was a student in Germany and I used to talk it fluently, but that is long ago and I have forgotten. I can still read it."

"Oh, yes, I noticed you were reading a German book last night." Caypor got up. "There is my wife. We go for a walk up one of the mountains every afternoon. I can tell you some charming walks."

"I'm afraid I must wait till I'm a bit stronger," said Ashenden, with a little sigh. He had naturally a pale face and he never looked as robust as he was.

Mrs. Caypor came down-stairs and her husband joined her. They walked down the road, Fritz bounding round them, and Ashenden noticed that Caypor immediately began to speak with volubility. He was evidently telling his wife the results of his interview.

Ashenden went in to dinner that evening as the Caypors were finishing, and on their way out of the dining-room Caypor stopped and asked him if he would drink coffee with them. When Ashenden joined them in the hall Caypor got up and introduced him to his wife.

She bowed stiffly and no answering smile came to her face to respond to Ashenden's civil greeting. It was not hard to see that her attitude was definitely hostile. It put Ashenden at his ease.

She was a plainish woman, nearing forty, with a muddy skin and vague features; her drab hair was arranged in a plait round her head; and she was squarely built, plump rather than fat, and solid. But she did not look stupid; she looked on the contrary a woman of character, and Ashenden, who had lived enough in Germany to recognize the type, was ready to believe that though capable of doing the housework, cooking the dinner and climbing a mountain, she might be also prodigiously well-informed. She wore a white blouse that showed a sunburned neck, a black skirt and heavy walking boots.

Caypor, addressing her in English, told her

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in his jovial way, as though she did not know it already, what Ashenden had told him about himself. She listened sullenly.

"I think you told me you understood German," said Caypor, his big red face wreathed in polite smiles but his little eyes darting about restlessly.

"Yes, I was for some time a student in Heidelberg."

"Really?" said Mrs. Caypor in English, an expression of faint interest for a moment chasing away the sullenness from her face. "I know Heidelberg very well. I was at school there for one year." Her English was correct but throaty.

"I have not told you, my dear," said Caypor, "that Mr. Somerville is looking for someone to give him conversation lessons while he is here. I told him that perhaps you could suggest a teacher."

"No, I know no one whom I could conscientiously recommend," she answered. "The Swiss accent is hateful. It could do Mr. Somerville only harm to converse with a Swiss."

"If I were in your place, Mr. Somerville, I would try to persuade my wife to give you lessons. She is, if I may say so, a very cultivated and highly educated woman."

"Ach, Grantley, I have not the time. I have my own work to do."

Ashenden saw that he was being given his opportunity. The trap was prepared and all he had to do was to fall in. He turned to Mrs. Caypor with a manner that he sought to make shy, deprecating and modest.

"Of course it would be too wonderful if you would give me lessons. I should look upon it as a real privilege. Naturally I wouldn't want to interfere with your work; I am just here to get well, with nothing in the world to do, and I would suit my time to your convenience."

He felt a flash of satisfaction pass from one to the other and in Mrs. Caypor's blue eyes he fancied that he saw a dark glow.

"Of course it would be a purely business arrangement," said Caypor. "There's no reason why my good wife shouldn't earn a little pin-money. Would you think ten francs an hour too much?"

"No," said Ashenden, "I should think myself lucky to get a first-rate teacher for that."

"What do you say, my dear? Surely you can spare an hour, and you would be doing this gentleman a kindness. He would learn that all Germans are not the devilish fiends that they think them in England."

On Mrs. Caypor's brow was an uneasy frown and Ashenden could not but think with apprehension of that hour's conversation a day that he was going to exchange with her. Now she made a visible effort.

"I shall be very pleased to give Mr. Somerville conversation lessons."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Somerville," said Caypor noisily. "You're in for a treat. When will you start—tomorrow at eleven?"

"That would suit me very well if it suits Mrs. Caypor."

"Yes, that is as good an hour as another," she answered.

Ashenden left them to discuss the happy results of their diplomacy. But when, punctually at eleven next morning, he heard a knock at his door—for it had been arranged that Mrs. Caypor should give him his lesson in his room—it was not without trepidation that he opened it. It behooved him to be frank, a trifle indiscreet but obviously wary of a German woman. He feared that he was not a very good actor.

Mrs. Caypor's face was dark and sulky. It was plain that she hated having anything to do with him. But they sat down and she began, somewhat peremptorily, to ask him questions about his knowledge of German literature. She corrected his mistakes with exactness and when he put before her some difficulty in German construction, explained the matter with clearness and precision. It was obvious that though she hated giving him a lesson she meant to give it conscientiously.

She seemed to have not only an aptitude for

teaching but a love of it, and as the hour went on she began to speak with greater earnestness. It was already only by an effort that she recalled to herself the fact that he was a brutal Englishman. Ashenden, noticing the unconscious struggle within her, found himself not a little entertained; and it was with truth that, when later in the day Caypor asked him how the lesson had gone, he answered that it was highly satisfactory. Mrs. Caypor was an excellent teacher and a most interesting person.

"I told you so. She's the most remarkable woman I know."

And Ashenden had a feeling that when in his hearty, laughing way Caypor said this, he was for the first time entirely sincere.

In a day or two Ashenden guessed that Mrs. Caypor was giving him lessons only in order to enable Caypor to arrive at a closer intimacy with him, for she confined herself strictly to matters of literature, music and painting; and when Ashenden, by way of experiment, brought the conversation round to the war, she cut him short.

"I think that is a topic that we had better avoid, Herr Somerville," she said.

She continued to give her lessons with the greatest thoroughness; she gave him every penny of his money's worth, but each day she came with the same sullen face and it was only in the excitement of teaching that she lost for a moment her instinctive dislike of him.

She was a fanatic. Her patriotism was aggressive but disinterested, and obsessed with the notion of the superiority of all things German, she loathed England with a virulent hatred because in that country she saw the chief obstacle to their diffusion. Her ideal was a German world in which the rest of the nations under a hegemony greater than that of Rome should enjoy the benefits of German science and German art and German culture. There was in the conception a magnificent impudence that appealed to Ashenden's sense of humor.

Ashenden admired goodness, but was not outraged by wickedness. People sometimes thought him heartless because he was more interested in others than attached to them.

He was able to pursue his study of the Caypors without prejudice and without passion. Mrs. Caypor seemed to him more of a piece and therefore easier to understand; she obviously detested him.

But in the pressure of Caypor's chubby hand on his wife's shoulder and in the fugitive trembling of the lip Ashenden had divined that this unprepossessing woman and that mean fat man were joined together by a deep and sincere love. It was touching.

Ashenden assembled the observations that he had been making for the past few days, and little things that he had noticed but to which he had attached no significance returned to him.

It seemed to him that Mrs. Caypor loved her husband because she was of a stronger character than he and because she felt his dependence on her; she loved him for his admiration of her, and you might guess that till she met him this dumpy, plain woman with her dulness, good sense and want of humor could not have much enjoyed the admiration of men; she enjoyed his heartiness and his noisy jokes, and his high spirits stirred her sluggish blood; he was a great big bouncing boy and he would never be anything else and she felt like a mother towards him; she had made him what he was, and she loved him, notwithstanding his weakness—for with her clear head she must always have been conscious of that.

But then there was the espionage; only her ruthless patriotism could explain that, for Ashenden had the conviction that she was of an upright and honest disposition, and even he with all his tolerance for human frailty could not but feel that to betray your country for money is not a very pretty proceeding. With all his uncertainty about right and wrong, Ashenden could not help looking on this particular act with repugnance.

Of course his wife knew of it—indeed, it was not unlikely that it was through her Caypor had first been approached; he would never have undertaken such work if she had not urged him to it. She loved him and she was an honest woman. By what devious means had she persuaded herself to force her husband to adopt so base and dishonorable a calling? Ashenden lost himself in a labyrinth of conjecture as he tried to piece together the actions of her mind.

Grantley Caypor was a horse of another color. There was much that was singular and much that was unexpected in that gross and vulgar fellow. To Ashenden the unraveling of that complicated personality had all the thrill of a detective story. He watched with entertainment the suave manner in which the spy sought to inveigle him in his toils.

It was a couple of days after his first lesson that Caypor after dinner, Mrs. Caypor having gone up-stairs, threw himself heavily into a chair by Ashenden's side. His faithful Fritz came up to him and put his long muzzle with its black nose on his knee.

"He has no brain," said Caypor, "but a heart of gold. Look at those little pink eyes. Did you ever see anything so stupid? And what an ugly face, but what incredible charm!"

"Have you had him long?" asked Ashenden.

"I got him in 1914, just before the outbreak of war. By the way, what do you think of the news today? Of course my wife and I never discuss the war; you can't think what a relief to me it is to find a fellow countryman with whom I can open my heart. They haven't got a chance, the Germans," said Caypor, "not a dog's chance. I knew they were beaten the moment we came in."

His manner was earnest, sincere and confidential. Ashenden made a commonplace rejoinder.

"Of course it's the greatest grief of my life that owing to my wife's nationality I was unable to do any war work. I tried to enlist the day war broke out, but they wouldn't have me on account of my age, but I don't mind telling you, if the war goes on much longer, wife or no wife, I'm going to do something. With my knowledge of languages I ought to be of some service in the Censorship Department. That's where you were, wasn't it?"

That was the point at which he had been aiming and in answer now to his discreet and well-directed questions Ashenden gave him the information that he had already prepared. Caypor drew his chair a little nearer.

"I'm sure you wouldn't tell me anything that anyone shouldn't know, but after all these Swiss are pro-German and we don't want to give anyone the chance of overhearing."

Then he went on another tack. He told Ashenden a number of things that were of a certain secrecy. "I wouldn't tell this to anybody else, you know, but I have one or two friends who are in pretty influential positions, and they know they can trust me."

Thus encouraged, Ashenden was a little more deliberately indiscreet and when they parted they had both good reason to be satisfied. Ashenden thought Caypor's typewriter would be kept busy next morning and that extremely energetic Major in Berne would shortly receive a most interesting report.

One Sunday, Caypor told him that he and his wife were going on an excursion and would eat their luncheon at some little mountain restaurant; and he suggested that Ashenden, each paying his share, should come with them. After three weeks at Lucerne Ashenden thought that his strength would permit him to venture the exertion. They started early, Mrs. Caypor businesslike in her walking boots and Tyrolese hat and alpenstock, and Caypor in stockings and plus-fours looking very British.

The situation amused Ashenden and he was prepared to enjoy the day; but he meant to keep his eyes open; it was not inconceivable that the Caypors had discovered what he was and it would not do to go too near a precipice; Mrs. Caypor would not hesitate to give him a

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push and Caypor for all his jolliness was an ugly customer. But on the face of it there was nothing to mar Ashenden's pleasure in the glorious morning. The air was fragrant. Caypor was full of conversation. He told funny stories. He was gay and jovial.

To Ashenden's astonishment he showed a peculiar knowledge of the mountain flowers. Once he went out of the way to pick one he saw a little distance from the path and brought it back to his wife. He looked at it tenderly.

"Isn't it lovely?" he cried and his shifty gray-green eyes for a moment were as candid as a child's.

"Botany is my husband's favorite science," said Mrs. Caypor. "I laugh at him sometimes. He is devoted to flowers. Often when we have hardly had enough money to pay the butcher he has spent everything in his pocket to bring me a bunch of roses."

Ashenden had once or twice seen Caypor, coming in from a walk, offer Mrs. Fitzgerald a nosegay of mountain flowers with an elephantine courtesy that was not entirely displeasing; and what he had just learned gave a certain significance to the pretty little action. His passion for flowers was very genuine and when he presented them to the old Irish lady he presented her with something he valued. It showed a real kindness of heart.

When they reached the inn, with its view of the mountains and the lake, it was good to see the sensual pleasure with which he poured down his throat a bottle of icy-cold beer. You could not but feel sympathy for a man who took so much delight in simple things.

They lunched deliciously off scrambled eggs and mountain-trout. Even Mrs. Caypor was moved to an unwonted gentleness by her surroundings; she treated Ashenden with something less than her usual hostility.

When they arrived she had burst into loud German exclamations on the beauty of the scene, and her eyes, dwelling on the grandeur before her, filled with tears. She stretched out her hand.

"It is dreadful and I am ashamed; notwithstanding this horrible and unjust war, I can feel in my heart at the moment nothing but happiness and gratitude."

Caypor took her hand and pressed it and, an unusual thing with him, addressing her in German, called her little pet names. It was absurd but touching. Ashenden, leaving them to their emotions, strolled through the garden and sat down on a bench. The view was of course spectacular, but it captured you.

And as Ashenden lingered idly in that spot he pondered over the mystery of Grantley Caypor's treachery. If he liked queer people, he had found in Caypor one who was queer beyond belief. It would be foolish to deny that he had amiable traits. His joviality was not assumed, he was without pretense a hearty fellow, and he had real good nature. He was always ready to do a kindness.

Now that Ashenden had arrived at terms of some familiarity with Caypor he found that he regarded him less with repulsion than with curiosity. He did not think that Caypor had become a spy merely for the money. It might be that he was one of those men who prefer devious ways to straight for some intricate pleasure they get in fooling their fellows; and that he had turned spy, not out of hatred of the country that had imprisoned him, not even from love of his wife, but from a desire to score off the bigwigs who never knew of his existence. It might be it was vanity that impelled him, a feeling that his talents had not received the recognition they merited, or just a puckish, impish desire to do mischief.

He was a crook. It is true that only two cases of dishonesty had been brought home to him, but if he had been caught twice it might be surmised that he had often been dishonest without being caught. What did Mrs. Caypor think of this? They were so united that she must be aware of it. Did it make her ashamed, for her own uprightness surely none could doubt, or did she accept it as an inevitable kink in the man she loved? Did she do all she could

to prevent it or did she close her eyes to something she could not help?

How much easier life would be if people were all black or all white and how much simpler it would be to act in regard to them! Was Caypor a good man who loved evil or a bad man who loved good? And how could such unreconciled elements exist side by side and in harmony within the same heart? For one thing was clear—Caypor was disturbed by no gnawing of conscience; he did his mean and despicable work with gusto. He was a traitor who enjoyed his treachery.

It seemed to Ashenden that though more or less consciously he had been studying human nature all his life, he knew as little about it now in middle age as he had when he was a child. Of course R would have said to him: "Why the devil do you waste your time with such nonsense? The man's a dangerous spy and your business is to lay him by the heels."

That was true enough. Ashenden had come to the conclusion that it would be useless to attempt to make any arrangement with Caypor. Though doubtless he would have no feeling about betraying his employers, he could certainly not be trusted. His wife's influence was too strong. Besides, notwithstanding what he had from time to time told Ashenden, he was in his heart convinced that the Central Powers must win the war, and he meant to be on the winning side. Well, then, Caypor must be laid by the heels; but how he was to effect that Ashenden had no notion.

Suddenly he heard a voice.

"There you are. We've been wondering where you had hidden yourself."

He looked round and saw the Caypors strolling towards him. They were walking hand in hand. They adored one another.

"This is better than being in England with the excursions and alarms of war, isn't it?" said Caypor.

"Much," said Ashenden.

"By the way, did you have any difficulty in getting out?"

"No, not the smallest."

"I'm told they make rather a nuisance of themselves at the frontier nowadays."

"I came through without the smallest difficulty. I don't fancy they bother much about the English. I thought the examination of passports was quite perfunctory."

A fleeting glance passed between Caypor and his wife. Ashenden wondered what it meant. It would be strange if Caypor's thought was occupied with the chances of a journey to England at the very moment when he was himself reflecting on its possibility.

In a little while Mrs. Caypor suggested that they had better be starting back and they wandered together down the mountain paths.

Ashenden was watchful. He could do nothing—and his inactivity irked him—but wait with his eyes open to seize the opportunity that might present itself. A couple of days later an incident occurred that made him certain something was in the wind. In the course of his morning lesson Mrs. Caypor remarked:

"My husband has gone to Geneva today. He had some business to do there."

"Will he be gone long?" said Ashenden.

"No, only two days."

It is not everyone who can tell a lie and Ashenden had the feeling, he hardly knew why, that Mrs. Caypor was not speaking the truth. It flashed across his mind that Caypor had been summoned to Berne to see the head of the German Secret Service. When he had the chance he said casually to the waitress:

"A little less work for you to do, *Fräulein*. I hear that Herr Caypor has gone to Berne."

"Yes. But he'll be back tomorrow."

Ashenden knew in Lucerne a Swiss who was willing on emergency to do odd jobs, and finding him, he asked him to take a letter to his chief in Berne. It might be possible to pick up Caypor, and trace his movements.

Next day Caypor appeared once more with his wife at the dinner-table, but merely nodded to Ashenden and afterwards both went straight up-stairs. They looked troubled.

Caypor, as a rule so exuberant, walked with bowed shoulders.

Next morning Ashenden received a reply to his letter: Caypor had seen Major von P. It was possible to guess what the Major had said to him. Ashenden well knew how rough he could be; he was a hard man and brutal, clever and unscrupulous, and he was not accustomed to mince his words. They were tired of paying Caypor a salary to sit still in Lucerne and do nothing; the time was come for him to go to England.

Guesswork? Of course it was guesswork, but in that kind of work it mostly was. Ashenden knew from Gustav that the Germans wanted to send Caypor to England. He drew a long breath; if Caypor went, Ashenden would have to get busy.

When Mrs. Caypor came in to give him his lesson she was dull and listless. She looked tired and her mouth was set obstinately. It occurred to Ashenden that the Caypors had spent most of the night talking. He wished he knew what they had talked about. Did she urge him to go or did she try to dissuade him? Ashenden watched them again at luncheon. Something was the matter, for they hardly spoke to one another, and as a rule they found plenty to talk about. They left the room early, but when Ashenden went out he saw Caypor sitting in the hall by himself.

"Hullo," he cried jovially, but surely the effort was patent. "How are you getting on? I've been to Geneva."

"So I heard," said Ashenden.

"Come and have your coffee with me. My poor wife's got a headache. I told her she'd better go and lie down." In his shifty green eyes was an expression that Ashenden could not read. "The fact is, she's rather upset, poor dear; I'm thinking of going to England."

Ashenden's heart gave a sudden leap against his ribs, but his face remained impassive. "Are you going for long? We shall miss you."

"To tell you the truth, I'm fed up with doing nothing. The war looks as though it were going on for years and I can't sit here indefinitely. Besides, I can't afford it—I've got to earn my living. I may have a German wife, but I am an Englishman, hang it all, and I want to do my bit. My wife takes her German point of view and I don't mind telling you that she's a bit upset."

Now Ashenden knew what it was that he saw in Caypor's eyes. Fear. It gave him a nasty turn. Caypor didn't want to go to England, he wanted to stay safely in Switzerland; Ashenden knew now what the Major had said to him when he went to see him in Berne. He had to go or lose his salary. What was it that his wife had said when he told her what had happened? He had wanted her to urge him to stay, but it was plain, she hadn't done that; perhaps he had not dared tell her how frightened he was; to her he had always been the gay, bold, adventurous man; and now, the prisoner of his own lies, he had not found it in him to confess himself the mean and sneaking coward he was.

"Are you going to take your wife with you?" asked Ashenden.

"No, she'll stay here."

It had been arranged very neatly. Mrs. Caypor would serve as a recipient of letters and she could get information through to Berne without delay.

"I've been out of England so long that I don't quite know how to set about getting war work. What would you do in my place?"

"I don't know—what sort of work are you thinking of?"

"Well, you know, I imagine I could do the same thing as you did. I wonder if there's anyone in the Censorship Department that you could give me a letter of introduction to."

It was only by a miracle that Ashenden saved himself from showing by a smothered cry or by a broken gesture how startled he was—not by Caypor's request, but by what had just dawned upon him. What an idiot he had been! He had been disturbed by the thought that he was doing nothing at Lucerne, and though in

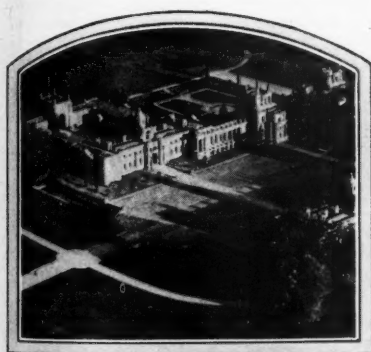


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fact, as it turned out, Caypor was going to England; it was due to no cleverness of his. He could take to himself no credit for the result.

And now he saw that he had been put in Lucerne, told how to describe himself and given the proper information so that what actually had occurred should occur. It offered the German Secret Service a priceless opportunity to get an agent into the Censorship Department; and by a happy accident there was Grantley Caypor, the very man for the job, on terms of intimacy with someone who had worked there.

It was a trap of that devilish R, and the grim Major at Berne had fallen into it. Ashenden had done his work just by sitting still and doing nothing. He almost laughed as he thought what a fool R had made of him.

"I was on very good terms with the chief of my department; I could give you a note to him if you liked."

"That would be just the thing."

"But of course I must give the facts. I must say I've only known you a fortnight."

"Of course. But you'll say what else you can for me, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I don't know yet if I can get a visé. I'm told they're rather fussy."

"I don't see why. I shall be very sick if they refuse me one when I want to go back."

"I'll go and see how my wife is getting on," said Caypor suddenly, getting up. "When will you let me have that letter?"

"Whenever you like. Are you going at once?"

"As soon as possible."

Caypor left him. Ashenden waited in the hall for a quarter of an hour so that there should appear in him no sign of hurry. Then he went up-stairs and prepared various communications. In one he informed R that Caypor was coming to England; in another he made arrangements through Berne that wherever Caypor applied for a visé it should be granted to him without question; and these he dispatched forthwith. When he went down to dinner he handed Caypor a cordial letter of introduction.

Next day but one Caypor left Lucerne.

Ashenden waited. He continued to have his hour's German conversation lesson with Mrs. Caypor and under her conscientious tuition began now to speak German with ease. Fritz sat by her chair during the lesson.

"He misses his master," she said, pulling his ears. "He only really cares for him; he suffers me only as belonging to him."

After his lesson Ashenden went every morning to Cook's to ask for his letters. It was here that all communications were addressed to him. He could not move till he received instructions, but R could be trusted not to leave him idle long; and meanwhile there was nothing for him to do but have patience. Presently he received a letter from the consul in Geneva to say that Caypor had there applied for his visé and had set out for France. Having read this, Ashenden went for a little stroll by the lake and on his way back saw Mrs. Caypor coming out of Cook's office. He guessed that she was having her letters addressed there too. He went up to her.

"Have you had news of Herr Caypor?" he asked her.

"No," she said. "I suppose I could hardly expect to yet."

He walked along by her side. She was disappointed but not yet anxious; she knew how irregular at that time was the post. But next day during the lesson he could not but see that she was impatient to have done with it. The post was delivered at noon and at five minutes to twelve she looked at her watch and at him. Though Ashenden knew very well that no letter would ever come for her, he had not the heart to keep her on tenter-hooks.

"Don't you think that's enough for the day? I'm sure you want to go down to Cook's," he said.

"Thank you. That is very amiable of you."

When a little later he went there himself he

found her standing in the office. Her face was distraught. She addressed him wildly.

"My husband promised to write from Paris. I am sure there is a letter for me, but these stupid people say there's nothing. They're so careless, it's a scandal."

Ashenden did not know what to say. While the clerk was looking to see if there was anything for him she came up to the desk again.

"When does the next post come in from France?" she asked.

"Sometimes there are letters about five."

"I'll come then."

She turned and walked rapidly away. Fritz followed her with his tail between his legs. There was no doubt of it, already the fear had seized her that something was wrong. Next morning she looked dreadful; and in the middle of the lesson she started up from her chair.

"You must excuse me, Herr Somerville, I cannot give you a lesson today. I am not feeling well."

Before Ashenden could say anything she had flung nervously from the room, and in the evening he received a note from her to say that to her regret she must discontinue giving him conversation lessons. She gave no reason. Then Ashenden saw no more of her; she ceased coming to meals; except to go morning and afternoon to Cook's, she apparently spent the whole day in her room. Ashenden thought of her sitting there hour after hour with that hideous fear gnawing at her heart. Who could help feeling sorry for her?

The time hung heavy on his hands too. He read a good deal and wrote a little, he hired a canoe and went for long leisurely paddles on the lake; and at last one morning the clerk at Cook's handed him a letter. It was from R. It had all the appearance of a business communication, but between the lines he read a good deal.

"Dear Sir," it began—"The goods, with accompanying letter, dispatched by you from Lucerne have been duly delivered. We are obliged to you for executing our instructions with such dispatch."

It went on in this strain. R was exultant. Ashenden understood that Caypor had been arrested and by now had paid the penalty of his crime. He shuddered. He remembered a dreadful scene. Dawn. A cold gray dawn, with a drizzling rain falling. A man, blindfolded, standing against a wall, an officer very pale giving an order, a volley, and then a young soldier, one of the firing-party, turning round and holding on to his gun for support vomiting. The officer turning paler still, and he, Ashenden, feeling dreadfully faint. How terrified Caypor must have been! It was awful when the tears ran down their faces.

Ashenden shook himself. He went to the ticket office and bought a ticket for Geneva.

As he was waiting for his change Mrs. Caypor came in. He was shocked at the sight of her. She was blowzy and disheveled and there were rings round her eyes. She was deathly pale. She staggered to the desk and asked for a letter. The clerk shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Madam, there's nothing yet."

"Are you sure? Please look again."

The misery in her voice was heartrending. The clerk took out the letters from a pigeon-hole and sorted them once more.

"No, there's nothing, Madam."

She gave a hoarse cry of despair and her face was distorted with anguish. "Oh, God, oh, God!" she moaned.

She turned away, the tears streaming from her weary eyes, and for a moment she stood there like a blind man groping and not knowing which way to go. Then a dreadful thing happened. Fritz, the bull-terrier, sat down on his haunches and threw back his head and gave a long, long, melancholy howl. Mrs. Caypor looked at him with terror; her eyes seemed really to start from her head. The doubt, the gnawing doubt that had tortured her during those fearful days of uncertainty was a doubt no longer. She knew. She knew. She staggered blindly into the street.



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"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought

of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said, 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

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The Trouble with Women by Beverley Nichols (Continued from page 97)

among feminine influences, that I regarded a linen-cupboard as a sort of limbo, designed to distract and mortify all who attempted to have dealings with it. Since the time when I have managed these things myself, I have made the startling discovery that a linen-cupboard is nothing more or less than a cupboard to hold linen.

I cannot begin to understand how any woman can spend a whole morning draping sheets round her head and biting her nails in despair before the laundry list is ready. My servant manages the whole thing in five minutes, and then, being a sensible servant, he sits down and reads a novel.

Visit the kitchen. Now, as a boy, I remember seeing my mother—who, for a woman, was an exceptionally good housekeeper—disappear behind the door leading to the servants' quarters and spend at least an hour over the vital question of what one was going to eat for luncheon. It takes me, on an average, thirty seconds.

You see, not being a woman, I happen to realize that there is such a thing as system. I do not go down to the kitchen with a blank mind, close my eyes and expect a menu to present itself to me, like the shade of a departed spirit. Oh, no! I write it down in a book. Whenever I have a new dish, down it goes. The list is increasing every week. Soon there will be little that I cannot offer you.

Enter the dining-room. What is the first thing that you see in it which you never see in the average woman's dining-room? (I am not speaking of millionairesses.) Ash-trays! If you want to smoke before the fish, you therefore do so without burning your fingers.

What is the next thing you see? A cocktail outfit with a glass of lemon-juice *always* ready, so that when you desire a cocktail—a passion which should be satisfied instantly or not at all—you have it.

And the next thing? Open a cupboard and you will see. The proper wine at the proper angle. Women have about as much knowledge of wine as a cat has of the home life of the oyster, and they invariably, if they are allowed, stand it up on end, like a row of ninepins.

"All those things," you may say, "are very nice, but they merely prove that you possess an excellent valet."

I do. And whose fault is that? It takes two to make a good servant, remember. And if there is one truth of which I am profoundly and irrevocably convinced, it is that *women do not want to have good servants*. The masochistic joy which they receive from the persecution of thoroughly bad servants is one of the fiercest joys in their lives. For no woman is ever happy unless she has a grievance.

Consider this question a moment. Have you never seen a woman's eyes light up in ecstasy as she describes the nefarious practises of her cook? Have you never noticed how eagerly her companion's lips are trembling to tell her of the murderous instincts of her butler?

Listen to one of these paeans of dispraise and then put the very simple question, "Why don't you get rid of him, or her, or it?"

The reply is invariably: "Oh—but my dear, we can't get anybody else."

You begin to reply, "I know a marvelous butler. He was twenty years with the Duchess of Wrex. He hates women, is teetotal, non-smoking—"

But you are interrupted with a flutter of hands and a quick excuse. Deprive her of her persecutor? Present her with a man who will not drink her best Cordon Rouge? Don't you try it. Your name would be mud in that household if you were to succeed.

Yet I, the bachelor, who never worry about servants at all, being possessed of the ideal factotum, am informed that "I need a woman to run my house for me." Do you wonder that I clench my teeth with fury when I hear that statement? For it is only too evident to me, from my conversations with women friends on

domestic troubles, that if they ever got hold of a really perfect servant they would at once begin to irritate him out of his senses.

Take this question of staying out at nights. It seems to me simple in the extreme. But women, by their perpetual curiosity, their insistence on poking into the lives of others, have made of it a first-class complication.

Suppose that I am dining out. I say to my man, at about five o'clock, "I am dining with the Duke of York tonight." (All the best servants, remember, are snobs.) "When you have put out my things and provided me with the ingredients for a cocktail, there seems to be no object in your remaining in this house."

"What time do you wish me to be in, Sir?" "In time," I reply, "to provide me with a perfectly good egg and bacon in the morning. Between now and then you are free. Your life is a mystery to me. I prefer it to remain so. You may be qualifying for a swift descent to Hell. I neither know nor care."

I do not, of course, say these things, but they are, as it were, in the air.

Now, I am apparently original in adopting this very human attitude. A few days ago I was talking to a woman who, with the usual expression of radiant bliss, was describing to me the unmitigated evil of her three maids.

"They want to go to bed at all hours," she said.

"Well?" said I.

"But at all hours. How can I sleep?" "But you don't sleep with them, do you?" I asked coarsely.

She waxed furious. "I couldn't sleep with the thought of them still out," she said.

I ended the discussion by asking her if she was jealous of them.

Let's face this. Isn't it, to say the least of it, absurd? If a girl wishes to indulge in girlish pranks—as Lorelei might have said—she can do so with every prospect of success just as well before eleven as after. So why worry?

That is, indeed, the theme of my plaint. Women adore worry. If you placed a woman on a desert island, with constant supplies and no sort of interference, she would find something to worry about even if it were only the morals of the monkeys. And a house, which to a man is merely a dwelling-place which, if he is so inclined, he may make beautiful, is a paradise of worry for a woman.

She worries because the tradesmen do not send things at the right time. The fish hasn't come, or the ice hasn't come, or the flowers haven't come, and so on. What on earth does it matter? Does she not realize that the best parties are always those which are prefaced by a catastrophe of this nature?

I remember giving a luncheon to Mr. Hugh Walpole. He was in the house before the butcher condescended to remember my existence. We were abominably late, but what did that matter? We drank cocktails, we sang songs and we cussed butchers. Which seems to me an excellent method of beginning the day.

She worries about "time." One must breakfast at a certain hour. If luncheon is at a quarter to two, the day is destroyed. If, suddenly, one is hungry in the middle of the morning, one must wait till the appointed hour. Why, oh why? I realize that I am an animal and that when I want to eat, I eat, and that when I don't want to eat, I don't.

One could prolong the list of unnecessary worries indefinitely, but I will not do so, for by now you will have realized that I am a confirmed bachelor.

Oh, yes—I have my dreams, my longings, taunting me in the hours of loneliness. Sometimes, strolling home at night, I glance at other men hurrying past me, running to catch buses, disappearing into subways, hailing taxis, and I speculate upon their mode of existence. They, probably, have somebody waiting for them at home, somebody to whom they can tell their worries, somebody who

gently and quietly can smooth the wrinkles out of their foreheads.

A catchword, heard long ago, echoes through my head. "It's the midnight voice that counts . . . the midnight voice, whispering wisdom in the half-veiled moments before sleep."

But for me—there is no midnight voice. There is a silent little hall, some mail, a fire dying down in the grate, and silence. I throw off my hat and coat and sink down into a chair.

Opposite me is a mirror and I study the reflection in the glass. It is an older reflection than it used to be, and tonight, being tired, I can guess, even in the shadows, how I shall look in twenty years' time. A bachelor, in the forties. Not quite so popular as he was. Regarded by the young things as a bore. A solitary figure, whose principal purpose in life is to fill up gaps at dinner-parties.

Twenty years of dining out. Twenty years of loneliness. Twenty years! And I look at myself once again in the glass, and the reflection, for a moment, is dimmed.

Then it clears again. The reflection gradually changes, and I begin to laugh, at first almost indignantly at myself, and then almost uproariously at the world. Of all the self-pity! For what are these things that I am nursing? What is this companionship, this midnight voice? Dreams—all dreams! They are the things that all men long for, the things that so few ever get.

For even were I married, how should I be certain of finding somebody waiting for me? She would be waiting, of course, if she were a quiet domestic thing who liked waiting, but I am bored to tears by quiet domestic women. She would be waiting, again, if she were a dancing enthusiast whose partner had failed her. Or she might be waiting merely because she was tired and irritable. In any case, where is the fun of it?

All of which may sound very "modern," but then I imagine that I am very modern and that my female contemporaries are also very modern. I imagine—rather, I know—that we are breeding a race of men and women to whom marriage, in the old Victorian sense, is impossible.

It was all very well when marriage was an entirely one-sided affair, when the man had merely to dictate and the woman to obey. But those days are over. And how any intelligent man or woman can expect two highly-strung, entirely individual natures to settle down, balancing their lives on a precarious precipice—called, by our sentimentalists, "give and take"—I do not know. I for one am not going to try.

For, to sum it all up, life is half poetry and half prose. Do you find the poetry in marriage? Yes—for a little while. A year, two years, perhaps even five. But after that, the lyric falters, the rhymes become clumsy, the gay sweep of song dwindles into dreary prose.

Don't tell me that it doesn't. It does. Don't try to put me off with pretty prints of Darby and Joan. Don't try to deafen me by the patter of children's feet. I am not to be deceived over that. All I know is that the glory dies, and a bewildered mad night of enchantment turns into the most sordid dawn.

Forgive my purple passage and turn to the prose half. Where am I to obtain comfort, even peace, in marriage unless I am to subordinate my individuality entirely to another?

I have said enough to show that I consider women, as housekeepers, a back number. They have no system, they worry intensely over details, and they are usually possessed of an esthetic taste very inferior to that of the male. Whatever else I possess today in my home, I possess comfort, and within my means, beauty. And it is suggested to me that I sacrifice my comfort for discomfort, and the quiet, grave "rightness" of my house for fuss. Why, in the name of reason? Why? Why?

You will find that question, unless I am very much mistaken, engraved upon my tombstone.



(Above) BUBBLE BOATING is the latest water sport at San Diego. Judging from smiles kept gleaming bright by Pepsodent, Dorothy Prather and Charles Lipton find it highly entertaining



(Above) VAL LESTER goes out walking with a winning entry. Her smile of victory is sparkling white by help of Pepsodent that brightens teeth by dingy film removal



(Above) A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions, Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile, that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows her confidence of success



(Left) IT'S THAT TWO-MINUTES-A-DAY that counts. Miss Margaret Mulhall is told by her dentist

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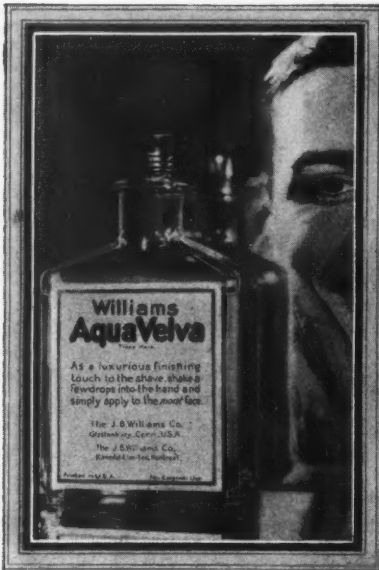
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Heart Disease (Continued from page 55)

nothing. So, infinitely better but still a guarded flame, I spent the second year of my career as a cardiac. Although it was relenting, my heart yet held the centre of the stage. It was not until the third year of my heart experience that I achieved a return to normal; and this I owe to the magical springs of Royat in Auvergne.

Oh, that I could chant a pean in praise of that peerless thermal station whose waters partake of the magic of the fountain of eternal youth! Indeed, the air of that little valley is so charged with their virtues that the natives of Royat are said to be the longest-lived in all France. Yet it is a place of quiet.

Above the door of the bath-house should be written: "*Abound in hope all ye who enter here*"; for as surely as you pass that portal, you are going to emerge fitter and better. Of course it will not do the impossible. If your arteries are like pipe-stems it cannot soften them again. But it will defend you against the results of hard arteries. If you have a real malady of the heart, you will get instant relief; if you have a false one, it will vanish away. Above all, if you have high blood-pressure, down, down it will go steadily, till once again you know security and calm.

Heart specialists are as plentiful in Royat as blondes on Broadway, but I had the good luck to choose one of the best: a little, round, rosy professor at Clermont University. He fairly radiated hope and cheer. For five minutes he hovered gravely over me. How long these five minutes seemed!

Suddenly he said with a cherubic smile: "The motor is quite sound. There is no lesion. But you have strained your heart by some great effort. It is dilated and the rhythm is affected. Also it is nervous and fatigued. Now, I am going to cure you. With the waters and baths of Royat alone, I am going to restore your heart to normal size."

"You can?"

"I can. After half a dozen baths that faulty timing will disappear, never to return. Your blood-pressure is two hundred and twenty. I will lower it to a hundred and fifty. This I promise you."

"Go ahead, Professor," I said. "I'll do my damndest to back you up."

Feeling enormously cheered, I presented myself for my first bath. The bath was of the Roman type, about three feet deep and abrim with what looked like tepid coffee. As I slid into it my heart gave a surprised bound, then settled down to throb slowly, steadily. Lying there with the running water rippling about me I had an extraordinary feeling of happy arteries. The water was rusty in color, because to temper it to the tyro it had lain all night in a tank. Yet I had an immediate sense of its potency. So blissfully I lay there till the clock warned me that my ten minutes was up. As I stepped out of that brown liquid I was a rich rose-color.

From the bath one must hurry to bed and remain there an hour. And in all this record of voluptuous experience that hour is most to be cherished. As I lay under the blankets I tingled with pleasure. My body seemed to purr, and every touch of the sheets was like a caress. I was like a careless god, high floating on ecstatic clouds. Then amid a delicious languor I drifted off on a golden sea of sleep.

And after five days that two-year falter of my pulse disappeared and has never returned. My blood-pressure dropped so rapidly the doctor kept me to these same emasculated baths instead of promoting me to more virile ones. However, I backed him with religious fervor. Especially in diet. After a ten-mile tramp in the woods it is hard to refuse dainties that would tempt an epicure. But haughtily I waved away the *velouté de volaille* and the *soufflé glacé à la mandarine*. "Bring me," I said, "the steamed potatoes and the stewed prunes."

Somewhat to my surprise the doctor had told

me to walk at least ten miles a day. "Circulate your blood," he said. "As long as you don't get out of breath, exercise all you can."

So from after luncheon to nearly nightfall I roamed the high hills. And it was on these occasions I became conscious of a prodigious change in myself. I can only call it a renaissance. I seemed to live entirely in the present, and that present was of such sunny serenity that merely to be alive was the height of happiness.

Soon my probationary baths of water prostituted in the tank were over, and I was promoted to the virgin spring. Here in all its virtue the water comes right from the source. It is clear as cut glass, sparkling as champagne. As it is released it chuckles joyously. And now at last one can appreciate the esthetic quality of the bath.

You glance at the minatory hand of the clock. Only ten minutes are allowed you in this milk-warm limpidity that wells up from the bowels of the earth. But it is so delectable you will take twelve. In your ears the breaking bubbles are like tiny bells, and you are transported to ineffable serenities. Your body floats ethereally. It dissolves. You have no body. You are all spirit. Nirvana. Oh, to prolong this bliss forever! . . . You rouse with a start.

I dwell on this experience of rapture because after the first season I could never quite recapture it. Never again did I feel so exalted. In those first weeks of regeneration to breathe and to be were enough, and I envied not the gods.

And you too, my reader of the growing girth, may have the same superb uplift. If your heart is flabby or your arteries beginning to crackle, Royat will do you more good than a dozen doctors. Towards the end of their cure you will hear people say: "I feel ten years younger." And you in your turn will say the same. When I left there after my first visit my little doctor beamed with joy. My heart and blood-pressure were normal again. Physically and morally I was a new man.

"My friend," he told me, "if you only look after yourself as you ought to do, there is no reason why you should not turn the century."

There, however, he was wrong. Too much folly and ignorance have to be paid for. I will never live to be a hundred. No, I will have to content myself with a mere ninety or so. And you too may make it your goal. "All you need is a bit of belief, a dash of discipline."

But don't overdo the discipline. Therein lies a danger. Physical culture is an ideal, apt to inspire its votaries with an excess of zeal. So flattering are its results we are encouraged to increased efforts, till a chance visit to a doctor may reveal to us that the outside of our bodies is not the most important.

So let the moral of this article be moderation. Let exercise be adapted to age. If after a dash across the tennis-court, my friend of the widening waist-line, you find yourself scant of breath, do not say: "Wind's poor—must train—get it back." Probably you can; but if you are wise you will realize that a man is as old as his age. It is ripping to feel younger; but if you try to act younger, you may come a cropper.

There is exercise for every age. In the forties, if you play tennis, you might give up singles for doubles. In the fifties, resign tennis for golf. In the later sixties, drop golf for croquet. While even in the seventies you may yet become the household champion, and beat your grandchildren at tiddledywinks.

And so having wrecked my health and restored it again, I may venture to speak from experience. Today I am fitter than most men of my age, and I hold myself in hand. I enjoy life more than ever before, and there are, I feel, many years of well-being before me. Why should I not be a second Sandford Bennet? Having discovered the wrong way to keep fit at fifty, I have now found out the right one and exultantly I practise it.



INTERIOR PICTURES—now easy to make. This interesting photograph was made with a Modern Kodak, by an amateur just like yourself.



OUTDOOR PICTURES—Children playing in the shade... picnics in the woods... favorite subjects once so difficult are simple "snap-shots" now.



RAINY DAY SUBJECTS—Now you can make snap-shots in the rain. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

New Facts About Amateur PHOTOGRAPHY

TODAY, photography for the amateur has been made easier, simpler, surer than ever before.

No necessity now to leave your camera home on "dull" days. If it's raining... don't let that change your plans.

If your subject is indoors... hard-to-take, according to your past ideas... forget these hazards entirely. For the modern Kodak is an all-day, all-weather camera. Ready to use in rain or shine. Indoors or out. Daylight to dusk.

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This wonderful new development in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on cameras of moderate price.

Thus the photographic day is lengthened for those using the less expensive Kodaks.

For example, on the \$18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than \$40. Now you can take "snap-shots" in cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

You can even take them in the rain...

or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

Children playing in the shade... traffic during the rain... picnics in the woods... favorite pictures once so difficult are simple "snap-shots" now.

Picture-Making Simplified

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes... takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

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form. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under and over exposure. *It gets the picture.*

"Picture ahead—Kodak as you go"

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or summer suns, or "right" hours.

Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once... today, tomorrow... making just the photographs you want, wherever and whenever they "happen."

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The camera illustrated above is the 1A Pocket Kodak, which takes pictures 2½ x 4½ inches. Equipped with an f.6.3 lens, it sells for \$18. Other Kodak models \$5 and up.

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Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

Just a Sweet Girl by Thyra Samter Winslow (Continued from page 75)

Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Ledge who lived on the floor below—all faded away—and there she stood—she and Lawrence Bryan.

He must have said good night, finally, for Mamie went back to her own little cube of a room in an ecstasy. She didn't even go to the studios in the morning, waiting for Lawrence's telephone call.

Of course he telephoned. Of course he came to see her that night. They walked through the fragrant Hollywood streets under the pepper and the orange trees—and for once orange blossoms had a real significance. They talked about nothing—and everything. And they saw each other the next night and the next—and the nights after that.

Lawrence Bryan worked in a Hollywood bank. He made \$32 a week but he'd be making \$35 before the end of the year and he'd have a small raise every six months after that. Oh, he'd be making \$40 a week in another year or so. They could be married then. You can live inexpensively in Hollywood.

Somehow, Mamie had never thought definitely of marriage—even with Lawrence. She had thought of success, and her pictures in the magazines, of gifts of flowers and candy and automobiles even, luxury, servants. A butler bringing in cooling drinks in the afternoon. A French maid in white cap and apron. "What gown, Madam?" "Order my car, please." "Who's that lovely creature in the next box?" Things like those. Not marriage with Lawrence Bryan and living on \$40 a week in a tiny little apartment over a brown Hollywood bungalow. Why, she was going to be a success!

There was nothing to do at the studios. Didn't they recognize charm and beauty when they saw it? And at night—the soft Hollywood nights—Lawrence would hold her in his arms and urge that they get married right away. What a darling he was with his soft brown hair and his sober blue-green eyes and his lean face!

Perhaps Lawrence felt that something might separate them. Mamie loved him, she knew that. She loved him more than she could ever love anyone else. And yet—a bank clerk! He'd never be more than that. He was too gentle. Too yielding. Oh, he had a dear face. She loved his eyes. His hair. The curve of his chin. But he'd never be a movie star or a director or be able to help her in any way. Still, if there were nothing else . . .

There was nothing at the studios. Not a thing. Days of trailing out to the studios. Of sitting and talking with other movie extras. Rushing out, then, to a new studio because there was a rumor that a big spectacular picture was to be put on. Rushing back to another studio because of rumors of a comedy. "Bennett wants bathing girls"—but Bennett had all the girls he needed by the time Mamie got there. Well, she'd marry Lawrence—relinquish her dream. After all—Lawrence was a darling. He loved her. He'd work all day, every day trying to make her happy. He was the type who cared like that.

She was engaged to Lawrence! He gave her a diamond ring. It wasn't like the ring she had dreamed of. Those nice dream-jewels! Huge, opalescent, living pearls—pear-shaped diamonds—square emeralds. It was a tiny diamond in a simple setting—and it took three months of Lawrence's savings to get it. It never occurred to Mamie to suggest that she wouldn't have an engagement ring. Didn't girls always have engagement rings, even back in Waterford?

Engaged to Lawrence. Orange blossoms and the curiously dreamy atmosphere of Hollywood nights. Wasn't this better than fame and your pictures in the magazines? Was it?

Mamie kept on going to the studios. After all, even when Lawrence was getting \$40 a week they'd need extra money if—if she could get a chance.

Mrs. Blatz was glad enough to have Mamie get married. A girl is better off if she's got a

husband to look out for her. But she was ambitious, too. She didn't see any reason why Mamie had come all the way to Hollywood to marry a bank clerk. Couldn't she have done that back in Waterford?

The picture was called "Any Wife's Husband" and the director, eager for new faces, picked Mamie out from a hundred other girls—all pretty, all slender, all with pert little over-rouged mouths and turned-up noses and big eager eyes. He gave her Her Chance! Mamie was one of a group of girls. She went through the automatic gestures as she was directed and, oddly enough, there was just one instant when she was on the screen alone. One tiny bit of action. She picked up a letter, put it down again, glanced toward the camera and fled. And in the rushes this wasn't cut out.

Arnold Berger saw it. Arnold Berger was looking for a new lead. Pansy Drake had married her director just when Arnold had thought of making another proposal which did not include marriage to Pansy. He rather wanted to get even with Pansy. He felt if he picked out an unknown girl and gave her a part that Pansy would have delighted in, that it would annoy her. Pansy was still under contract to him but the contract didn't include featuring her in fat parts.

The director looked up the girl who had so briefly appeared on the screen and remembered the face. She had screen possibilities, that girl!

When Mamie received a call from the Four Star Studio, she was so excited that she rushed away without even letting Lawrence know about it. Why tell him anyhow until she knew herself? No use getting hopeful about something that might turn out to be nothing at all.

At the studio the blond and usually pert girl at the door let her in without a word. She was sent in to see Beasley, the director. A twenty-minute wait, then, and Arnold Berger came in. She was rather afraid of him at first. He seemed so stern and heavy and middle-aged. But after all, she had heard of him. He was rich, famous, a Power. Here was her first chance to meet anyone important in the motion-picture world.

She did all of her little tricks, the same little tricks that proved so successful with the traveling salesmen in Waterford. After all, weren't men all alike? She pouted, tossed her head, smiled eagerly up into Arnold Berger's face, was just a little girl so eager to get ahead. But she was trembling, too. Of course he met hundreds of girls. They all had tricks. What of it? After all, what if—

She was to have a screen test at three o'clock. A screen test, all alone!

"Come back at three, Miss—oh, yes, Miss Blatz."

She was out of the office! She went to the cafeteria on the lot, and ate kidney stew—it was six months before she went on a diet of crackers and milk for luncheon. She didn't telephone Lawrence. She'd tell him that evening.

At three she had the screen test. She registered expressions, made tears come to her eyes, smiled. Was this all there was to it? Why, this was awfully easy.

"You will hear from us in a day or two, Miss—oh, yes, Miss Blatz. Yes, that's all today. We'll let you know."

She couldn't tell anyone about the screen test. What was the use of getting hopes up? She'd tell later. Time enough.

She was so excited she could hardly eat dinner. She was so excited during the evening that half a dozen times Lawrence asked:

"What is the matter, Mamie? You aren't yourself at all, Honey."

She didn't answer. She made little faces and kissed him instead. She loved Lawrence's kisses. But after all—

Days of waiting. Four long days. Then the telephone from the studio.

"Tomorrow at ten."

Tomorrow at ten! Why not? Other girls get their chances. Look at all the stars. Why, most of them weren't a bit better looking than she was. Not as good-looking if it came to that. She'd show them!

Arnold Berger spoke to Mamie when she appeared at the studio. There was no reason why she couldn't make good if she were willing to work hard. He said that! He squeezed her arm a little, but Mamie, who had had her arm squeezed by a good percentage of the traveling salesmen who visited Waterford when she was sixteen, drew away just enough to show maidenly disapproval.

Her name was all wrong, of course. They'd think up a good one. A contract, then. And a three-years' contract if she made good on the first picture! It wasn't often a girl got a chance to get ahead quickly like this. Did Miss, oh, yes, Blatz know this? Yes, Miss Blatz knew.

A contract. An advance. New clothes. Brighter than ever. At the studio every day at ten. A small part in "Ready for Anything."

She didn't tell Lawrence. She couldn't have told why she didn't tell him. First it was because there was no use getting excited—getting more excited unless you were sure. Later there was no place to start to tell him. He'd ask questions, not quite understand about—about Berger. Not that there was anything wrong about Berger—about his attitude. Still, well, she couldn't tell Lawrence now. After the first picture. That was it. She'd take him to the rushes. No, to the opening, as a surprise! He'd see her on the screen—see what a little beauty she was—appreciate her. That would be what she'd do.

She had to break engagements with Lawrence now, occasionally, for sometimes they worked at the studio at night. Sometimes, too, Arnold Berger wanted to take her driving in his car. A huge black limousine with a correctly liveried chauffeur. Solemn and heavy and ponderous—like Arnold Berger. They would drive out to Venice or one of the other resorts. Arnold would talk solemnly of his own affairs—and hint of the glories that would come to Mamie—to April Morning—if she—if she accepted his advice about things.

Mamie definitely expected to yield to Berger. She had no rigid moral rules. Here was an opportunity. She did not love Berger but he had a very valuable thing to offer her. It was her one chance, she knew, of getting what she wanted. She had heard that managers didn't care about—about "helping" girls any more—too many girls—too many opportunities. She was awfully grateful.

When Berger asked her to marry him she was absolutely amazed—although not even Berger guessed her amazement. She had acted unsophistication and youth and innocence far better than she knew. He wanted a hostess at his parties. His wife was old, unattractive, unadaptable. Talked with an accent. He hadn't taken her any place in years.

Berger wanted to give parties to which the more exclusive Hollywood set would be glad to come. He wanted position. So far, his rather promiscuous affairs had kept him from Hollywood's more conservative circles. A certain male film star and his charming and wealthy wife had never included him even in their least exclusive parties. Two other film stars, married to each other and socially on the heights, acknowledged their acquaintance with him in a business and never in a social way. Divorced from his wife, married to a pretty young girl whom he knew to be free from any scandal, he could have prestige, could give the sort of parties that he wanted to give, could have a home to which he could invite both social and business acquaintances.

Besides, he saw in April very real screen promise. Her screen test had been most satisfactory. Her face was smooth, responded to and reflected emotions. She was pliable, docile, pretty. She would develop character faults of course, but then he'd run that risk with any

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To guard the health of your gums there is no more effective measure than to massage them twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

YOU could hardly find a better case in point for the maxim of "an ounce of prevention," than the troubles so many people are having with their gums.

For disorders of the gums are both prevalent and stubborn. And while pyorrhea, happily, is by no means the menace some people suppose, there can be no doubt that "pink tooth brush" is on the rise—and that the afflictions which follow in its train are a source of concern to almost every family in the land!

How our diet impairs the health of our gums

According to the dental profession, our modern foods are at the root of these tooth troubles that arise in the gum structure.

For our food is too soft, too easy to eat. It is delicious, yes—but it is refined and denatured, it lacks roughage and fibre. It pampers our gums and robs them of the quickening stimulation that coarser fare would yield. The gingival tissues lose their tone, they grow soft and weak. And "pink tooth brush" brings a warning of more serious troubles to come.

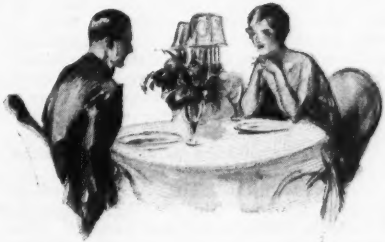
How Ipana and massage offset the damage soft food does

As any dentist will inform you, the simple device of gum massage—with the brush or with the fingers—will do much to prevent

or correct these troubles. And even if your gums are sound today, the best assurance that they will stay in health lies in faithful daily care.

This gentle frictionizing takes only a few moments night and morning, but it helps to restore the flagging circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to keep the gums in normal health. One famous specialist writes us, "I have long advocated the necessity of gum stimulation with the brush, and have seen the beneficial results in the mouths of my patients for many years."

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Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon in the corner will bring you a ten-day tube—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delicious flavor and its remarkable power to keep your teeth white and brilliant. Indeed, thousands use it for these virtues alone.

But the full-size tube from the drug store, providing more than a hundred brushings, makes a fairer and more thorough test of its good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full 30 days' trial it should have, and see if you, too, do not decide that it is the tooth paste you wish to use for life.

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woman. Give any one of them unaccustomed luxury and she'd be apt to get spoiled and peevish. You can't trust the best of the lot. After all, he felt he knew how to take care of a woman, how to keep her the way she should be kept.

Except for a pretty girlish hesitation, April accepted Arnold Berger's proposal immediately. When he told her that he was married—"We've been practically strangers for years. How could a woman from the East Side, New York, you know, understand a man like me?"—she dropped her eyes prettily, said that she would wait. Why should she let his past—a mistake he had made as a boy—interfere with their happiness?

The next day Berger invited April into his own private office for luncheon and gave her an engagement ring, one of the largest pear-shaped diamonds she had ever seen, flanked with narrower diamonds and emeralds in a lace-like platinum setting. She took off Lawrence's ring so Berger could put it on for her. "That's a little ring my mother gave me years ago," she told him.

The "engagement" was to be a secret one, of course. You can't be engaged to a man who is married already. Before long, though—April smiled bravely.

She took off the ring, tied it around her neck on a ribbon, tucked it inside her sleazy silk combination.

She didn't tell her mother. She didn't tell Lawrence. He still thought she was making the rounds of the studios, getting a chance as an extra now and then. How could she tell Lawrence now? If she could only have both of them—Lawrence and Berger, too. It wouldn't mean anything, being married to Berger. When he kissed her, his thick, pudgy lips did not rouse in her any emotion at all except a slight repugnance at having an alien face pressed so close against her own. Well, why couldn't she marry Berger—see Lawrence when she wanted to—have—everything? Why, that would be far better than the girls in stories who were married to poor men and had rich ones as lovers.

Berger spoke to Ma Berger about his plans—part of them, that is. After all, Ma Berger had entered into his life very little during the past years. If she'd be sensible, now, get a divorce—He was willing to make a settlement on her, make her comfortable.

The divorce was swift, almost secret. You can buy a lot of things in Hollywood. April didn't see Arnold Berger too much while the divorce proceedings were going through. Just as well. And there was Lawrence. Evenings with Lawrence. Lawrence's plans which could never come true. Lawrence's kisses.

Then the divorce was granted—and Berger was free to marry. April Morning—and Arnold Berger. They'd have a "surprise" wedding! It was Berger's nearest approach to romance. April liked that, too—the secrecy of it all—before folks could talk, even in Hollywood. Marriage. That was it. She could be sure of Berger then. Married to Arnold Berger. Everything ahead. She was nineteen.

She told her mother, who was sufficiently impressed to suit even April. "My little girl—to think that you—a man like that—if Papa were only alive to see—"

April had insisted that her mother live with them. "I'm all Mother has in the world, you know," she had explained in her best shy and naive manner. "She has always done everything for me—gone without, sacrificed so much since—since we lost our money. We have never been separated even for one day."

They were to be married in Berger's church—the largest church in Hollywood. With the stolidness with which Berger did everything he had established church affiliations immediately on coming to Hollywood and he gave liberally to his church each year. The church did not represent the religion of his forefathers—nor did this worry him. After all, does it make any difference how you worship God?

Shopping then—a frenzy of getting ready—and Lawrence didn't know!

The day of the wedding—a correct "high noon" wedding, of course, with breakfast at the Berger home afterwards: There was to be nothing in the papers until after the wedding, though photographers were to be there to get photographs of the bride and groom—and of the guests as well. Waking up. "Get up, Honey, don't you know what day this is?" Flowers there already. Berger telephoning to see how she felt. Bathing—dressing in the new clothes. There'd be more things later. She'd just let him buy her a few—so he'd see what a little darling she was.

Then—the telephone. It was Lawrence. April trembled as she answered it. If she could only show Lawrence that he could keep on seeing her, even if she were married! That would make everything all right. After all, she couldn't give up Lawrence—but Lawrence alone, without luxury—Lawrence only—and Lawrence's salary, nothing else—that would be impossible. Especially when she had this chance—marriage—and Berger—

"Hello, Lawrence," she said in her most cooing voice. "I've—I've something to tell you. It's—it's important—but I don't want it to come between us, Dear. I—I won't be here tonight. I'm—I'm going away. I'll telephone you—in a day or two."

"Going away? What do you mean?" asked Lawrence. Then he added, "Martin, here at the bank, told me that your name had been mentioned over at the Four Star Films. His girl works over there and told him—"

"Yes, that's what it's about, Lawrence. About the films—I'm—"

"Tell me, Honey. What is it, quick? Is it just nonsense, their talking? Have you got your chance? I know it won't make any difference, honest—any difference between us—if you succeed."

"Of course it won't, Darling. I'm so glad you see that. I was awfully afraid you wouldn't understand. Nothing can separate us, can it? Nothing at all?"

"Of course not, Honey. Why are you so excited? Come on, tell me—"

"It's—it's—Lawrence, I'm going to—to be married!"

April never exactly remembered what happened. She knew that Lawrence hung up the receiver. She tried to get him back—tried and tried—until the black limousine came. She knew that she left the telephone with a curious feeling that things had dropped—something was gone—an empty feeling. Everything wasn't coming out the way she had planned. Why, she hadn't planned this at all. Lawrence acting this way! She had Arnold Berger—and his immense home and servants—and stardom! Why, it was Lawrence with whom she had planned things. Lawrence and a little Hollywood bungalow—lots of pleasant times together and now—

Oh, well, Lawrence would come back. If not, there'd be others. Still—Why, it must be Lawrence. Why, it was Lawrence she loved and here she was marrying someone else—Arnold Berger. She only half believed it was true. She talked to her mother. They'd have everything—the Berger estate—cars—money.

"Mother always knew her baby would make a grand catch," her mother had said.

Her white dress. The church. People. Berger's friends. Music. White flowers. "She looks like a little flower herself." The altar. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here—" Why, Berger really was—marrying her. Married to Arnold Berger. A star! April Morning! Married. Lawrence—Lawrence... "We must see a lot of each other—" "Never met before—" Little nothings murmured nicely. Married to Arnold Berger!

They didn't go away on a honeymoon. Too much work at the studio just then. Later, when they had time—Europe—New York.

Berger's kisses—his arms—her husband.

The next morning, between scenes at the studio, April managed to get away to telephone to Lawrence. He didn't answer his telephone and she was told that "He is not in." In the

afternoon she tried to get him again but with no success. Two days later she tried again. It became more difficult for her to get away even to go to a telephone. It wasn't exactly as if she were being watched but somehow the opportunity didn't arise. It was hard to explain why she had to telephone to anybody. Who was there to telephone to?

April knew all of the calls from "the lot" went out from the main switchboard in the big office. What if they were taking notes on who telephoned? She'd go out to a near-by drug store on some pretext or other—try to telephone there. Lawrence wouldn't come to the telephone. She wrote him a note, begged him to see her so she could "explain." She never saw Lawrence again.

The luxury of Berger's establishment closed in about her. She became as accustomed to servants, to her own car, to the routine of the studio as she had ever been first to Waterford, then to the tiny Hollywood apartment—as she had dreamed she could be to riches. She had no affairs with young men. There were no young men to have affairs with. All the men with whom she came in contact—directors, stars, hangers-on at the studio—were too awed by Berger—by his success—to have more than a formal conversation with his pretty wife.

Besides, Berger wove a web of protection around April. He did not suspect her—but then, you can't tell. It doesn't pay to trust any woman. He saw to it that she never had a moment alone with any man. Even at formal dinners and parties April was under Berger's surveillance every minute.

Usually they left together in the morning for the studio. When Berger had to go early or when April did not have to go at all she had the feeling that his very excellent servants would report the least change of routine to him.

Breakfast in bed—carefully selected so that she wouldn't gain weight. A drive to the studio or on the boulevard. Solemn sentences of no particular interest. Futile, meaningless flatteries. Working on a set or on location all morning. Luncheon and a short nap in the little bungalow on the set that Berger had made for April—as nice as any bungalow on the lot, too. More work. A drive back to Beverly Hills. A short nap. Dressing for dinner. A formal dinner, either at home or at the home of one of the other important people in the moving-picture world. Perhaps a picture opening or a private showing. Or an occasional visit to the theater or a party.

If there was nothing to do, they spent the evening at home. They didn't have to go out in a search for pleasure. They could always have one of the newest movies or the newest rushes right on their own motion-picture screen in the basement—a charming miniature theater. Of course there was the pool for swimming but Berger was too old for the pool, he felt, and April had never learned to swim. She didn't like the water, anyhow, so they always avoided putting water stuff in her own pictures.

April Morning and Arnold Berger—always together. Together at parties. Together at theater. Together at restaurants and the beaches. Together in their own home.

As it should be, of course! You can see for yourself—can see their pictures in all of the motion-picture magazines. If it is stretching a point to call their beautiful Beverly Hills home a "love nest" it really isn't stretching anything to say that they act, always, like "a pair of lovers." Even their servants—and, after all, aren't servants the best judges of the Master and Mistress?—say they never quarrel—and they repeat stories about how attentive Berger is to his lovely bride—and how loving and gracious she always is in return.

When you—and the other fans—see photographs of "The Star at Home" you know full well why April is starred—and on her own particular account—in certain types of film stories—stories like her own life—stories in which young love comes true—stories in which romance triumphs over realism and where there is no sacrifice too great for youth and love.

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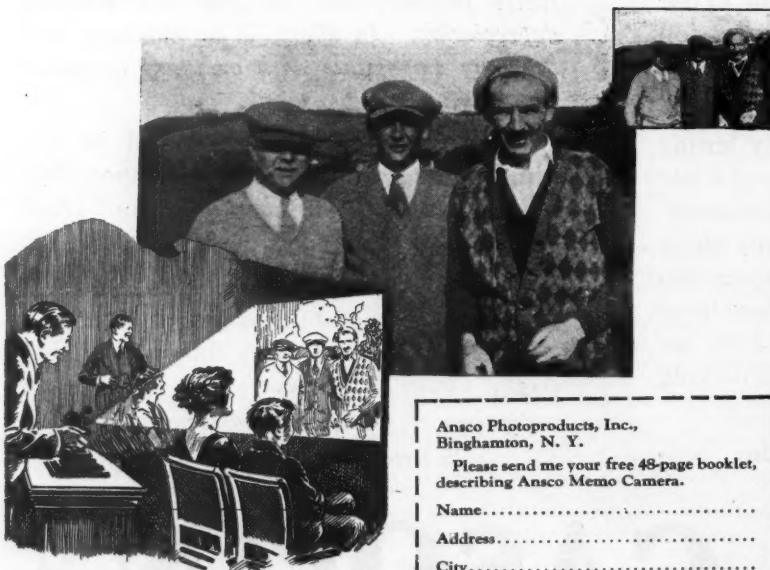
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The Love of a Loafer

(Continued from page 97)

also as a protection from Madge—if he had given Madge that notion.

"Julia's got to marry me the first thing tomorrow morning," resolved Dickie.

He crossed the street and entered the door of the establishment over which Julia presided, midway in the block—"Mme. Julie" was the sign on the window, and it was the office of a laundry, both hand and steam. Julia Martin, manager and half owner of the business, had discovered that there is, for some strange reason, a commercial advantage attached to a French name in New York City. And so, when she took charge, she became "Julie Martin."

With her dark hair, and clean-cut aquiline features, and glowing eyes, she did not look unlike the Frenchwomen who manage small businesses so successfully, although she was handsomer than the average run of them. She sometimes amused herself by affecting a French accent and turns of speech with her patrons. But not with Dickie; for Dickie she was frankly Julia Martin, originally a Poughkeepsie girl, and now a New York business woman very proud of her success.

And well she might be, for she had resolutely battled her way onward from bookkeeper to half-ownership in ten years. She was especially proud of the hand-laundry side of the business, and of her reputation for dealing with fine fabrics as they should be dealt with.

She was behind the cashier's desk as Dickie entered, and she gave him a smile that was at once warm and quizzical.

"Julia," he said, without preamble, "I want you to marry me tomorrow."

Her smile, as she answered him, became even more quizzical. "I've got too much sense for that, Dick," she said, "and I've told you so a dozen times since Christmas."

Being fond of Richard Peters was one of the few weaknesses Julia had allowed herself in her very busy life. In the three years she had known him, and sometimes yearned over him as if he were a wild and engaging boy, and occasionally gone about with him to theaters and cabarets, she had always succeeded in concealing from him the real depth of her affection. Julia had a heart—but she had a head, too. And Dickie—well, you've known Dickie for several pages now, and you can see very well why he really wouldn't do.

"I'll get a job," said Dickie.

"Come in sometime," said Julia, "and tell me you've had a job for a year—the same job—and maybe I'll talk it over with you!"

"You're a mercenary wash-woman," said Dickie, "and you have no idea whatever of romance or passion or the finer things of life."

"Mercenary!" laughed Julia. "Look here!" And she led him to a small back office, opened a filing case, and extracted therefrom a bill—his own bill. He saw with astonishment that he owed her \$167.50.

He would have been still more astonished if he had known that on three different occasions during the past year Julia had gone into the hand-laundry side of her establishment, after work hours, and washed and done up his shirts with her own hands; and that she always personally kept his buttons sewed on. Not for worlds would Julia have had him guess this.

"You haven't paid me a cent since the first time you proposed to me, and I think that's the real reason you proposed," she gibed. "Do you get your meals the same way?"

They were out of eye-shot from the street, and Dickie, suddenly overwhelmed by her warm-blooded nearness, threw his arms about her and kissed her on her red mouth. For an instant she seemed yielding to him, yielding richly—and then she recovered herself and pushed him away.

"Don't," she said. "It's not quite a square deal—when you know I can't marry you."

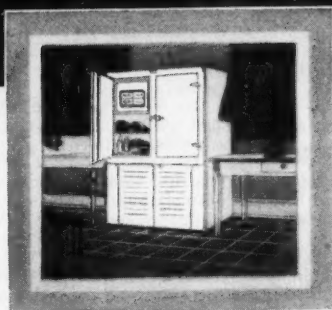
"But you can!" said he.

"Listen, Dick," she said seriously. "I'm



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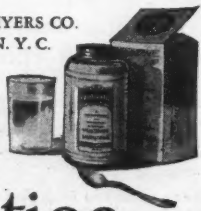
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fond of you—you know that. But I—well, I can't afford you! If I were worth a million dollars, I might take a chance—or even a hundred thousand. But as it is, you'd be too expensive a luxury."

Dickie flushed. But he did not answer angrily.

"I was worth a hundred thousand dollars once," he said thoughtfully. It was the solemn truth. Dickie had really been that much ahead of the game at one time. "I wonder what I did with it," he murmured. For it had gone from him in less than a year. His face getting still redder, he moved towards the door.

"Come back here—don't go away mad!" she cried.

"You're right about me—I'm not worth a hoot; and I probably couldn't support a wife," said Dickie, pausing nevertheless. "But just the same, you ought to know I wouldn't be supported by one. When I said I'd get a job, I meant it." Then he suddenly became angry, and spoke without realizing that his anger was more at himself than at her. "If you had a million dollars, you could go to blazes before I'd propose to you," he said, "and you know it, too, Julia!"

Her anger answered his own.

"Be a fool!" she blazed. "That's right—be a fool! You know very well, Dick Peters, that I don't care about money, any more than you do! When I marry, I'll marry a man that's got hold of his life—you get me? A man!"

Anger did not answer her again. A sudden humility and dejection descended upon Dickie. Then he mumbled: "I'm going home and take a warm bath."

Julia watched him out. "Warm bath? What did he mean by that?" she asked herself, staring after him.

And then the proprietress of Mme. Julie's establishment ceased to be an efficient business woman for a while. She threw herself into a chair and cried and sobbed—and sobbed and cried again.

But Dickie, as he crossed the street, was smitten with a vision that kept him from indulging himself in that warm bath. What he saw in front of him was a face, a face floating as it were, a face detached from time and space and all surroundings, drifting independently. It was a man he had been with last evening and it gave Dickie something to go on.

He went through the rest of his route with the question upon his lips: "Was I in here last night with a dark-complexioned, sleek-looking young fellow about thirty years old, with a big Roman nose and black hair plastered down tight to his head with this slick-em stuff?"

And in no less than four different places the answer was: "Dickie, you was!" not including two places in which the answer was: "Dickie, you were!"

It was the prominent nose which had emerged first from the mists into consciousness—a nose large and strong-looking and heavy enough, Dickie thought, to pull any head and body after it. His query finally changed to: "Say, was I in here last night with a fellow with a nose?" And he was gratified to perceive that that was all he need say—just "a nose." He had been to at least a dozen places with that nose.

Dickie got another notion. He said to himself, "If this bozo with the nose comes to life for me because of the few little drinks I've had, why not take a few more little drinks and get into just the same condition I was in when I was with him? Then, no doubt, I will remember who he is and what we talked about."

After about the third little drink he began to admire himself greatly for the notion. He was sitting in a tea-room when this admiration struck him, with two acquaintances, and they were imbibing gin cocktails from teacups.

"What the world needs," said Dickie, "is the application of psychology to the practical business of detecting crime. The creation of a bunch of psychological detectives—men who are skilled in mind-reading, in all varieties of

thought transmission, in telepathy, in the exploration of the subconscious as well as the conscious mind. A psychological sleuth!"

"Why, with a few scientists at my disposal I could organize a bureau right here in New York City, the like of which has never existed on the face of the earth before, and this would be just the time to do it. There has never been an era in the history of the world, in any city of the world, when there has been so much crime as there is in New York City today. Crime that needs detection badly. There is a million dollars in it—let me show you."

With a soft lead-pencil and the back of a bill of fare Dickie was soon engrossed in making a million dollars once more.

"You see, these detectives," said Dickie, "these superior, trained, scientific, telepathic sleuths will even know what crimes the criminal element intend to commit before they have committed them, by getting into touch with them telepathically. It will be the greatest crime prevention agency that the world has ever seen. We should be able to sell our services at a high figure to every corporation in New York City; banks and jewelry stores will simply have to have us. What we need is some capital to organize our corporation. Somebody's got to go into Wall Street right away and get hold of the capital—"

And then he paused, his pencil in the air.

"Wall Street!" he said and gave a whoop.

He stuck the pencil in his pocket and without a word to his prospective partners in the Psychological Detective Agency, he walked from the tea-room, and that promising enterprise perished then and there.

"Wall Street!" With that word there had been another click in Dickie's mind.

Now he remembered whom the nose belonged to! It was the nose of that spectacular young Wall Street operator, Theodore Jarvis. All the world is aware of the sensational rise of Theodore Jarvis, from messenger boy to a great stock exchange operator, and the details do not need to be repeated here.

Jarvis! It was Jarvis whom he had met in Madge Elder's dressing-room last night, and they had gone away together to get a drink. They had planned something—planned something together—but what was it?

Dickie sat with this problem for half an hour, but the secret resolutely refused to emerge any further into the light of day. And then the notion came to Dickie that might have come to many more commonplace persons half an hour sooner; the notion of calling up Mr. Jarvis on the telephone. He was lucky enough to catch him before the great young man left his office for the day. But Jarvis did not recall ever having met any Richard Peters.

"Don't you remember what we talked about last night?" said Dickie, wishing to heaven that he himself could remember it. "After we left Madge Elder's dressing-room? Certainly you must remember it!"

"Oh," said Jarvis, "so we met in Madge Elder's dressing-room?" Then, with reluctance: "Well, come on down and I'll see you."

Dickie was into the subway and out again and into a large office-building in the financial district as rapidly as the Interboro could manage it for him.

Mr. Jarvis proved to be a rather pleasant-looking chap in spite of his salient proboscis and narrow forehead. But he seemed a little worried when he received Dickie.

He looked long at him. "You say I met you in Madge Elder's dressing-room? I knew I met somebody there, but I don't remember you."

It was evident to Dickie that if it had not been for the mention of Madge Elder he would not have got to see Mr. Jarvis at all. Mr. Jarvis looked, in fact, a little suspicious of him. Dickie risked everything on one remark:

"You don't mean to say," he said, "that you have forgotten what we talked about?"

Mr. Jarvis was blunt. "I don't remember talking with you about anything, Mr. Peters."

"But you couldn't have forgotten a thing of that importance!" protested Dickie.

"I didn't know what careless washing could do"

"The twin sons of my dearest friend insist upon dressing exactly alike. Recently they announced rebelliously that the soft blue sweaters I had given them for their birthday did not match. While one had been washed the other had not—and the washed sweater had shrunk and faded badly.

"When their mother showed me the two little garments I was amazed to find that careless washing could make such a difference. The laundress had rubbed one poor little sweater with cake soap and quite ruined it. Fortunately the sweater could be duplicated. . . . Since then both sweaters have been washed in Lux a number of times and they are still soft and beautifully blue—to the pride and delight of the twins." Mrs. M. R. Lee, 2801 Park Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

In Minneapolis 75% of the women questioned
on washing woolens use Lux

Two letters selected from the
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Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

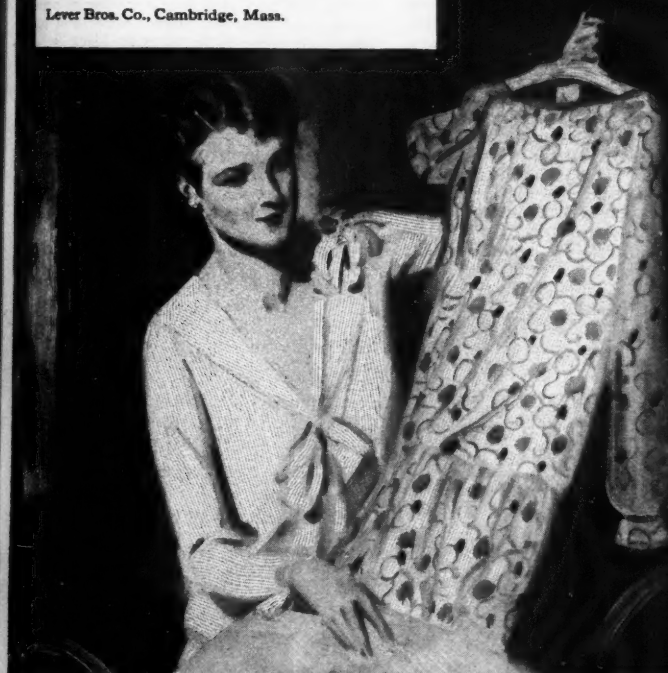


"So new-looking I couldn't believe my eyes"

"Late in the spring I found a perfectly darling printed silk marked down to nothing at all! A close friend was with me when I bought it. And with me later when a passing motor car splashed muddy water all over it. Of course I was furious and almost gave the dress away when I got home.

"But it was so becoming I decided to save it instead. It seemed just the moment to test what you say about LUX! So I washed it and put it away clean when I went on my vacation camping trip. When I came home I got the dress out again—and I couldn't believe my eyes. It looks smarter than ever and the silk is as lustrous and fresh as it was when new. My friend says it looks even better!" Mrs. Karl McCormick, 80 Chatham Drive, Buffalo, N. Y.

95% of the women interviewed in Buffalo wash
precious fabrics in Lux
—most of them use the
BIG package



If it's safe in water , , it's just as safe in Lux



"Mr. Peters," said Mr. Jarvis, "I never discuss matters of importance with perfect strangers."

"But we weren't perfect strangers, you know," said Dickie. "We were both friends of Madge Elder and we got better and better acquainted as the evening went on. We got terribly friendly as we had more and more drinks together."

Mr. Jarvis looked at him, still in silence for a moment, and then in cold dignity delivered himself of this declaration:

"Mr. Peters, I never drink. Probably you were drinking yourself last evening, Mr. Peters, and talked this important matter over with somebody else."

Dickie felt somewhat humiliated and more than a little angry. He was conscious that the liquor he had drunk himself that day was diffusing an odor around Mr. Jarvis's business office, and he felt he was rapidly declining, in Mr. Jarvis's estimation, to the status of the visionary and the souse.

"Mr. Peters," said Jarvis, "what is this important thing that you fancy you talked over with me last evening?"

There it was! What was it?

Dickie stared long at Jarvis in silence, hoping for even the slightest inspiration, but it did not come. And in another moment he was being gently eased out of Jarvis's office.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Peters," said Jarvis with chilly politeness.

On the pavement outside the office-building, Dickie stood and stared upward between the great buildings at the cold, cruel sky. He had no doubt now that millions had been within his grasp. He had lost them forever. He had lost them because he was a waster, a drunkard, a ne'er-do-well. It served him right. Julia had been right. He wasn't a man!

It would have interested him greatly if he could have seen Mr. Jarvis in the room he had just left, staring at the wall, and could have heard his murmured meditations.

"So that," said Mr. Jarvis, "so that is the bird I was drunk with last evening! My Lord, what did I say to him? Could I have told him—but no! I can't imagine myself getting stewed enough to pass a tip like that out to a stranger! He didn't know! If he had he would have come through with it!"

Maybe, Dickie reflected, he really hadn't talked with Jarvis about anything important the night before. Probably he hadn't. It was just the idea of being with Jarvis that had inflamed and disordered his imagination. He humbly confessed to himself that he was like that—easily inflamed. Probably, after all, the thing that he had been trying to remember was that he had got himself engaged to Madge Elder. Well, anyhow, he thought, Julia couldn't have anything to say to that now! Julia was through with him. He might as well call Madge up and find out the worst. He went into a telephone-booth.

"Madge," he said, warily, "I suppose a lot of people have been congratulating you."

"Only two or three people know about it yet, Dickie," answered Madge's musical voice. "And see here, don't you tell, either, until I say you can. A girl wants to be the first to announce her own engagement!"

"All right, Madge," he said, with a sinking heart. So he was engaged to Madge Elder! And then, because he was a chivalrous soul, and fundamentally game, he said: "You know I've always been just simply crazy about you, Madge, old dear!"

There was a melodious tinkle of laughter from Madge. "You old sweetie!" she said, smacked a kiss into her end of the telephone connection, laughed again and hung up.

Well, here it was, out at last! The important thing that had happened the night before was, after all, that he had got himself engaged to Madge Elder. And Julia—but he wouldn't let himself think about Julia. He was miserable. How could he face Madge? He couldn't. He sent her a box of flowers, and a note saying that he would be out of town for ten days.

"Ten days will give me time to think," he said.

But the next ten days were a miserable period for Dickie. He had losses at poker. He had losses at craps. He had losses at the grand old game of keeping one's self-respect. He arose one morning and found nothing clean to put on—neither socks, underwear nor shirts. There must be at—at—well, at the laundry—quite a bundle of things. And, he calculated, the bundle should have been back yesterday. He had the janitor up.

"Sure there isn't a bundle of my laundry sticking around somewhere, George?" he inquired of the colored man.

"No, Sah," said George. "It came ovah yest'day f'om Madame Julie's, and they wouldn't leave it without the money—said it was C. O. D.—and I didn't have the change myself, Mr. Peters." And then, sympathetically: "Dey nevah done dat befo', Mr. Peters—ain't no way to treat a gen'man!"

"Oh!" said Dickie. "All right!" He felt hurt. Sorry for Julia, he told himself. He had never thought it possible there could be anything petty about her—but this was petty. Because she must know, she certainly knew, that she had practically all his things in her possession.

What was that bill of hers? Somewhere on the road towards \$200. Very well, he would borrow the money and pay it—pay it at once.

It was three hours before he was able to achieve the total sum, from different sources. And while he was collecting it, he also collected something else—inadvertently; to wit, a job.

"I need a press-agent, Dick," one of his friends, a theatrical producer, told him, "and I wonder if you can help me out."

Here it was again—a job! Dick reflected, and all the vicissitudes of his checkered career raced past his inner vision. Suddenly he felt a real, a genuine yearning for a job—almost any kind of job. For something stable and regular and commonplace.

"All right, Billy, I'll take it," he said. And there was a note of something like gratitude in his voice. He didn't even ask what the salary would be—he could trust Billy to do the fair thing about that. What he was after was the feeling of solid ground under his feet again. Under his *spiritual* feet, if you get the idea.

"Well," he said to himself, "I guess I'll have to quit being a kid sometime."

It was in this sobered mood that he stood before Julia again, with the money to pay the bill. "I'll pay the whole thing, Julia," he said.

"You don't need to, Dick, if it isn't convenient right now," said Julia. And then she laughed: "I held out on you—all your things—because I wanted to see you, and I thought you were too sore to come in unless you had to."

"It's all right, Julia—I'll pay it now, and take the big bundle there home with me."

"You'll need it; you'll need something clean to get married in," said Julia.

Dickie groaned. "Who told you?" he asked.

"A little bird," replied Julia.

"I suppose it's all over town," said Dickie, in deep dejection.

"I haven't told anyone but you," said Julia.

"You haven't?" said Dickie, in genuine wonderment.

"Wake up, Stupid!" cried Julia. "I'm telling you that I'm going to marry you."

And she threw her arms around him.

What can a man do under such circumstances? What a man can do, that Richard did!

"We'll get married tomorrow," said Julia.

"And the day after that, you're going to work. I've got a job for you."

"I've got a job for myself, Julia," he said, "and I'm going to work this afternoon."

He smiled at himself as he caught a note of pride in his announcement. "Before we get married!"

She looked at him almost as a mother might look at a son—and yet there was something more than that in her regard, too; something more and something vitally different.

"I—I—I love you, Dick!" she said. "And I want to live with you. I—I—I just couldn't keep my hands off you any longer!"

During the next two minutes he didn't try to make her, either. And then he suddenly laughed. She looked her inquiry.

"I was just thinking of Madge Elder," he explained. "I got myself engaged to her, you know."

"You did?" Julia looked puzzled. From the counter she took an afternoon paper. "Then," she said, "she must have broken the engagement pretty quickly!"

He read the front-page story announcing that Madge Elder, the actress, had been united in the holy bonds of matrimony—her fifth venture—with Theodore Jarvis, the well-known Wall Street operator, that morning.

"So that's the bird she was engaged to, and not me!" said Dickie.

"Richard! Richard! You certainly do need a boss!" cried Julia. And then, "This man Jarvis—" She paused; interrupted herself. Dickie waited. "Promise me that you'll marry me, no matter what I tell you," she said.

"I promise."

"Nothing can keep you from it?"

"Tomorrow, as sure as the sun rises," said Dickie.

"Even if I should turn out to have been a desperate adventurous gambler at one time in my career?"

"I'd like you the better for it."

"Even if I should turn out to be a wealthy woman?"

"Even then—I've got no pride any more. I'm licked."

"Well, then," said Julia, "I am a wealthy woman—and this man Jarvis has something to do with it." She reached under the counter and pulled out a soiled table-cloth and spread it before him. "The steam laundry does a lot of business for the restaurant and tea-rooms in this neighborhood," she said, "and this table-cloth came in, with a lot of other things, the day after you were last here. I was over at the plant that day—where we do the washing—and as luck would have it I saw this table-cloth and got interested in it. Look!"

It was, in effect, a map of a pleasant hour, that table-cloth. It was stained with cigarette ashes, and it was stained with the marks of glasses, and part of it was a medley of pencil scrawls and sketches. One profile of a face stood out trenchantly, in soft black pencil strokes—Jarvis, unmistakably Theodore Jarvis, with his salient nose and narrow forehead and sleeked-back hair. And under it was written "Jarvis."

Dickie began to get excited; he began to remember—everything! "Jarvis says—Jarvis says"—he recognized his own handwriting—"Jarvis says—Midland Express—straight tip from Jarvis—buy Midland Ex.—straight tip—Jarvis says big deal—Mid. Ex.—let loose at—Mid. Ex. up—let loose at 110—Jarvis—straight tip—" Over and over.

This was it! Dickie looked at his own scrawls, speechless. Then he told her.

"Well," said Julia, "I played it! I hocked the laundry and shot the works! Margins! And I did what they call pyramiding—and I let loose at a hundred and ten! And we're worth a quarter of a million dollars today!"

He blessed her for the "we"—and he felt, all things considered, entitled to a certain measure of inclusion.

"But just the same, Dick," she said, "you'll keep that job—and I'll keep the laundry."

But Richard was immersed in figures. He had drawn towards him a stiff-bosomed dress shirt that was lying on the counter, freshly and finely laundered, and with the stub of a soft pencil was busy organizing the Hand and Steam Laundry Trust—a gigantic amalgamation!

"Millions in it—millions in it," he murmured happily.

But Julia took him tenderly and firmly by the ear and separated him from this sudden splendid dream. "No, Richard," she said, "you're not going to spend this afternoon that way—you've got a job, and you're going right out of here and get busy at it. Now!"

And Richard smiled and went.

A Regular Fellow by Royal Brown

(Continued from page 85)

had assured her forcibly. "Why, if it wasn't for you—why, you know—"
"Know what?" she had prompted.
"That if it wasn't for you I'd bust," he had exploded.

It was in her father's workshop that Sally met his new acquaintances. Not the bankers or merchant princes among whom her mother had visioned him taking place, but the village riffraff. Such as, for instance, the mechanically inclined young Swede who, after Sally had twice been observed riding with him, had been identified as a second chauffeur on a neighboring estate.

"But he wanted to see how the super-charger on my engine worked," Sally had protested. "And how could I show him unless I took him riding?"

That was the sort of thing her mother had to be ready to deal with at any time, as she was prepared to deal with it this morning when, in the living-room, she turned and faced her husband.

"Will you please tell me," she demanded frigidly, "just what you were up to this morning?"

"Well, you see, Emmeline," he began, "Mark dropped in a couple of weeks ago to ask about that jigger of mine and—"

"Mark?" repeated his wife, eyebrows lifted. "Mark who?"

Sally's father hesitated. In his eyes was that slippery, evasive look that his wife well knew. But she was determined he should not evade her. Her eyes held his, relentlessly.

"I just don't know his whole name—to say it out," he apologized. "It's one of those spaghetti names, you know."

"Just who and what is he?" she demanded. Again that maddening flicker of hesitation.

"Why, I guess he's what they call a wop, Emmeline. But—hastily—"he's a darn nice fellow just the same. He knows a lot about automobiles and airplanes. That was a glider he was explaining to us this morning—"

"May I ask why you call him Mark?" interrupted his wife.

"Why, that's sorta American for his first name, I guess. I'll get his name straight if you're interested."

"I'm not," she snapped. "Will you tell me why you had to introduce him to Sally?"

"Introduce him to Sally? I didn't. She just happened to be around."

And that was the beginning of one more bad quarter of an hour for Samuel Middletown. "Woosh!" he breathed when his wife departed.

In the meantime the tall, personable young foreigner, having assisted the gardener in removing the wrecked glider from the terrace, had turned to Sally. Her nose had swollen a little, but he seemed not to notice that.

"I must go to Detroit," he announced. "And I am sorry—very."

"It's not a bad trip," Sally reassured him calmly.

She offered him her slim, competent hand. It was a bit grubby at the moment, but he did not seem to notice that.

"I hope I may see you again soon," he said, his eyes meeting hers for the fraction of a second before, bending his fine young head, he kissed her fingers.

This took her by surprise and she wasn't at all sure she liked it. It was such a silly thing for a man to do. A foreign custom, of course. She was like her father, hopelessly provincial—her mother's phrase—in her preference for things American. And yet—she was still considering that "yet" when her father appeared.

"Where's Mark?" he demanded.

"He just went," she explained. And added, "What happened?"

Her father knew what she meant. "I guess," he retorted, with a wry grin, "that I don't rightly know. I feel kind of like the fellow who when he came to in the hospital said that he

was driving along peaceful and when he saw the train, blew his horn politely to let it know he was coming, but the darned thing didn't pay any attention."

Sally grinned. Then: "I suppose she wanted to know where you picked him up," she said. "Did—you tell her?"

"Well—not exactly. I just sort of let out that he was a wop but a regular fellow when you got to know him."

"Wop!" echoed Sally indignantly, and then bit her lip. She was silent for a second. Then: "If Mother learns the truth she'll murder you."

"Maybe so. But as they used to say when I was a boy, it's a long worm that has no turning—and I'm just about plumb ready to turn. If I'd known that darned invention of mine was going to land me in all this—"

He turned, cocked an eye toward the southern façade of all the magnificence of which he was presumptive owner.

"I reckon that the man who wouldn't be happy with a place like that would be discontented in jail even," he remarked. "Guess I must be as ornery as your mother says."

As ornery, he might have put it, as her mother was proclaiming him at that moment. To Victoria who, of recent years, had adopted the habit of partaking of a Continental breakfast in bed at eleven.

Lackadaisically she listened to her mother's résumé of the morning's crop of annoyances.

"Well, if you're asking my advice," she commented, "you know what it is. We could easily live abroad, you know."

She let it drop there. It was part of her pose never to urge anything strongly. She was twenty-four and had been presented to society at eighteen. At the time her debut had seemed to presage wonderful things. They had failed to come. She had, at times, even suffered the torture meted out to those who, at dances, lack partners.

This had reddened her eyes unbecomingly then in spite of her mother's vehement reassurances.

"It's just because you're finer than the other girls," the latter half comforted, half raged. "You aren't common—you don't pet and cheapen yourself."

At first that had seemed poor balm to Victoria. No sophisticate then, she had had a healthy desire to be sought out. At the beginning of what would have been her second season her mother had taken her abroad. There Victoria had discovered that American girls were really considered crude, lacking in culture and distinction. She had set herself to the task of acquiring both. As a superior, protective veneer—though she had not realized that.

It had not proved difficult. One wore odd, arresting costumes, had a special shingle designed for one's type. One read not popular novels, but only the books the intelligentsia talked about. One lifted one's plucked eyebrows at the mention of any native author and one agreed with anybody European that anything American was quite impossible.

One might have wondered why Victoria chose to live in America. She didn't. Nor did her mother. They would have preferred to live abroad. But Samuel Middletown emphatically preferred not to.

"No siree bob!" he had announced, with the absolute finality that was occasionally at his command. "If you think I'd live where a man can't talk to anybody but frog-eaters you're everlastingly mistaken."

Which had ended the matter for him. But not for Victoria.

"I don't see the slightest reason in the world why his wishes should rule you," Victoria had calmly assured her mother. "A divorce could be easily arranged for—and secured in Paris."

"Victoria!" her mother had gasped. She was, after all, not without certain inbred Connecticut inhibitions.

"Why not?" Victoria had persisted. "You have not a taste in common. You can't change

him. And it does seem that you owe something to me."

Her mother knew what she meant. Abroad, Victoria had never lacked attentions. Both a French count and a Russian prince had been obviously much intrigued by Victoria—or at least by something about her. To Mrs. Middletown it had been made clear that Victoria could either be a countess in France or a princess in Russia. She had been dazzled, yet kept her head.

"Europe is full of penniless adventurers," she had reminded herself fearfully. "One should make investigations first."

The trouble was that she did not know how to set about investigating. As a result, both suitors, left desolate, had murmured something about coming to America. So Mrs. Middletown, swelling with pride, had reported to her husband. He had always been partial to Sally and it had been her chance to make him see that half the nobility of Europe—this being the impression she gave—admired Victoria beyond words.

But Mr. Middletown's reaction was purely personal. He had visions of the house being filled with lords and dukes. After a time he rested easier.

"I guess they couldn't dig up the price of a trip over," he told Sally, in his crude American way.

Of course Victoria and her mother had been abroad since. Enough to realize what could be accomplished there. If, that is, they could establish themselves permanently, achieve a Continental background.

This was always in their thought and it was that to which Victoria referred this June morning.

Mrs. Middletown hesitated. Then her lips set uncompromisingly. "I shall at least offer this place for sale," she announced. "It has become impossible—thanks to your father. I will not tell him that I would prefer a separation, but it will amount to that. We will go abroad for an indefinite period. He, of course, will stay in America." She rose. "I will speak to him now—at once," she promised.

But that proved impossible. Mr. Middletown, she discovered, had gone off with Sally. Presumably to his workshop. They were neither of them present at luncheon or visible during the afternoon, and dinner was being served when they finally appeared.

"I have decided," said Mrs. Middletown at once, "to close this place and offer it for sale."

"What's that?" gasped her husband.

"Victoria and I will spend the summer—and probably the winter abroad," she went on, as inexorable as the Delphic sibyl. "Our plans are uncertain—and I assumed that you and Sally would not care to keep this place up just for yourselves."

"You said a mouthful," approved he cordially. "All I ask," he plunged on genially, "is that you don't let Victoria get married to one of those foreign dukes or princes. I—"

He stopped, conscious of gathering electricity. And forked lightning would have lashed at him had not the butler entered at the moment.

"The Marchese della Fiuggi," he announced, as if savoring the title, "presents his compliments and wishes to ask if—"

"The Marchese della—della what?" gasped Mrs. Middletown.

She rose automatically, missing the cold disapproval in the butler's eyes as her own questioned Victoria's. She had no memory of any Marchese della anything met abroad, but surely—

"I guess," her husband announced, in the placatory tone that presaged fear of punishment, "he kind of wants to speak to me, Emmeline."

"To you!" she snorted. "What on earth makes you think—"

"Well, you see, Emmeline," he explained,



According to Titus Livy, who used to say it with epigrams in dear old Padua, experience is the teacher of fools. Titus left this vale of tears nineteen hundred years ago, but the school of experience founded by Eve and her apple addict confederate is still doing business at the same old stand.—from "William Tell" by H. C. WITWER

"No time for Yale took college home" says H. C. Witwer

H. C. Witwer, popular short story writer, confessed that he has acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference and mental calisthenics, you should see the well thumbed pages."

In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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"it's that young feller that was here with the glider this morning. He's sort of a markayzay something or other and I just called him Mark for short, as I told you."

The butler cleared his throat austerely. "The Marchese della Fiuggi," he announced, in the chilliest tone at his command, "wishes to know if he may speak to Miss Sally."

"To—to Sally?" murmured her mother dazedly.

They all looked at Sally. She, helping herself to another roll, buttered it and set her charming teeth into it with relish.

"Tell the Marchese that I'm busy just now," she retorted coolly. "But if he'll stick around I'll see what I can do for him."

Her mother sat down heavily. "Where and when did you meet this Marchese?" she demanded of her spouse.

"Why, he came into the shop a couple of weeks ago," he explained apologetically. "He's sort of a mechanical, too, like I told you."

"And tried to borrow money—asked you to invest in something," she sneered. "How do you know he's a Marchese, anyway?"

"Well, I couldn't go on the stand and swear to it," he confessed. "But he didn't try to borrow anything. He's pretty well fixed himself, I reckon. He just wanted to look over that jigger of mine. He makes cars, you know. They sell for eighteen thousand apiece."

"Why didn't you introduce him to me?" she broke in furiously.

"You sort of didn't give me a chance to," he reminded her. "I—"

He stopped. She had risen from her chair as if pulled by an invisible string. She was going to see this Marchese for herself.

She saw him. In the living-room. He smiled his swift, boyish grin and bending over her fingers, acknowledged her introduction of herself with exquisite grace.

"I have one of my own cars outside," he explained. "I wish very much to show it to your daughter. I am sorry that it is but for two, but if I may have the privilege of taking her for a little ride—"

"Why—of course," fluttered Mrs. Middletown. She gathered herself, smiled bewitchingly. "But you must drop in after your ride," she added. "I want you to meet my other daughter, Victoria. She has been much abroad and she knows your beloved Italy very well. And loves it, too."

"I shall be charmed," he assured her courteously—and glanced past her.

Exquisitely languid, as was her pose, Victoria had drifted in and was registering a wholly specious surprise at finding the room occupied.

"Victoria, I wish to present the Marchese della Fiuggi," said her mother proudly.

The Marchese, she felt, would now have no reason to judge her by her husband or Sally. And immediately she saw that the Marchese was impressed. Surprised, doubtless, that anybody so crude and tomboyish as Sally could claim such a sister as Victoria.

"I wonder," she suggested to Victoria the moment the Marchese had finished expressing his pleasure, "if you would care for a little ride in the Marchese's car." She turned to the Marchese, smiling archly. "You'll have plenty of time—Sally lets nothing hurry her away from the table."

The Marchese said he was charmed. He was helping Victoria into his car, solicitously, when Sally finally appeared in the living-room. "Fast work," commented Sally—and yawned.

She was nowhere in sight when the Marchese and Victoria returned, nor did she appear during the half-hour that Mrs. Middletown held him in conversation. When he finally took his departure Mrs. Middletown turned immediately to her older daughter.

"What do you think of him?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Rather nice," conceded Victoria languidly. But her mother was not to be fooled. Their minds worked together. The Marchese had informed them, with evident regret, that he

must go to Detroit. But he had accepted, with satisfying alacrity, Mrs. Middletown's suggestion that he come to see them on his return. She had forgotten, so soon, that she had planned to sell the place. Her new plan filled a moment of silence. Then:

"Oh, my Lord!" said Victoria. "How impressibly crude!"

This, her mother realized a second later, referred to Sally, visible through the living-room windows. Victoria did not know—and would not have credited it anyway—that Sally had glimpsed the Marchese's car parked in the drive and been irresistibly drawn to it, as she always was to anything mechanical. To Victoria, it seemed as obvious that she had waited for and waylaid the Marchese as it was that, without waiting to be solicitously helped in or even bothering to open the side door, Sally was swinging herself into the car.

"And that," commented Victoria bitterly, "is why all cultured Europeans expect American girls to conduct themselves like coconuts. I'd like"—viciously—"to wring her neck."

And her mother felt almost the same desire as Sally and the Marchese drove away. But second thought provided a ray of reassurance. "At least he can see you're different," she assured Victoria.

The late June dusk was setting in with the first stars peering through. A glow in the east presaged the emergence from the Sound of the moon. Toward that glow the Marchese drove, the motor throbbing softly.

"That's a smooth-running motor," approved Sally. "But then it ought to be—at the price."

He glanced at her but said nothing. The speedometer mounted steadily. It touched sixty and speed became both an intoxicant and a drug. They were silent until a rise of the road gave them a glimpse of the Sound with the moon, an orb of orange, just rising from it, spilling glory with prodigal largesse. At their left was a silvery strip of beach washed by the moon-witched tide.

He turned to her, the speedometer dropping rapidly. "Could we park here?" he asked impetuously. "And just walk a little?"

"But I thought," she protested, "that it was the car I was to see—not the night." Yet she did add, "I'm not sure what the parking rules are—probably they forbid. Still, you might take a chance."

The brakes went on, the car swung to the side of the road. A few seconds later they were on the beach.

Sally drew a deep breath. "It is beautiful," she murmured. "But I suppose—unless you are too polite to—you will assure me that Italy is much more beautiful."

He did not answer her for a moment. "You are very American, aren't you?" he said then, his eyes seeking hers. "What they call—one-hundred-percent American?"

"And that," protested Sally, "is an awful thing to be, I'm told—but I'm afraid I am. I don't mean that I think it's perfect, but—well, I simply can't imagine wanting to live anywhere else. Mother doesn't feel that way—or Victoria. But Father and I—"

"I think," he broke in, "that that is why I admire your father—and you so much. You are so American. You do not seem to think you must excuse it, as so many people do. They seem ashamed and tell me I must forgive America its faults. When I see so few of them—"

"Oh, we have them—lots of them."

"Of course. They tell me there is poverty even here. But one can hardly believe it. Even your shop-girls and your stenographers—they dress and carry themselves like princesses. And they are so charming, too. And your great cities. So many, all in one country: New York—I think of it as even greater than Imperial Rome; Chicago—"

"Gosh—how the newspaper reporters must love you!" observed Sally. "Just the same—you wouldn't want to be American yourself, would you?"

"I wish I might become American enough so that you would approve of me," he answered.

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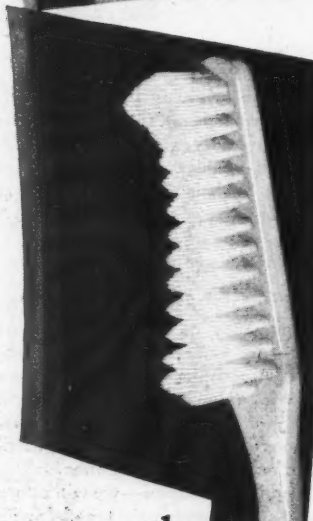
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"What makes you think I don't?" asked Sally.

"Because," he explained, "I know that to you I am but an alien who has come here from another land and will return there and who is, therefore—what is it you say?—nothing in your young life!"

It was true. But that he should have guessed it surprised her. They had seen a great deal of each other these last two weeks, much more than her mother dreamed or even her father realized. He had a boyish enthusiasm for the same things that she liked, he had proved himself a gay and charming fellow experimenter. But he wasn't American.

The most she could say for him was that had he been an upstanding young six-footer named Tommy Jones or something like that, she—well, she'd like him better. A lot, even.

"But you are going back to Italy," was what she said to him now.

"I must—sometime," he admitted. "But—my heart will stay here."

"You—love America that much?" she murmured.

"I love you that much," he replied.

She had not expected this. Or at least not so soon. Yet she wasn't surprised. And an exquisite little thrill ran through her.

"But—but you hardly know me," she reminded him, in a voice that sounded strange to her. "If you did—"

"I should love you that much more," he assured her firmly. "But why need we argue it? It is hopeless, I know."

She risked a glance at him and their eyes met and held. Then he smiled. But the movement of his lips, revealing his strong, beautifully white teeth, was quite different from the boyish grin she was more familiar with.

"Oh—Mark!" she cried impulsively. "If you only were American! Or anything but a Marchese. I simply couldn't be a Marchesa. I should have to become somebody else, become dignified and—"

"I would not have you become anything else," he protested swiftly.

"And live in a palace," she all but waived.

"What you live in now is a palace really," he reminded her. "It is only in America that anybody but the king himself lives in palaces. In Italy—"

"And your people would think me a savage," she plunged on. "As I am."

"I am the head of my own house," he assured her, with swift dignity. "I make my own choice—I am not to be questioned." There he stopped short, remembering that it was not for him to choose after all. "My heart," he amended, "and not my people would have had what you Americans call the say-so. For me there is but one always—she whose hand I kiss now and—in memory, always." And, taking her hand, he placed his lips to it.

The moonlight which drenched land and sea seemed to focus on them and—she caught her breath, unconsciously—to find a focus in him. For, that is, all these vagrant yet irresistible forces that nature so ceaselessly unleashes, which send the birds north in the spring, make roses to bloom in June, arch the stallion's neck and forever cause youth to call to youth.

Especially on a night like this. The sort of night when eyes darken, pulses beat riotously and a new and thrilling significance is given to the most significant of all Biblical verse: "Male and female created He them."

Therein lies all the history of the world. In it is the explanation of why kings and queens risk their crowns and sometimes, even literally, lose their heads, why dynasties fall and why little Miss Ritz elopes with her riding master.

It also explains the impulse which betrayed Sally to him—and to herself.

"You'll—you'll get over it," she said, impetuously, breathlessly. "We both will."

"Both!" he echoed. "You—you don't mean that—that—"

"I don't mean anything of the sort," she lied swiftly, desperately. "I—just mean that—"

She did not finish, could not. Something

had happened to her. And what she might have said would not have mattered anyway because she was, all in a second, in his arms. He had reached out and gathered her in. Just as any hundred-percent American—or any man—must have at such a moment.

And it was not her hand that he kissed this time.

"Will—will we have to live in Italy all the time?" asked Sally piteously—piteously because she knew now, irrevocably, that where he led she must follow.

"In Italy?" he echoed, still holding her tight. "Why, I must go there sometimes, and I hope you will go there with me when I do. If not, my stay will be very brief there."

"But—but your home is there—and your family and your business!"

"It was only of my business that I even thought," he confessed. "At times I must visit my factory where my cars are made. But it is here that they are sold, you know. In Italy, or anywhere abroad, there are few people to pay the price I ask. America is my best market and—"

"You—you mean you will be here most of the time?" she pined.

"Of course. I may even have an American factory soon like—"

"You dear, darned goop!" she breathed. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

"Because I was afraid that even in America you might find me impossible," he replied humbly. Yet his embrace became more masterful and his adoring voice even dared tease her as he added, "I will still be a Marchese in America—your people will not let me forget that if I would."

"Oh, I can stand that," Sally assured him. "It's a defect, of course, but—"

She glanced up at him, under her lashes—and was punished as she deserved. And proved a glutton for punishment, too. The moon had made appreciable progress toward the zenith before either spoke again.

"I suppose," murmured Sally then, in the dreamiest of voices, "that we simply must go back. And—break the news to the family. Gosh—won't it knock Mother's eyes out?"

It did. It was some time before Mrs. Middletown could actually credit it, and even then she couldn't explain it.

But Victoria could—and did. At once.

"They have much in common—including very common tastes," she commented disdainfully. "Imagine anyone who could live anywhere else preferring to live in America!"

But at the moment her mother was not as well attuned to Victoria's thoughts as normally. In fact, she wasn't even listening. "It's a very old and distinguished title, I believe," she remarked thoughtfully. "And—of course we can't go abroad just now after all. Unless Sally would care to go to Paris to select her trousseau. But I don't suppose she would."

"Sally!" sneered Victoria. "She'd as soon be married in riding-breeches. Don't you know her that well by now?"

Sally's mother did. She had dismissed Sally as impossible, washed her hands of her long ago. And yet—well, she did not usually approve of the language in which her husband expressed his emotions, but what he had said when the news was broken ran through her mind, expressing hers.

"Jerusalem the Golden!" Samuel Middletown had exploded. "If Sally marries Mark I suppose she'll be a Markayza. Who'd 'a' think it?"

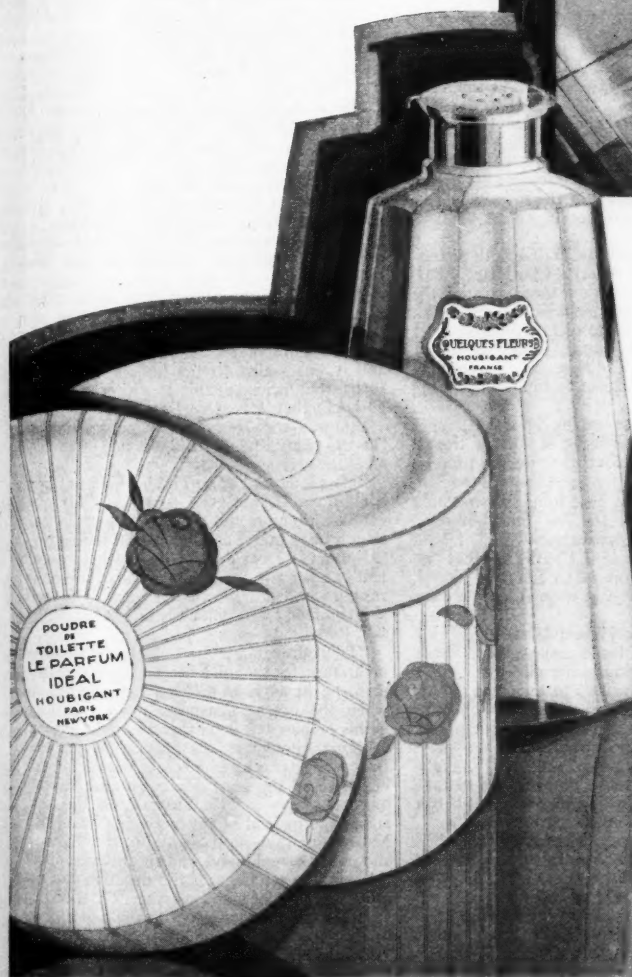
Meanwhile, in the moonlight, the Marchese was saying good night. For the twentieth or thirtieth time.

"I shall not go to Detroit just yet," he assured Sally. And added, just as Tommy Jones might have, "What time can I see you tomorrow?"

"Well," replied the Markayza-to-be, "I usually get up at six and take a swim. If—"

"I," said the Marchese, "will be there with bells on!"

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"All you say is true," said Miss Ada. "We shall meet with many difficulties, but there is Mr. Maxwell."

"Miss Pinkie, who had begun to hum 'Annie Laurie,' stopped suddenly. 'Mr. Maxwell can advise us only about our investments.'"

"The truth is that we know very little about our affairs," said Miss Ada. "Do you think, Charlotte?"

"I have said all I have to say, but you will not listen to me," Miss Charlotte answered. "We are not angry with you, Charlotte," said Miss Ada, bolding out her hand; "Pinkie is not angry with you, nor am I."

"I am glad to hear it, for there's no use being taken aback, Ada," Miss Charlotte replied. "The thing is to find some way out. I don't think anything else will stop him, but I am sorry if I offended you. I know I am always wrong and shall say no more."

"Charlotte!" said Miss Ada. "But what we should like to hear is what put the word marriage into your mind?"

"Why, the dreadful difficulty we are in, of course—what else?"

"Yes, yes, the difficulty; but how do you propose to communicate your wish?—that's what we mean, isn't it, Pinkie?"

"Yes, Ada, Charlotte's wish."

"Not my wish," cried Miss Charlotte, "but to save you and Pinkie—"

"And yourself, Charlotte!"

"Yes, of course," Miss Charlotte answered. "But we fail to see how your wish, for lack of a better word, may be communicated to Trout. Do you propose that we should write to him?"

"No, no, Ada, not write. What we have to propose would seem ridiculous in a letter, and if he refused all three he'd have the letter to show."

"I have always believed Trout to be a strictly honorable man," said Miss Ada.

"So have I," Miss Charlotte answered; "but we are creatures of circumstance, and think what our position in the town would be with our letter in the pocket of the landlord of the George."

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" cried both sisters. "It's very easy to cry 'Charlotte! Charlotte!' but we are within three days of the catastrophe. You ask me what we are to do. We must just tell him to pick and choose."

"It seems a little brutal," said Miss Ada.

"You can put it differently, if you like; you can ask him if he ever thought of marrying one of us."

"There is no use asking him that, for I am sure he never thought of such a thing!" cried Miss Pinkie. "And when do you propose that we should put the question to Trout?"

"He will come up here tomorrow morning to receive orders for the last time but one," said Miss Charlotte defiantly.

"How did you say, Charlotte, that we should make this proposal to Trout?"

"I think the simplest way, Ada, is always the best way."

"The simplest way!" said Miss Ada.

"But which is the simplest way?" Miss Pinkie lisped, speaking to herself.

"Since you are willing to take him, Charlotte," said Miss Ada, "wouldn't it be better that you should put the question?"

"But he may not choose me; he may, and very likely will choose you, Ada, or maybe you, Pinkie. You must be prepared to take him if you are chosen. I think you had better take the lead, Ada, in this matter, too."

"You're very selfish, Charlotte!"

"It will not be me, I am sure of it," said Miss Charlotte. "I wonder what kind of women he likes—blond or dark?"

"How did all this story come to your ears, John—all the talk of the sisters? You prattle it all as if you had it by heart."

"The story has been going round Sandwich

for thirty years or more, sir. I use bits of my own here and there, but I'm telling the story just as I heard it and as everybody else has heard it."

"A legend," said I, "rather than a story, a legend being the work of several, a story the work of one. But continue, John."

"Well, there they were the next morning sitting on the sofa all arow, trying to keep up their courage, Miss Charlotte being not less frightened than the others when it came to the point of popping the question to Trout."

"Which was it, John, that spoke to him?"

"I have always heard, sir, that it was Miss Ada, and that she said: 'Trout, this is our last day together, unless you marry one of us.'"

"Marry one of you!" said Trout.

"We know you never thought of such a thing, Trout, we know you didn't, but we had to think, and after all what is best for all of us must be the right thing to do."

"There's a great deal of wisdom in what you say, miss."

"So, Trout, you are willing to forego the George?"

"Well, miss, I'm so taken aback by what I've just heard that perhaps it would be better for us all to think it over. I will give you my answer the day after tomorrow."

On these words Trout turned round sharply and was about to leave the room, but when he came to the door (this is how he used to tell the story himself), something seemed to speak within him. He returned to the ladies and said: 'I have thought it out. I will.'

"You will take one of us?" said Miss Ada. "Then you will have to choose, Trout."

"Oh, miss!" Trout used to say that his heart seemed to stop beating, and that he stood like a stock before the three Miss Pettigues till at last Miss Ada said:

"Well, which do you choose?"

"Miss Ada's words brought courage to Trout, and he said: 'You do beautiful water-colors, Miss Ada, and Miss Pinkie sings like a lark or Jenny Lind; but I have no thought for such things, and you won't take it amiss if I say that I could do better with Miss Charlotte? You don't mind my frankness?'"

"Not in the least, Trout, not in the least; on the contrary, we admire it," said Miss Pinkie.

"At these words Trout was more embarrassed than before, for he didn't know how to get out of the room, nor did he know in what terms to address his future sisters-in-law; and it was whilst feeling himself the biggest fool in Sandwich, unable to go forward or to go back, that Miss Charlotte said: 'Herbert!'"

"It was the Herbert that woke him up. Trout today, miss; Herbert and Charlotte after the ceremony!"

"Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie could not keep back a smile, and the success of his quip enabled Trout to tell the ladies that the marriage would take place by special license."

"I must have a new dress, for I haven't had one for two years," Miss Charlotte interrupted, "and I'd like to be married in gray silk trimmed with pink ribbons. What do you say, Pinkie?"

"Trout drew himself up. No smile appeared on his face, for though a hearty, communicative man, he knew how to keep his countenance when the occasion required, and the story, as his cronies tell it, is that he spoke without faltering, though it was difficult, saying that he would advise an immediate trip to London in search of the gray silk gown and wedding presents, for— He stopped on the 'for,' and spoke instead of the necessity for silence. Nobody, he said, need be told of the wedding; and nobody would have known anything about it before the ceremony if the question had not arisen on the door-step whether Trout should go to church sitting inside with the ladies, or on the box with the coachman."

"Miss Charlotte was all for his sitting inside with them, but Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie

thought otherwise and the bickering was only brought to an end by Trout pushing his bride inside the phaeton, jumping on the box, and telling the coachman to whip up the horses. After the wedding, of course, the phaeton was waiting at the church door to take the bridal party back to the Red House, and when Trout came out with his bride on his arm Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie whispered to him that they were going to walk home; and they walked on quickly to escape from the gapers and gazers.

"The church isn't more than a couple of hundred yards from the Red House, so Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie arrived not long after the phaeton, which had not yet left the front door. On the steps were Mr. and Mrs. Trout, with the footman and housemaid, and the other servants looking out of the windows, and the joke that's been going round ever since is Miss Charlotte's asking if she was to sleep in the basement with Trout or if Trout was to sleep with her in the bridal chamber.

"I don't believe myself that Miss Charlotte could have put such a question to Trout or to the head housemaid, but there's no saying what a woman without much restraint on her tongue at any time will blurt out in an emergency. If she didn't say it, it was as well invented as those remarks generally are, for it's just what she might have said.

"Hearsay, sir, hearsay, but there's sometimes good truth in hearsay, and never has there been such hearsay about a wedding in Kent as there was about this one. Everybody's tongue was wagging for months; whoever wasn't a prophet was a prophetess. And all agreed on one thing, that Trout wouldn't be able to break with the old habit of backing his fancy for some of the big handicaps. And a number came round to the belief that Trout would waste all his wife's fortune at the George. So long as the marriage was an unhappy one, it didn't seem to matter to anybody how the unhappiness came about.

"But the marriage wasn't unhappy; Trout was loyal to his wife. He never told her to shut up—no disrespectful words of that kind were ever spoken by him. She couldn't keep her tongue quiet, which is to say that Trout didn't get his fifteen hundred a year for nothing; but he never complained, and when his wife died the gossip began again, all the prophets and prophetesses agreeing that he would marry a second time. But which of the sisters would he marry?

"Of course, they all knew that marriage with a deceased wife's sister wasn't legal; but, people said, rather than lose Trout, they'll try it again! And nobody will ever know whether it was the unlawfulness of such a marriage or Miss Ada's ill health that stayed Trout from marrying again into the same family. For him to marry into another family would have been out of the question. Miss Ada and Miss Pinkie couldn't have borne it, and Trout would have been a hard-hearted man if he had brought a stranger into the Red House.

"Miss Ada was taken ill soon after her sister's death; she was an invalid for some years; and Trout continued to serve his sisters-in-law just as he had done when he was their servant, managing everything for them, his conduct never changing during Miss Pinkie's lifetime, though she outlived Miss Ada by many years. It was not until Trout had buried her that the sportsman that was always in him began to break out again.

"Trout was then worth something like five thousand a year, and a man with five thousand a year is not satisfied with backing other people's horses. Though he bet in hundreds, he was not satisfied; he must have a horse of his own. About that time Colonel McAllister's stud was up for sale, fifteen thoroughbreds, mares, yearlings, platers, and chasers, with one galloper amongst them, and it was a great day indeed for Trout, and a great day for Sandwich, when Lady Olympia won the Canterbury Steeplechase. My belief is, sir, that when luck once gets hold of a man

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"You don't believe, then, that a man may catch another's luck?"

"To answer that question, sir, I'd have to know whether the young man to whom Trout left all his money was lucky or unlucky before he met Trout."

"So Trout is dead?" said I.

"Not very long after Lady Olympia's win at Canterbury, Trout's heart began to fail him. He consulted all the specialists and went abroad to take the waters, but without getting much benefit from either one or the other, and he returned home having lost three stone in weight. Every morning he began to think of his end, his will, and to whom he should leave his money. His mother was dead and he was without legitimate relations, and having given up all his life to the Miss Pettigues he found himself without intimate friends. A great number of acquaintances there were, but he came to the conclusion that it would be no pleasure whatever to leave his money to any one of these.

"The only man that he could call his friend was the solicitor Maxwell, of Maxwell and Hurt. But Maxwell, he remembered, was as old a man as himself, perhaps even his senior. All the same, he would like to talk to Maxwell about his will. So Trout told Maxwell of the fix that he found himself in.

"Maxwell was touched by his friend's kind thought of him, but he was retiring from business at the end of the year with a very comfortable competence, all of which would at his death go to his wife and to his children. 'Of course,' he said, 'if you like to leave your money to my children . . .

"But Trout had no care for leaving his money to acquaintances, and he promised to consider the claims of hospitals and the endowment of universities, schools, and nine hundred

and ninety and nine other institutions in need of money. But the more he turned the subject over in his mind the more sure he became that he would like to leave his money to somebody he liked, and he invited Maxwell to dinner.

"Maxwell," he said, "to whom would you leave your money if you had no wife or children?"

"It is odd," said Maxwell, "that you should ask me that question. I think I should leave my money to young Cather."

"And who may young Cather be?" asked the dying man.

"You know: I have the fishing of the Bourne," said Maxwell, "and that for years past I have given it away—a day here, a week there, a fortnight, to different men. All sorts and conditions of men have had license from me to fish in the Bourne, but not one of them ever left a creel of trout at my office with the exception of Mr. Francis Cather, a young man for whom I have done some business, advising him about the placing of money on mortgage and such like. One of the mortgages he holds is on lands down Canterbury way and in speaking about it the Bourne was mentioned, and we got talking about angling. Well, he was the only one who ever brought me a creel of trout. I have taken a liking to the young man, and I think you would like him, too, Trout. It is my turn to ask you to dinner, and I'll ask Cather to come, too."

"Now," I cried, "I see the end of the story, John! Francis Cather inherited all Trout's money, and continues to fish the Bourne in the belief that his luck is in the river. Three trout brought him sixty thousand pounds, and though the trout sometimes rise when the horses fail to get first past the post, Cather's belief is not shaken that his destiny is in the Bourne. So that is his fishing-rod, the rod that caught the three golden fishes! I thank you, John, for your story, the only one I know that follows successfully what Henry James used to call 'the irregular rhythm of life.'"

The Mad Carews (Continued from page 89)

me, but I can guess pretty well how you feel about it. Just let us forget it."

"What time will Hildreth be over?" Elsa heard herself ask in a voice that was surprisingly quiet.

"She said she'd be over early in the afternoon, right after luncheon, I suppose. She's coming alone—Grace isn't feeling any too chipper. It looks to me as if Aunt Grace is going to be a problem for the family before long. I talked with her today, just before I left. I thought I saw a change in her—something—I don't know just what it is. She was looking out of her window when I came into the room and spoke to her. I must have frightened her. She jumped out of her chair and turned on me with an expression that startled me. When I apologized she said she had thought it was Peter when I spoke.

"I didn't think anything of it just then—she has always talked about how much I reminded her of Peter. But when she told me that she had been talking to Peter several times lately—right there in her own room—well, I began to wonder. It may be nothing more than the nervous shock of Peter's death showing its effects. On the other hand—it may be something more serious."

Elsa's mind seized perversely upon the thought that Grace was simply paying her price for having married a Carew. The thought frightened her—there was something darkly ominous about it. She hurried into small talk about the house.

They were seated together at last on the couch before the fire in the living-room. Bayliss was bending forward, looking into the fire.

"I drove through the Hollow this afternoon, Elsa," he said quietly, almost as if he were talking to himself, Elsa thought. "You know—I've been mulling an idea over in my mind for weeks—and I've wanted to talk to

you about it. It isn't as easy to talk to you about things as it might be."

"I'm sorry for that, Bay," she said painfully. "I don't try to make it hard for you."

She heard his quick laugh. "I know—I know. I'm not kicking. Three months ago—I told you I'd wait for you to quit hating me. The truth is, little enemy—I had no idea it was going to be so hard—this waiting business. That's why I've been working on this idea of mine. I've had to give myself something to think about."

Elsa glanced quickly at his face with the glow of the fire upon it. What she saw there was the hurt look of a boy—or was it the look she had seen once on the face of a boy grown to young manhood, standing with a bride in his hand, asking her to take his favorite saddle-horse and keep it for her own while he was away? She could have wept for pity—wept for him and for herself—wept for the whole crazy pattern of human life in a mad world. "Tell me about it," she said, afraid to say more.

"I've got to be planning something, Elsa—looking forward to something—doing more than just raising live stock and waiting for the spring. I've been looking over the Hollow."

A vague presentiment of evil swept Elsa suddenly. It was the feeling she had always had when a Carew set foot upon Bowers land. Struggle against it as she might—a Carew had no place in the Hollow. She waited for Bayliss to go on.

"You and I, Elsa—you and I might take that land down there and make it worth something—get a good engineer to look it over—drain it—clear it—make something of it—make it grow something besides wild rice and mosquitoes."

Elsa said nothing at first. She could think only of the wild absurdity of the idea. She had

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always lived within sight of the Hollow—it had been as much a part of her world as the clouds and the blue skies had been, or the constant parade of the seasons. And Bayliss Carew was asking her to help him change it—level it—make it yield a profitable harvest. How could she expect him to understand her love for its strange earthy ruin, its charmed squalor, its dingy and pathetic mystery?

"It would mean a lot of work—and expense, wouldn't it, Bayliss?" she asked him absently. "Probably. We'd have to find out all about that before we undertook it. But I believe it would pay well in the end. We could get the land for next to nothing to start with, of course. What if it did mean work and a little money? Think of the satisfaction there'd be in doing a job like that. It's funny no one has thought of it before now."

When she looked at him it was to see something of Peter, something of Hildreth, in his face—and elfin humor, a look at once wistful, appealing, aloof. She found no voice in her to reply to him. She saw him glance up at her, then bend toward the fire again.

"Of course, there would be difficulties to meet. I have a good hunch that Nate Brazell would bring on a war right now if he knew what was in our minds. I've run into him three or four times lately down there. He was out after ducks when I came by today. He probably wants to see the place left just as it is."

"In his own way," Elsa suggested, "even Nate Brazell may have his sentimental side."

Bayliss turned to her quickly. "So—that's your answer, then! You don't want anyone to lay a hand on the Hollow. I used to think you hated the place."

She felt the color mount suddenly to her cheeks. "I have hated it, Bayliss," she said unsteadily, "and I have loved it. It would probably sound very silly of me if I were to tell you exactly how I feel about it. I'm not at all sure that I could tell you if I tried."

A heavy silence fell between them. Elsa, thinking of Nate Brazell, wondered irrelevantly if he had chanced to raise a flock of red-winged blackbirds anywhere among the reeds that afternoon. Then she realized that Bayliss had got to his feet and was looking down at her.

"Elsa," he said, in a voice that was curiously gentle in spite of its tone of cold reproach, "I've been waiting for years—just to find you grown up. I've been waiting for you to get beyond that age of ten—or was it eleven, past. The truth is, you've never quite got over the fact that I stepped on your bare toe that day when no one was looking. But you're going to get over it. Some day you're going to think of me—not merely the things about me that you hate."

He stood before her in silence for a moment, then turned and went out of the room. Presently she heard him close the outer door and she was left alone, bewildered with anger at his inexorable assurance, shaken by the compelling truth of what he had said.

After a long time she got up and went out, closing the door softly behind her. It had ceased raining and a great stillness had come down upon the Mountain. There was a light in the window of the shack on the slope below, where Gorham was. Listening, she heard Gorham's voice, then Bayliss's answering laugh. After a little she turned and went back into the house.

Elsa rode to the Bowers farm next morning, looking scarcely to left or right through a landscape shrunken under the dun brown of autumn. It had turned unexpectedly warm. As she came out of the cottonwoods she let her eye drift over the buildings of her father's farm. How small and gray they seemed, how self-conscious and apologetic!

Yet, for all the outward pathos of this place, there was the doorway of the haymow in which she had lain on her stomach one hot August afternoon and looked down with fierce eyes upon the princely young head of Bayliss Carew. And there, where a frugal extension of the vegetable garden lay now with its

autumn shards, had been the perilous pigweed jungle and the inviolable house in its green heart. Bayliss . . . Bayliss Carew . . .

It was her mother's day for baking. There was an air of important bustle about the kitchen that brought old memories trooping into Elsa's mind.

"Bayliss has gone to town and won't be back until this afternoon," Elsa announced as she removed her hat. "I can stay and eat with you—if you have plenty."

"Plenty? I haven't seen the day yet when we didn't have enough in the cupboard to feed one of our own—and I hope I'll not live to see it. Reef's comin' out for supper, did you know?"

Elsa had begun to notice of late that her mother was always flustered at the prospect of seeing Reef. She seemed happy enough at seeing Elsa, but there was a difference. Elsa had left them, had married incomprehensively, had gone beyond their ken. She had taken herself out of their world.

"I didn't know—but I supposed he'd be out," she replied absently. "You'll all be over tonight, of course?"

Her mother stared at her. "Then they had to go an' tell you—after them warnin' me not to say a word to you about it!"

Elsa laughed. "Don't be silly, Ma! Surprise parties never surprise anybody. Hildreth told Bayliss about it yesterday."

Her mother turned away and began placing the bulbous shapes into the waiting pans. "Of course," she said after a moment of silence. "You might know she'd tell it. Them that had to bring you up haven't much say in it any more. But that's the way of things, I s'pose. I expect we won't have Reef to ourselves much more, either—though I'm not complainin'. Clarice is a good girl."

She sighed, but Elsa knew that the sigh had little dolor in it. It was her mother's old habit—her happiest moments brought sighs, if not tears, to cover her excitement.

"Has Clarice been over lately?" Elsa asked.

"She comes over when Reef is home—or he goes over there. Reef's bringin' her over for supper tonight—though I do hope they won't bring Lily and Axel along. It makes so many at the table—and I didn't get time to clean the stove. What's more, I'll be too tired to have them. Though Clarice is a good hand at helpin'—I'll say that for her. But it ain't likely they'll bring Lily and Axel along. Lily's not feelin' any too well these days. I guess you knew she was expectin'?"

Elsa got up suddenly. Lily Fletcher was expecting—God of all the crazy universe, what sardonic humor in the homely phrase!

Her mother closed the oven door noisily. "You'd better go on out and bring Lenny in. I'm all through here now except to redd myself up. Pa'll be in for his dinner before I know where I am."

"I'll set the table," Elsa said, checking the impulse to escape from the sound of her mother's complaining. "We can call to Lenny when it's time."

"All right, then. Oh, I didn't tell you Lenny had a letter from Joe Tracy!"

Elsa hurried into the other room to hide her sudden confusion. "Yes? What did he say?" she asked as she passed through the doorway.

"Not much. He's on the ranch in South Dakota. Talks cheerful enough. He wanted to be remembered to you."

"That's nice," Elsa said aloud.

"Ye-e-s." Her mother sighed heavily. "I always did like Joe. He seemed almost like one of our own."

Elsa did not reply. She hurried about the task of setting the table, hoping her father and Lenny would come in before her mother could find time for more talking. As she moved about her work a spirit of rebellion smoldered deep within her. She could not help knowing what was in her mother's mind—what had been there for weeks now, although she had never expressed it openly. Elsa had gone over to the Carews, she was already one of the Carew women. What good would it do to

protest? Her mother never would understand.

She was glad when her father came at last and plied her with questions about the new house on the Mountain, and the horses Bayliss had bought in Hurley last week, and how many of his prize Holsteins Seth Carew was going to keep through the winter, and what was all this excitement in town about Nellie's brother striking it rich down in Texas?

Steve Bowers wanted to know if a man like himself, now, couldn't put a little money into a company like that and make himself comfortable, perhaps, in two or three years. The Carews were putting money into it, Michael especially, and Mahlon Breen. There'd be some others in it, too. There was money to be made—a lot of it—and easier ways of making it than spending your days on a farm.

Elsa's spirit revived under her father's chatter. She rallied him on his sudden desire to get a lot of money without working for it, pleased him mightily when she told him that the land on the Mountain was the most picturesque building spot in the district, teased him a little about how bald he had become in the last three months, and rode away at last after she had urged them all to get the work done early so as not to come late to the party.

Instead of returning by way of the old trail through the Bowers farm, she followed the road that led eastward to Fanny Ipsmiller's corner, then turned southward past Nate Brazell's place and dipped into the Hollow. It was a day that tempted one to linger in familiar ways.

Along the slough's edge to the eastward, nearly half a mile away, two hunters moved slowly among the reeds. From their hiding-place just off the road, a flock of mallards rose suddenly with a great rushing sound and took their way eastward in a hurried straggling line. Elsa sat in her saddle and watched them until they were almost out of sight. When she turned her eyes to the road again she saw a movement among the reeds a short distance ahead and a moment later the huge figure of Nate Brazell emerged and clambered up till he stood directly before her.

Elsa had always thought of Nate Brazell with cold fear at her heart. Now, however, she rode toward him with stubborn resolve to conceal her feelings. She smiled a greeting as she came to where he stood and would have ridden past him with no failing of her courage had he not put out his hand and seized the bridle, letting the gun he carried slip down into the crook of his elbow.

"You ain't been up talkin' to my woman, have you?" he asked gruffly.

"No—no, Nate," Elsa replied with a feeling that her voice was suddenly leaving her. "I've been over home. I'm just going back to—"

His ugly laugh interrupted her. "I don't want to know where you been—nor where you're goin'. Just so you keep away from there. An' you listen to me! You keep that han'some man o' yours to home, see? He comes down this way more'n he ought. No foolin' roun' my woman no more, y'understand? She's my wife now—she ain't for no Carew dog while I've got her, see? You can tell him Nate Brazell said so, if you want. Now—get out o' the way!"

He took his hand from the bridle and stepped aside. Elsa rode off, afraid to glance behind her until she had reached the farther side of the Hollow and had started up the slope that led to the Mountain. When she looked back, Nate Brazell had vanished.

She rode home at a gallop, praying that Bayliss would not have come back from town before she reached the house. She had need to be alone for a while, to still the gaunt fear that was stirring within her. Above all, Bayliss must not know that she had seen Nate Brazell.

In the early evening, an unexpected threat of more rain gave Elsa the hope that perhaps only a very few might venture to come out, after all. She expressed the hope to Bayliss and Hildreth Carew while they were eating a light supper together after they had made



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everything ready for the evening. Bayliss merely smiled and shook his head slowly, but Hildreth laughed scornfully.

"Tut, tut!" she said and bent toward Elsa with a merry glitter that made her look almost unhuman, like some extravagant, wild spirit in an aging body, Elsa thought. "How very young you are, my child! Haven't you found out yet how far one's friends will go to satisfy their curiosity? You remember how curious they all were three months ago when you ran off and married a Carew—don't you suppose they're more curious than ever now? You're a Carew woman now, my dear—you'll have to get used to such things."

Elsa glanced quickly at Bayliss, but his eyes were on his plate. Some day, she thought to herself, she would have the courage to tell Hildreth that she was not a Carew woman—that she was Elsa Bowers, of Elder's Hollow, whatever the world about her might think.

She had put on a simple dark serge gown which she had worn in the Hollow school the spring before, and had stepped out into the living-room when she heard the first distant sound of the arriving company. Bayliss was standing beside the fireplace, his pipe in his mouth, dressed in an old tweed suit and a flannel shirt. She looked at him blankly. Beneath his humorous grimace as he inclined his head in the direction of the increasing din outside, she thought his face looked haggard.

"We'd better go to the door," he said. "Shall we go together?" His voice sounded tired.

"Yes," Elsa said, with a slight faintness, "let's go together."

Bayliss opened the door and Elsa stepped out ahead of him. Immediately they were surrounded by jostling, eager figures, shouting, laughing, calling, storming the doorway where Elsa stood beside Bayliss. They retreated within the house, the crowd pouring in after them. Everyone seemed to be shouting at once.

The house was more than full now. People seemed to be crowding the very walls. Wraps were being flung off and tossed here and there.

"Elsa, Elsa!" There was Clarice Fletcher, her hair bright under the light that fell from the wrought-iron lamp swinging from the beam above her. Reef was beside her, his arm surreptitiously about her waist. And there was Leon, waving his hand to her above the crowd, looking a little self-conscious and ill-at-ease. The Magnusson girls—there they were in new dresses—and behind them, Michael Carew and Nellie, with Nellie's mother between them. Fanny Ipsmiller, hideously radiant in a violet dress, with her hair in a crimped bang—good heavens, was she dyeing it?—Fanny, big and raw-boned and smiling determinedly—and young Nels Lundquist, with a girl from the Scandinavian settlement east of Sundower!

Elsa heard herself, as through the baffling confusion of a dream, greet one after another of her guests with a sparkling delight that made her mind feel raw. Bayliss was playing up handsomely, she thought—he could not have chosen better clothes for the occasion—comfortable, homely, contented tweeds.

The living-room and dining-room and the hall between were hurriedly cleared for dancing. Elsa caught a glimpse of someone thrusting a large package into the closet under the stairway—that would be the eight-day clock, she thought—someone would make a speech later and present it.

Now Johnny Johnson and the Whitney boys were seated beside the piano—tuning up a banjo—rippling over the keys of an accordion—tapping lightly on a snare-drum; and Annabel Murphy, daughter of the school superintendent in Sundower, was at the piano.

Elsa found her mother and father and Uncle Fred sitting sedately in a corner with Hildreth Carew, who was very evidently doing her best to put them at their ease. As the music started for the first dance, Fanny Ipsmiller came through the crowd and took Elsa's mother and Hildreth to the kitchen where they would spend the most of the evening getting

sandwiches and cakes cut and brewing the coffee. Elsa waited until they had gone, then spirited her father and Uncle Fred up-stairs to a room where they could play pinochle without being disturbed until it was time to go home.

Passing the open doorway to her own bedroom, where a number of women had gone to remove their wraps, and where a group still lingered after the younger women had gone down-stairs, Elsa heard her name called and thrust her head into the room. Mrs. Block, Nellie's mother, was there, a rotund, breathless woman who wore on her breast, just below her left shoulder, a gold medal she had won years ago in an elocution contest that had been held by the Hurley W. C. T. U. She had taken one of the small doilies from Elsa's dressing-table and was holding it in her hands.

"We were all wondering," she said as Elsa stepped into the room, "whether you had done this lovely work yourself, Elsa. Girls don't take to fancy work now like they used to."

Elsa laughed. "Indeed I didn't do it! I couldn't sew a straight seam. That's my mother's work."

"No, girls don't make such a fuss nowadays about getting married," Mrs. Block panted, laying the doily aside and fanning herself with her handkerchief. She leaned back heavily in the low chair on which she sat and looked at Elsa with a certain devouring intentness that brought the color to Elsa's cheeks. "My land, the stacks of things I had when I got married! I have some of them left yet. I declare, but it's warm for this time of year! I think it must be these corsets of mine. I never wear them round the house and I haven't been out anywhere for so long that I have to break them in all over again. But that's what we women have to pay for having children—though I always say I'd do just the same thing if I had my life to live over again. Children are a blessing in any home. But you'll know all about that yourself—and soon enough, Elsa. My land, when I was your age a man could make his hands meet round my waist!"

"And I guess a man *did*!" That was Mrs. George Shields, a ruling spirit in the Ladies' Aid Society. She laughed discreetly.

"Now, none of that, Bertha Shields," Mrs. Block protested, with a glance upward at Elsa. "But then—you'll have to get used to Bertha, Elsa. She must have her joke—when there are no girls around, of course."

"I think you've got the cunningest house, Elsa," Mrs. Walter Magnusson said. "You certainly are the lucky girl! My goodness—of course, I have no complaint to make—but if I could have floors like these in my house! I always say that hardwood floors save you half your work. They just look out for themselves."

"But Bay will be getting you a maid, now that you're all settled in your new place, of course," Mrs. Block observed.

Elsa felt a flush creep into her cheeks, but managed to smile with her reply. "I really prefer to do my own work. I'm afraid I'd find time hanging on my hands if I didn't have something to occupy my mind."

"And then, too," Bertha Shields remarked in her confidential manner, "I think it's nicer to be alone for a while when you're first married. I was—with my husband, of course. It's sweeter—more intimate, don't you think? Nobody to see you having your little tiffs—or making up afterwards, don't you know? Besides—men are men, God bless 'em!"

Again she laughed, a clucking, guarded sound, and this time the other women laughed too. Mrs. Block, however, sighed placidly. "Indeed they are—even the best of them! As Elsie knows by this time. Three months already, isn't it, Elsa—since?"

Elsa smiled, desperately. "Three months ago today." She felt suddenly smothered in the lugubrious common knowledge in which these women enclosed her with themselves. She had been made one of a company whose sole bond seemed to be some vague, indefinable grievance that eluded expression. She must get out of the room at once.

"I'll have to run down now and see how

things are going," she announced quickly. "They'll think I've run off and deserted them. Won't you all come down and dance, too?"

At the foot of the stairs Bayliss caught her and swung her out upon the floor. She tossed back her head and looked up at him, smiling, but between them there seemed to be a thick mist, so that she could not see his eyes. She felt again, as she had felt when she had danced with Bayliss on that memorable night three months ago, that all eyes in the room were upon them, following closely, inquiringly, insatiably curious.

A sudden hush seemed to have fallen upon them all. She glanced quickly up into Bayliss's face. He was smiling down at her understandingly. She remembered then what he had said at the supper-table the night before. "Try to be game about it—and then forget it as soon as it's over." And now—was he simply being game—and was it as hard for him as it was for her? But he had not been up in the room there, listening to Nellie Block's mother—and Bertha Shields.

All at once a shout of laughter went up from the dancers and Elsa was aware of a rope tightening about her shoulders. It took her a moment to realize that someone had tossed a lariat about her and Bayliss and was drawing it close so that they were pressed together, their arms bound at their sides.

"Do your duty, Bay Carew!"

Elsa looked around to find the youngest of the Whitney boys standing beside her, one end of the rope in his hands.

Half a dozen voices spoke up at once.

"Come on, Bayliss!"

"Let's have a close-up, Elsa!"

"Real movie stuff—make it a fade-out!"

"Hurry up—we want to dance!"

"You won't get loose till you do!"

The boisterous cries rang in Elsa's ears, set up a clamor in her heart. She heard Bayliss laugh aloud, felt his arms close about her as he drew her up to him—then felt his lips roughly against hers. Cheers rose, feet stamped the floor in hearty approval, the rope fell away and dropped to the floor, the music broke forth wildly, everyone was dancing again, and Elsa moved with Bayliss into the dance once more.

When they were in the hall, Bayliss spoke in a low tone, his voice almost expressionless: "You'd better get away from this racket! You've had as much as you can stand of it now. Slip out into the kitchen with Hildreth and your mother. I'll stay here and keep things moving along."

It was long past midnight before the first of the guests left for home. At two o'clock the last vehicle had rumbled its way out of the yard. Elsa turned back into the house and flung herself upon the couch where it had been moved against the wall to make room for the dancers. She closed her eyes in an unutterable weariness. Presently she heard Bayliss come in, heard him walk slowly across the floor, felt him looking down at her.

"Get to bed, Elsa," he said quietly. "You look all in, if I know anything about it." She opened her eyes and raised them slowly to his face. "I'm sorry for what happened tonight," he went on. "I promised I wouldn't. But under the circumstances, there didn't seem to be any other way out of it."

If he only would not look at her, Elsa thought, with those frowning dark brows like minnows darting together, perhaps she might speak. She saw him thrust his hands down into his pockets, saw his head stiffen on his shoulders, saw the sudden dark scowl that clouded his face. Then she closed her eyes again. Soon she heard him walk into the hall where he paused for a moment, silent. Presently she heard the door open and close, and she knew she was alone.

She got up after a moment, when he did not come back. In the hall she found that he had put on his hat. She threw a scarf about her shoulders, stepped out quickly and stood before the door in the darkness.

She looked down to where the shack stood



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on the slope below. There was no light there, as there had been last night. Gorham was asleep. She hurried to the side of the house, and called softly. When no reply came, she went back into the house.

She undressed slowly and lay for a long time staring into the darkness, listening for him, quaking at every sound in the still house. The house was full of fear and vacancy, a stark, unhappy thing. Her body ached as though she had been through some physical torture. Bay—Bayliss Carew—his name would come in fragments to her lips. She lived over and over the destroying memory of his kiss—that kiss he had given her on that night in summer, an age ago, when they had quarreled because of Lily Fletcher—and now this kiss he had given her because there was no other way out of it, as he had said. Had her body turned to stone, then, under the cold tyranny of her mind?

After an endless time she heard the outer door at the back of the house open and her heart stopped to listen to his walk across the kitchen floor—through the dining-room and into the hall—and then his brief pause there. Now he was coming up the stairs—coming quietly along the hall, approaching her own door. He had paused, wondering, probably, if she were asleep. Oh, Bayliss Carew! In that instant life stopped for Elsa, went out in momentary oblivion. She heard his step again, passing along the hall to his own room. The blood pounded back into her heart. Hunger renewed its gnawing in the depths of her body. Bayliss . . . Bayliss Carew!

The next morning was a brilliant wash of pure light from a sky like a translucent gem. Bayliss left shortly after breakfast for Hurley, and Elsa, watching him drive away, was overcome with loneliness. A few hours later, when her work was done for the day, she took Fleta and rode southward to the Carews to visit Hildreth.

As she rode through the avenue of elms she saw that the lawn about the Carew house was still green and fresh, but that Hildreth's garden, farther away, was a drab and blackened waste. But there was Hildreth herself moving serenely down the garden walk to meet her. Elsa gave her horse into the care of one of the men and went toward the garden.

"I saw you coming, my dear," Hildreth greeted her. "I thought you'd find the house stuffy on a day like this. I need the air myself. Let's walk down to the pond."

Hildreth slipped her long hand through Elsa's arm, and it seemed as though she leaned toward her a little wearily as she walked.

"It's such a gorgeous day," Elsa said. "I just couldn't resist a little gallop with Fleta."

"I'm glad you came. I live to myself—always have—too much, maybe. I get on with myself better than I do with most of the people I meet. But there are days when being alone isn't all it should be. I guess I'm getting to be an old woman, my dear." She sighed.

"You're too tired after last night," Elsa said. "You and Mother did nearly all the work."

"No, no, child," Hildreth protested. "What's an old maid for if not to do the dirty work? No—it's not that."

"Then—there is something," Elsa said.

"Sooner or later, my child," Hildreth went on, "you are going to learn that this business of being a Carew woman is a little too much. I'm just tired of it today—tired of it."

Elsa looked at her. Where now was that wild spirit that had shone in her eyes last night? She laid a hand affectionately over the thin, brittle fingers that clung to her arm.

"Tut, tut!" Hildreth broke forth abruptly. "It doesn't affect you." She glanced quickly behind her toward the house, as if to assure herself that they were alone. "There was a scene after Michael and Nellie got back here last night. It seems Michael left the party last night and didn't turn up again for half an hour or more. Nellie says he wasn't alone—and I'm ready to believe her. Michael refused to give any account of where he had been. This

morning Nellie got the children together and left—went back to her mother."

"They're gone?" Elsa asked in amazement. "Left right after breakfast—Nellie and the two younger children. Little Mickey is here—you should have seen him! He is a beautiful child, anyhow, with that curly mop of hair—a born Carew, God help him!—and he stood up in front of Nellie with his arms folded and threw back his head. 'I'm not going, Mother,' he said. 'I don't like the Blocks—they're common!' Can you imagine that? Nellie—she's a soft-hearted fool, anyhow—burst into tears. But she left just the same, without Mickey. She left cursing the house—her life wasn't her own—and her husband wasn't her own—and now her children weren't her own—and a lot more in the same line."

"And—you think she'll stay?" Elsa asked.

"Pht! She'll be back. Give her a couple of days—three at the most. She's done it before—twice. But she came back. They always do. You see, my dear, the Carew women have a way of falling in love with their men. Once that happens—there's no hope for them—the women, I mean." She turned her colorless face upon Elsa and for a moment the old fires leaped in her eyes. "I hope you will have better sense than to fall in love with Bayliss Carew," she observed dryly.

Elsa turned her face away to hide her confusion. "Is there no such thing as—as falling in love without—?" she began uncertainly, but Hildreth interrupted her.

"Without living to regret it? Perhaps—some women have, my dear—but they didn't marry Carews. I guess I'm just getting too old to cope with it," Hildreth went on. "It all tires me—I have no fight left in me. There was a time when I would have tried to smooth things over—for the sake of the family. Now—I don't care much whether Nellie comes back or not. She will, of course."

They walked down the little slope toward the pond. Above the pond a little delicate herringbone of white cloud hovered remote, and on the farther bank flecks of gold and crimson still brooded the grove. Always, Elsa thought, a sense of richness and well-being and calm lay upon the possessions of the Carews, and yet, in the great house back there—the dark of infidelities and jealousies and discords.

"I have come to the place in life where all I ask for is peace," Hildreth continued. "I don't seem to be able to worry about things any more. There's this new scheme of theirs in Texas, now. Michael thinks it will make him a millionaire. Perhaps it will. Perhaps they are simply riding to another fall. I don't know which it will be. I don't believe I care."

"Michael says they are going to let others come into it with their money. It seems he was talking it over last night with the Whitney boys and the Magnussons. Even poor old Fanny Ipsmiller was asking me to tell her all about it. Mahlon Breen is coming out tonight to talk it over with Michael and Seth. I told them this morning they were going too far. But Michael only grinned and said he was doing anyone a favor by letting him come in on the scheme. And then, somehow, I lost interest in it. I'm done for, I guess."

Elsa looked down over the pond and pressed her lips together. She felt herself in the grip of some evil foreboding. What right had Michael Carew and Mahlon Breen to bring the people of the Hollow into the tangle of their affairs? It was damnable—damnable whether the thing was a success or a failure in the end! But Hildreth was talking again.

"I sometimes think I lost my love for a good fight when Peter died. We don't always know how much a thing affects us at the time."

"Is Grace any better?" Elsa asked. "Bayliss was saying she hasn't been well."

Hildreth shook her head. "Grace isn't going to get any better. She says she has gone mystic. She's going mad, if she isn't mad already. She has visions of Peter—talks to him sometimes when we're all in the room with her. Lately she has grown suspicious of us.

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I heard her only yesterday complaining to Peter of our treatment of her. If she'd had children of her own, she might have been different. She blames Peter for that, too. Oh, dear—I don't know—I just don't know . . . Let's go back, my dear."

Her voice had become gray and toneless. As she turned to go back to the house she leaned heavily on Elsa's arm, and Elsa saw that her eyes were closed and the lids dark and drawn.

"I wish you could come over and stay with us for a few days," Elsa suggested. "You need a little change and a good rest."

"Don't pay any attention to me today, child," Hildreth replied. "It's been good to have you to talk to. Do you think it's warm enough for us to eat a little luncheon on the veranda? The house smothers me today."

"Of course. It's like summer."

"Come, then, and let's find something to eat and I'll try to be a little more cheerful. I ought to be ashamed of myself—on a day like this—carrying on this way. I'm just a whimpering old maid. If I had a man, now, who wasn't true to me—or something really to worry about—I'd feel better, I know I would."

Poor Hildreth Carew, Elsa thought as they made their way together along the path among the ruined flower beds, turning her back at last upon the fight, seeking only peace now, willing after all to let life take its way without her.

Late that same evening, Axel Fosberg's house burned to the ground. Elsa and Bayliss had climbed to the top of the Mountain and had looked northward across the Hollow, eerie and black, and full now of the grotesque goblins of dwarf-oaks and squat willow-trees playing at strange unearthly charades in the thickening dusk. Thinking of it later, it seemed strange to Elsa that they had not seen it

at once—that lurid smear of flame on the darkened prairie beyond the Hollow.

"It must be Axel Fosberg's new house," Bayliss said. "It can't be anything else."

Elsa felt rooted to the ground. Her teeth began to chatter uncontrollably, and Bayliss put his arm about her shoulders.

"You're cold," he said brusquely. "Get down to the house. I'll run ahead and telephone to Sundower. There may be something we can do."

By the time Elsa had reached the house, Bayliss had the car out and was calling to Gorham, who had gone off into the fields somewhere to the southward at sundown. When he got no response, he drove the car to where Elsa was standing before the doorway of the house. He paused long enough to tell her—it was Axel's new house—all but gone now—they were hoping to save the barn, though, and the sheds—the neighbors were helping—he would be back as soon as he could come in the meantime, Gorham would be in any minute. Then he was gone and Elsa stood stiffly watching the car as it shot into the road, turned northward and vanished into the Hollow.

Poor Axel Fosberg, who had slaved for a year, hoarding every penny to build this house for Lily Fletcher! What would he do now? What could Bayliss do for him? What could all those neighbors down there do for a man whom fate had chosen to be the victim of her gross jokes—the grosser one of which he had yet to learn? Tears started to Elsa's eyes as she turned away slowly and went into the house.

She had made a light in the living-room and had drawn a chair under the lamp where she could sit and read while she waited for Bayliss to come back, when she was startled by a half-timid, half-peremptory knock at the outer door. She went to the door and opened it upon

a figure standing dimly back among the shadows. A voice spoke softly.

"I am sorry—I bother you."

Elsa recognized at once the voice of Zenka, Nate Brazell's wife. There was a liquid music in it that distinguished it from any other voice she had ever heard.

"Why—Zenka! Come on in. You don't bother me at all. I'm all alone."

The girl came into the hall and followed Elsa into the living-room, looking about her with slow, slanting, distrustful eyes, one hand grasping her bright shawl close to her breast.

"Come—sit down, Zenka," Elsa said.

Zenka seated herself with an odd sliding motion upon the chair that Elsa offered her. She wore no hat and her hair was wound in great black coils over her ears. Elsa thought with a confusion of feeling that she was by far the most beautiful creature she had ever seen.

"I should not come. I am 'fraid I trouble you too much," Zenka protested again.

"No, no, Zenka. I was going to make myself some coffee. You can help me drink it now. Bayliss is away—you saw the fire?"

"Yes—terrible! It make me 'fraid, too!"

"Did Nate go over?"

"Heem? No. He is north—shooting duck. He come back again tomorrow."

Elsa started for the kitchen. "Just a minute, Zenka, while I put the coffee on," she said. "Or perhaps you'd rather have a cup of cocoa?"

Zenka appeared not to have heard. Her eyes were fastened ardently upon a vase of richly colored pottery. Absently she said, "Yes, Ma'am, please."

In the kitchen, Elsa wondered what had brought the girl wandering up alone out of the Hollow to come knocking at her door at such a time. Had she hoped to find Bayliss? Elsa set her lips obstinately against their quiver and thrust the ugly thought back in her mind.

Love at last comes full-flowered into the life of Elsa, on the night of a strange tragedy involving Zenka and Bayliss—in Martha Ostenso's October instalment

Cinderella's Husband by Gouverneur Morris (Continued from page 59)

Joe—"I told him that I would like very much to meet his wife. And so—and so they've called. And I've told Wang to make some coffee, because it isn't pleasant to be married on an empty stomach, and—"

Mrs. Randolph hushed him with a smile, and then she turned to Polly and said:

"Your Joe reminds me of our John, and I love him for reminding me. And you, my dear, have such a sweet face and such kind steady eyes that I wish our John could have grown up and married somebody just like you. And now suppose you come with me, and look in my jewel box and see what we can find for a wedding present."

The two women went into the house by the garden door, arm in arm.

Randolph suddenly laughed. "That," he said, "would seem to make it my business to think up a wedding present for you."

"If you could help me to get work—" Joe suggested.

"Do you really want to work? Some people don't."

"I want to and have to."

"I wouldn't know how to go about getting work for myself," said Randolph, "if I had to work. But—do you know how to keep books?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I need someone to open a set of books for me. I've always kept everything in my head, and that is beginning to lead to confusion. It was simple enough when there were no income taxes. I had hoped that when my son had reached your age, he would have helped me out. But he died and things are getting to be too much for me. Would you like to work for me?"

"Yes, Sir."

At that moment Wang appeared at the garden gate and said, "Blekfas all light now. Come along."

The young Marions had breakfast in the black and white Spanish dining-room with the coat of arms of Spain over the mantelpiece, and the huge Korean roosters on it. Mrs. Randolph hovered about them and behaved as if she were trying to fatten them for the market. Randolph sat at the head of his table and had a cup of coffee with them and looked happier and more interested than he had looked in years. He plied the young people with questions, and they got over all their reticence and chattered as they had never chattered before in the presence of grown-ups.

Finally Randolph said that he had thought up a wedding present for them. "Do you drive, Joe?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, then, you shall take one of my cars and drive up to San Francisco. I'll blow you to a week at the St. Francis. And then you're to go to work for me. How's that?"

"I suppose," said Joe, "that things like that sometimes happen in stories."

The young man's eyes suddenly filled with tears, and Polly ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

At dinner that night Randolph said, "They're having their dinner in the grill. Probably they'll go to a show afterward."

"Tomorrow," said Mrs. Randolph, "they'll begin to do their shopping. Did you give them plenty of money?"

"Plenty, I think," said Randolph, "plenty. Joe wouldn't take it until I had promised that I would let him pay it back when he was able."

"The house has seemed very empty all the afternoon," said Mrs. Randolph.

"It is very empty," said her husband. "It takes more than you and me to fill a house, my dear. Only the houses that have youth in them are full."

After dinner they sat in the living-room and

tried to listen to their radio. But it made too many foolish noises. Mrs. Randolph put down her ear-pieces and said suddenly:

"How would you like to adopt a baby?"

"A baby?"

"Two babies."

"H'm," he said.

"How about Joe and Polly?"

"But they're a young married couple."

"I know that, but just the same they're only babies. Seventeen and twenty."

"We'd have to build an addition."

"No, we wouldn't," she said. "They could have John's room."

"But I thought that nobody was ever to have John's room or to use his things."

"That was foolish. And besides, they'll feel at home there."

He looked at her in amazement. "What," he said, "do you mean?"

"Only that last night I couldn't sleep. And I got up and prowled about the house."

"I never heard you."

"The rain let up for a little while and the moon came out. The garden looked very lovely, and so I put on some rubbers and took a little stroll. And all of a sudden they came. They didn't see me, and they whispered and I listened. Love is so beautiful! . . . And then Joe tried the door of the workshop and it was open and they went in, and I had gathered that they had just been married and that their families were against them and they had no place to go. And I knew that they'd find John's room, and I was glad. I wanted to tell them that it was all right with me—but I couldn't somehow. I felt very shy."

"They're not like the usual run of young people," said Randolph. "They're different. They're finer."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Randolph, "one's own children always are."

Dangerous Business by Edwin Balmer (Continued from page 107)

lived on the third floor and he had been watching from the window and the sight of her pleased him. He was very glad he had put off Slengel again.

He opened his door for her, and when he had closed it behind her, she dropped the envelop and the newspaper from under her arm.

"You were very quick," he complimented her.

"I came as soon as I could," said Ellen and her fright, before facing him, had fled. He looked sick and slack. He was recently shaved, recently dressed; but the trimness of his toilet only accentuated his debility.

"Glad to hear from me?" he asked her.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"You were, eh?" He put his hands on her shoulders, pulling off her coat; he put his hands on her arms, swaying her slightly. "Did you ever call me before I went away?"

"No."

"Why didn't you?"

Ellen wanted to thrust off his hands but she was not afraid of him. "I didn't," she replied.

"Why?" he persisted, holding her. "You knew I wanted you to. You're the only one I called; you're the only one I gave a darn to see when I landed," he admitted to her, his eyes roving up and down her body.

By her body, she knew, she attracted him, but if it were only that he would never have sought her so. It was what inhabited her body—it was herself, her soul and spirit which had been keeping him off and defying him. He had set himself to break the inhabitant of her body and bend her to him; and Ellen was not afraid of him, trying that.

"Are you clear for me tonight?" he demanded of her. Clear? What did he mean?

She nodded. "I've no engagement."

"I kept clear for you. Slengel is slinging a party but I'll pass him up."

"Will you?" asked Ellen.

Lew kissed her. "You beat anybody in Paris! What'll we do first?"

Ellen freed herself from him and stepped back over the envelop she had dropped. She picked it up. "Here's what I brought you."

He took it from her and tossed it away and laughed. She picked up the newspaper. "Seen this?" She spread it before him, and with an arm about her, he glanced at the type.

"I thought of you right away when I saw it," he said. "I looked for the name of the ship; it wasn't your father's."

"No," said Ellen. "I don't know where Father is—since I've been in New York. In Chicago, I always knew."

"You know it's not his ship," repeated Lew; he wanted her to stop thinking about it. "It's not even an ore vessel. You don't think you know any of those men, do you?"

"Not those men," said Ellen. "I don't know the Gant; but I know the place where they are; I can see them."

"So can I," retorted Lew, "but that doesn't do them any good." And he possessed himself of the paper; but it had given her a chance to turn their talk.

Though he had his arm again about her, she tantalized him with questions. She asked him about Paris, about his passage and about the steamer.

He could not return her satisfactorily to her feeling for him—or what he imagined her feeling for him—of their first minutes.

"What's on your mind?" he complained finally. "Think somebody'll come in?"

"No; but I'm expected at the office."

"Get it off your mind. Kiss me."

"I've got to close it."

"You've got to get into different clothes, too," said Lew. "We're going to dinner; then I'll dance with you! Dance with you!" he emphasized, kissing her.

She had lied about the office; she did not have to close it; no one had waited for her; no one had known where she had gone. Her little lie, however, helped her to regain the

street, where she bought another paper and read of the men on the mast. Their situation had not changed; the men must die this night while the world watched them.

Ellen longed to be in the throng on the shore; it would be terrible to stand there, actually seeing and able to do nothing; but they were her own people; she longed to stand with her own; she longed for escape from New York this night.

She longed, that meant, again to dodge Lew Alban; but for her, tonight, Lew would "pass up" Slengel. Tomorrow and later—for how much longer, she could not hazard—Lew might prefer to please her. Ellen reckoned on no impending danger. Even Di, she remembered, for a long time had looked out for herself at parties.

Ellen, in her own room near Washington Square, was returned to the room in her home where she had determined to come to New York to help "hold," as long as she could, Lew Alban.

"This's a slow shop," complained Lew. "We'll move along."

Ellen studied him across the little table at which he had dined and filled himself full. Marvelously, the meal, with its attendant drink, had restored him. Banished was the debilitated Lew of a few hours ago. He had slept during the day; now he had eaten and drunk; also he had danced—danced with Ellen, pressing her close to him, danced cheek close to hers, with her little lithe body under his hand. But the "shop," though of his own choosing, was slow; he arose from the table.

"I like it here," said Ellen.

"I don't." He put a hand under her arm and helped her up.

They sampled another dance shop but only with deeper dissatisfaction for Lew. No public dance shop suited Lew's mood after his meal; he preferred a place tonight where he would be more in control of conditions, as at a party—Slengel's party, for choice, where at his appearance everything would be speeded to his mood, whatever the hour. Art had not called it off; Art had insisted on expecting him.

Lew did not name or describe to Ellen their destination. "There's a private party in here," he said, escorting her.

Mr. Slengel had obtained, for his temporary uses, a large, luxurious, furnished apartment; a single great room was its distinguishing feature. This was high, as tall as two floors; doors opened from the big room at the lower floor level, communicating to a small den, a dressing-room, a bedroom and a kitchen. A stairway was an architectural feature, leading up one side of the room to a broad balcony running the entire width of the big room, and from this opened other doors to chambers on the second floor level.

Ellen, entering with Lew, saw only the big room and its company. The center of the room was clear. The piano was under the balcony and about it clustered the orchestra—saxophone, trombone, violin and drum. The company clustered about a tray of bottles and glasses and ice on a big table; others, by couples, sat on the stairs. Some leaped up, as the drum beat and the brasses brayed; others pressed to the balustrade and let them pass, holding their own places close together.

Ellen recognized no one. She knew Art Slengel by sight, but he was not visible at the moment; she did not yet know it was his party; but she recognized at once that this must be "a party." The men proclaimed it, too familiar or too frightened in the clasp of their partners; the girls banished any lingering doubt.

They were very young, every one younger than Ellen; they ogled the men, clung to them. One appeal they made to the men and that they were paid for—as Di had been paid.

Ellen went into the dressing-room, and when she returned, saw Mr. Slengel; he was with Lew, having welcomed him. Slengel looked at her but did not recognize her; she was to

him the girl whom Lew had brought. And she guessed that, though Slengel did not identify her, he would have liked Lew to come alone.

His particular point was to please Lew tonight with entertainment of his own providing; this party would have proceeded without Lew, but it had been prepared in hope of him—as another party in Chicago, prepared for Sam Metten, had capped the campaign which had taken the Metten account away from Rountree. So Art Slengel preferred to supply Lew with partners; but Lew offered his arms to Ellen and she accepted them and danced.

She felt, dancing, a change in his way with her; she felt, dancing, that she classed herself to him with these girls who sought him; she felt them regarding her as a rival.

Lew held to her hands, after the music stopped, and rushed her beside him up the stairs; he plumped her down upon a couch on the balcony and himself close beside her.

A big radio adorned one of the corners below, and in the interval someone turned it on to raucous jazz; but jazz, with a band in the room, was ordinary and a twist of the dial caught and intensified a speaking voice. The news crier, it was, with night announcements: In Europe, a prince was born. Somebody cheered; nearly everybody else laughed; and the girl at the radio let it shout the news as long as it was amusing; but it turned to an earthquake in Japan; the men on the wreck in Lake Superior still in the same situation. The radio dial twisted to a sentimental song which a girl on the stairs parodied to yells of applause. At the tom-tom beat of the drum, everybody scrambled up and piled to the dance-floor.

The girl who had sung the parody had cast off her partner and she tried to entrap Lew; she pushed Ellen aside and Ellen, flushing, resisted. At that, Lew clutched her and, tremendously elated, bore her to the dance.

"That's the spunk; stick with me! I'll stick with you!"

Spunk. For the moment, pushed aside, she had felt it; she had resisted; for the moment she had won; but she danced in his arms, sick with her triumph.

Lew ignored other girls as he pulled Ellen up the stairs again after the dance. The radio was roaring, tuned to a jig being broadcast somewhere.

From Lew's arms, in the next dance, Ellen watched the other men. There was a very good-looking, quiet, dark-haired young man who had dropped in, evidently, later than Lew and Ellen; he danced but he seemed mostly to be looking on. Art Slengel was giving him a lot of attention.

Slengel also closely followed Lew; indeed, between this quiet young man and Lew, the host alternated. Lew lost interest in dancing. He did not want another partner; he dragged Ellen back to the balcony during a dance. They were out of sight of the floor, on the couch in the corner.

Ellen cared scarcely whether she was seen; she preferred, indeed, to be kept in sight of other people. Lew would like to take her out of sight of everyone. She opposed him, fending off his hands stubbornly and silently. She would cry out, but what a maudlin stam pede she would start! And it would be the end of her with Lew; but if not, what for her?

The music stopped; it was something of a relief; more couples stumbled up. There was the roar of the radio again and the magnified voice shouted above static: "Clear with a few storm clouds blowing in the gale with the moon breaking through. There is moonlight some of the time to help the search-lights in this attempt." The shout suddenly was cut off; the dial had been turned.

Ellen ceased her struggle with Lew; she was tense and stiff in his arms. What was that shout? What storm and search-lights? What attempt did it mean?

A song started but someone turned it off; she heard a man's voice requesting in the

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room below, "Can we get that voice back?"

"Certainly," called Art Slengel quickly. The quiet, dark-haired young man had asked it, whom Slengel particularly wished to please. "Turn it back," ordered Slengel; and the shout filled the room:

"The vessel coming up is an ore-vessel of the large modern type; but she is light, being in ballast, for she comes from the east and south; she has come from the Soo . . ."

Ellen was on her feet, having shaken off Lew, how she did not know. She was at the rail of the balcony and she saw at the radio the quiet young man whom she'd liked. He looked at Slengel, who called out, "Be quiet, please, everybody; something's coming in!"

And for a moment everybody obliged; those who weren't obedient were curious, sober or drunk. They could see the intentness of the dark-haired young man at the radio and wanted to know what it was all about.

"This is from the shore near the village of Brebeuf opposite the sunken wreck," spoke the radio; and the young man straightened and his quiet voice thrilled.

"It's the relay!" he said. "The relay the radio people had arranged all day, if they saw a ship making a try to get those men from the wreck. They've been watching with the relay ready to hook in if something started. We're hearing from the shore!"

Ellen clung to the rail and Lew grabbed at her arm. "Come back here," he demanded.

She looked at him. "It's an ore vessel, they said; an ore vessel that's come up," she whispered to him.

"What'd you say?" mouthed Lew.

"Father'd never pass them, never, never!" she cried. "The radio is speaking from the shore of Superior, Lew, Lew Alban," she said to him. "They had a relay arranged, waiting for a ship to make a try for the men; and they see a ship doing it; she's an ore-carrier that's come up, in ballast, from the Soo!"

Lew kept his hands from her; he appreciated that much. "What you say about Father?" he asked her thickly. "You want t' listen to that?" said Lew. "All right; listen to 't." He bent at the railing beside her and called down to Slengel. "We want t'hear that, too."

Slengel was busy before the dials; and the voice vanished. "Trying to tune out static," he explained to the dark-haired young man.

"Turn it back," came the quiet, thrilling reply. "That's not static; he's speaking from the water edge; that's the roar of Lake Superior in his microphone."

The voice, above the roar, spoke again. "You are on the southern shore of Lake Superior on a cliff looking north over the lake," spoke the strange, invisible voice in a tone which carried the leap of the speaker's heart with it and bore his excitement. "A gale has been blowing for three days, one of the most violent storms known to this section. There has been no let-up in the weather; the wind is from the northwest so this shore is a lee shore. The water for a mile is greenish white under the moon; you look over white, wild water to the mast of the Gideon Gant, which sank off this point on the first day of the storm."

"Farther out you see the lights of three steamers—the Loring which tried a rescue and the Donagon which later tried and has been standing by, with the Loring, ever since. The third steamer standing by is the Sarrant which came up today; the ship which is making the try is east of these and standing much farther in. The Donagon plays its search-light on her and on the water before her to aid her; the Loring tries to keep its search-light on the mast. The ships are tossing so that the search-light beams skip across and across; but you see the mast for a few seconds; and you see five specks on it—the men!"

"It is plain from the height out of the water that the ore-carrier is empty and probably has been pumping out her ballast, as she came up, to be ready for this; she is long and big but very light . . . She has been recognized; the ships are exchanging wireless signals which are read here; the ship standing in is the

ore-carrier Blenmora of Duluth which passed the Soo northward-bound this morning."

The voice rested and there roared in the loud speaker the surf of Lake Superior.

Ellen was below, before the diaphragm resounding with the thunder of waters a thousand miles away whereon rode her father's ship, standing in, far in, toward the mast.

Lew had followed her; Lew was near her but she did not know exactly where. He was not touching her. "We're going to hear this," announced Lew with thick authority; "we're going to hear this all."

His command was not necessary; the room was listening. Not everyone yet understood what the voice in the radio told but its tone could not be mistaken.

"The Blenmora is coming in slowly. The moon is clear again and the Donagon keeps its search-light on the Blenmora and the waters directly ahead. She is in very heavy seas and, being light, she rolls; water is flying over her . . . On the mast, as some of you know, there is a man who has been seen all day beating at his comrades to keep them active and alive. As you look at him in the glass, he seems to move; but you can't be sure; it may be shadows from the swinging search-light of the Loring!"

The awe of the voice filled the room; the speaker was standing in the presence of a tremendous and sublime attempt of man to aid man and no one, drunk or sober, could confuse it. It struck the room silent.

"The Blenmora seems to be swinging off a little. No; no! It was only the waves for a minute. She is standing in again and coming on slowly. She is very well handled; she rolls but advances steadily. The wind and the water both bear her toward the shore."

"She has to stand out! She is carried in too far! She will have to stand out and circle and try again, for the waves have driven her too far in. But she's not doing it . . . She's not standing out! She is coming on steadily."

"Powell—I hear he's her master—Powell is keeping on. It was his intention to be borne in; he steered in. He is making his try not on the outside, where the others found it useless; he is bringing his ship on the inside between the wreck and the shoals!"

Ellen clung to the cabinet, straining. She saw not the room at all; she saw her father and his ship; she could feel the sway and swing of the ship. Forward, far forward on the narrow bridge, her father stood in the open with the water flying over him. The window to the wheel-house was up; he stood in front of the wheel. His best wheelsman—Denny, beyond doubt—had his hands on the big wheel, his strong, steady, obedient hands.

"Right a little . . . Left a little! Steady!" her father said. "Meet her now! Meet her, Paul! Steady! Ease her! A little more!"

She could hear the bells, the clear, clanging bells beating in the engine-room calling attention to the dial directions: "Ahead! Full! Slow! Stop! . . . Astern! Half! Full! Stop!"

She could see the engine-room crew in their hot, closed room below, staring at each other, sweating and swearing with the strain or, wordless, springing to the levers to make each change, at each beat of the gong, which determined the difference between life and death for all. She could see them standing, strained and blind in their room, listening as the steel at their feet rose and feeling it drop to strike at any second and tear out—and the seas rush in over them.

"The Blenmora is beside the wreck! There is no doubt that the men are alive! They are dropping to the Blenmora! Powell has brought his bow beside the mast and under it so that the men on the mast who had most strength have hacked the others free and dropped them to the ship. Two have dropped; three; they all seem to be gone! Now can Powell get out?"

"He's moving ahead; moving; he's not aground. He's fouled the mast; his mast has fouled it and broken it off but he moves ahead! . . . He swings out! He's clear and free! . . . He has deep water!"

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The voice ceased and Ellen sat on the floor, with eyes shut. Clear . . . and deep water! He was safe; they all were safe. It was over. "I will give you in a minute the report of the men rescued," resumed the voice. "The Blenmora is wireless and we are reading it ashore. The Blenmora is calling Ashland, which is nearer than Duluth. Evidently, for the sake of the men, she will put in there. The Blenmora is saying: "Ashland. Have surgeons and hospital for five men. Have taken from wreck of Gant, Henry Clapaugh, seaman, home Manistique; Frank Kerry, assistant engineer, Escanaba; Jim Pakker, oiler, Fort William; Otto Lore, oiler, and Lars Anderson, mate, both of Duluth. Powell . . ."

"Powell," Ellen heard repeated beside her. "Powell," announced Lew's voice. "That's her name. This is the daughter of that man who did that. She comes from there. That Powell's her father!"

Many hands were helping Ellen, sobered, gentle hands. Girls' lips kissed her; girls brought her cloak to her.

Lew helped her into it. Lew was outdoing in solicitude all the others; Lew had become her cavalier. "I take you home," he told her.

Sengel and the quiet young man went down with Lew and her to the door. In the cab, Lew remained her cavalier; and he left her at her room.

In the cold recounting of a great attempt tried and won, the news from Lake Superior reached Jay in the morning. He was in Westchester at his sister's and was at breakfast with Ralph, who first had the newspaper.

"They got 'em!" exclaimed Ralph. "They got those men off the mast last night."

Jay went over beside him and started at sight of "Blenmora." He did not, for a minute, speak. Ralph kept talking.

"Powell," he said. "The captain of the ore-ship is Powell. Isn't—"

"He's her father," said Jay. "Ellen Powell's father."

Ralph looked up at Jay suddenly and stared; he looked away and up at Jay again. Then he handed Jay the paper.

He imagined Ellen receiving it as he had, but on a street corner, likely, when she went out to breakfast. Jay wanted no breakfast; by hurrying, he could catch an earlier train to the city.

He found Ellen at work but white and very subdued and she was so silent, when he spoke to her of her father, that he asked: "Nothing happened to the Blenmora later, did there? You've not had any personal news?"

"No," said Ellen, "I've not heard at all from home. I don't fear there's anything wrong."

"How did you hear it?" asked Jay.

"On the radio last night," said Ellen, looking at him steadily. Would he ask where and with whom?

He didn't. "I saw it was relayed," he replied. "It happened about eleven o'clock out there. People all over the country heard it—and you did."

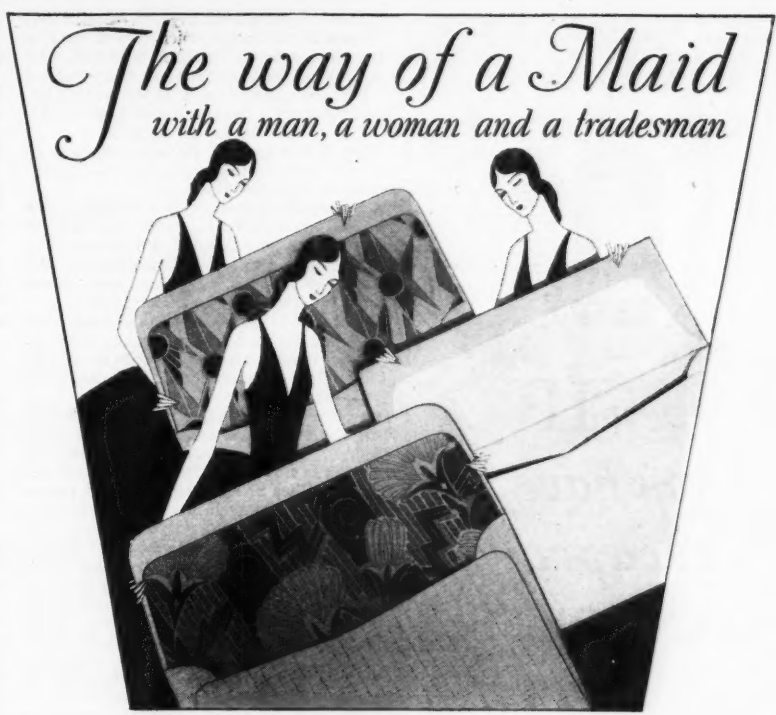
"It was like being there—without any body yourself," said Ellen.

"No wonder you're done up. You ought to go home. I mean to Michigan."

"Why? Father won't be home. He'll have left the men at Ashland and be loading ore in Duluth today. They'll be east-bound tomorrow; he'll pass home, south, and just see it. They'll just see the ship. The straits won't close for a month yet."

Jay's business that day was with Lyman Howarth and it had progressed to a point of meetings with the seniors in the Howarth offices; but Lyman did not take Jay at once into the meeting.

"I was in on something last night," Lyman told him. "Sengel was giving a party. I was around and ran into it. We had a radio, Jay, which we were using between dances and we got that rescue on it. Lord, how we got it, Jay! And do you know what? The daughter of the master of the Blenmora was there; we saw her get it at the party."



There are three moods, modes or manners, in which one writes letters . . . There is the Feminine Mood—one's letters to a man. The Social Mood—one's letters to a woman. And the Business Mood—"Enclosed please find check!" . . . Each requires a different and appropriate paper, just as surely as a dance, a tea and a shopping trip have each their appropriate gown . . . From among the many Montag Fashionable Writing Papers we suggest—

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even IF
you have
escaped
DANDRUFF
... so far

NO scalp is safe from the dandruff germ. Your brush and comb—the dust-laden air itself—all carry this menace to the beauty of your hair.

Take this wise precaution: rub Wildroot into the roots of your hair several times a week. For Wildroot not only removes dandruff, but prevents it—by killing the germ and by keeping your scalp clean and healthy. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and lustrous.

Get a bottle from your druggist today—and begin this preventive treatment. Whenever you go to the barber or hairdresser, always ask for a Wildroot treatment.



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✦ SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL BOTTLE ✦

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

Name.....

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City..... State.....

"What? What did you say?" demanded Jay. "I said at the party which Slengel gave, a fellow brought in the daughter of Powell, who took off those men; and she was there and got it! I'd been noticing the girl; she was a nice-looking girl. I'd been wondering about her and..." He told Jay all about it.

After he had heard it, Jay was obliged to go into the conference; but Ralph arrived to bear the burden of negotiation.

Ralph was elated when Jay and he left. He clapped Jay on the back. "Got 'em. We got 'em! Got 'em from Slengel! I'd as soon have L. K. Howarth, Senior, say, 'I'm satisfied. We will arrange it,' as see his name on a signed order. It's done with him. He's sold."

Jay did not jubilate. He did not doubt that Ralph and he had Howarth; he knew it. Lyman, privately, had just told him so. Knowing it, he did not know what to do with the knowledge.

He could not yet telegraph it to his father; when the order was signed, he would; that would be some satisfaction; some—but the rest was run from him. He could not take his trophy to Ellen Powell; he could not return to her at all. Gone again, and this time forever, his end of day with her.

Gone—gone, end of day with her in Chicago; gone his incomparable day—that day begun with cockcrow and wood-smoke, gray eyes and brown hands on a blue bowl of berries; brown arms and legs in the sun of the lake and the swim to the little boat; gone the delight of talk together on the hill; gone the joy and reluctance of parting at the roadside under the dance of the dead. She had accompanied Lew Alban to the party last night; upon the evening of Lew's return, she had gone out with him. She must—miserably, Jay thought—have resumed a friendship with Lew developed before he went away.

So Jay could not return to the office; but he could find no satisfaction anywhere else. He wanted to go nowhere else.

He went to the office.

Ellen knew, at sight of him, that he had been told. She knew he had been with the Howarths and she realized that the quiet young man whom she'd liked must have been Lyman; and it was certain that Lyman would have related to Jay an event like last night's.

She looked at him but did not speak to him and he sat down, without speaking, in Ralph's chair. He put up no pretense of having anything to do; nor did she.

"I came from Howarths," finally Jay said. "I saw one of the Mr. Howarths, I think, last night," Ellen replied hollowly.

"Lyman," said Jay.

"Yes. I was with Lew Alban."

Jay pushed himself upon his feet. "Lyman didn't know he was telling me about you," he said bitterly. "You were just your father's daughter. He'd no idea it was anything to me!" Jay had not meant to say that; and now he said no more. He sat down again, idle.

"We got Howarth today," said Jay.

"What?"

"We got Howarth—the Howarth business," he explained, politely. "We'd been rather needing it, you know. Your friend can leave us now whenever he wants; we have Howarth and they're going to stay."

"You have them?" insisted Ellen.

"Yes."

Her head inclined slowly; she seemed unable to keep it up; her shoulders wilted; suddenly all her strength was gone. She collapsed over her desk and cried and cried.

Jay stood over her; Jay put a hand upon her and at touch of her his anger was gone. He had been wrong, he must have been wrong, wrong about her. This little body was true and right! Always she had been; she must be! "Ellen," he pleaded. "Ellen."

"I was at the party with Lew—Lew Alban, Jay," she sobbed; and it all broke from her. "I was trying to hold him till you could get Howarth. He liked me, you see; I hated him; but I thought I could hold him. We had to hold him, didn't we? Now you have Howarth."

I can tell you. Oh, Jay, Jay, I can tell you..."

He left her for the moment required to turn the bolt of the door; in any case, it was end of day—their end of day and nobody was about. He gathered her up in his arms and she lay against him, looking into his eyes.

"I love you, I love you, Ellen—Ellen Powell," Jay said. "I love you."

He felt her slightly stir and the soul of her searched his, frightened, withdrawing. He loved her; oh, that Ellen's soul knew; but what, what of Lida, his wife?

He felt her withdraw and he watched her in his arms. He felt her returning to him, her doubt of him downed. Her arm drew him to her kiss; and at her lips on his, hers were afeared and his, as never they burned upon Lida's.

"I love you."

She whispered, "My love; oh, my love!"

She thrust back from him but it was only to see him and smile with happiness such as he had never seen. For a moment she lay in his arms, her eyes closed.

"We can love, you and I? You and I, Jay—we can love?"

"Love?" said Jay. "There's nothing now to stop us; and nobody."

She asked no more, except, "D'you know how long it's been in me, my love for you? Since the day I saw you, do you know?"

Nothing and nobody between them; it was true; for Lida had reappeared to her circle of society. Mrs. Jay Rountree had taken up residence in Paris, most properly, with an infant daughter. The papers soon would print announcements and comment that, incredibly, Mrs. Lytle was a grandmother. No other comment would spread, except the one that Lida and Jay had proved incompatible. For Mrs. Lytle was with Lida, to aid her in negotiations for divorce through the French courts.

Indeed, Mrs. Lytle had written to Jay that the divorce was assured; it required, now, only Jay's perfunctory appearance in Paris. They were all very grateful to him; but, except for retention of his name for Lida and her child, they would trouble him no more.

So there arrived at a certain resolution that item of dangerous business begun when Jay left Lida at his sister's home and Ralph, challenged as to Nucast, replied he was "all right." Jay sailed for France at the end of the week.

Sun and snow and the sharp conical shadows of cedar. Green, deep green the pines; blue the sky; white the land and the lake—white, all white. The lake lay level under its snow. Crack, crack resounded the ice in the strait.

It was midwinter and Ellen was at home; she had a wire from Jay that he would arrive today. Her father was driving her in the sleigh to the station at Hoster.

How strange was the tiny town; for here, tomorrow, she would marry Jay—Jay Rountree—and from this little snowy station she would set out with him upon a wedding journey.

Ellen's mind went to that wedding journey for which she had handed him the money... In few respects would this resemble that. Even in finances, it would be different; for Jay would see it through on money which he had earned. For Rountree had Howarth; and not even Mr. Rountree could question that Jay had won the order.

Alban was gone; but the change was for the better, for Alban was shrinking and Howarth was growing. Metten, too, was growing; and there was another chance at recovering Metten.

Metten recalled Di; and here on the left was the Dewitts' dilapidated cottage under its charitable mantle of snow—the home to which Di, having been of service to Slengels in winning Metten, would never return.

That item of dangerous business was not near to any sort of resolution. Ellen drove her mind from it but the heaviness of it hung in her heart.

Not now! Her heart leaped in her breast. The train whistled. She stood up, trembling; she sprang down. The train was in sight and stopping; and upon the first step stood Jay!

THE END

AT THIS NEW PACE . . .



ALERTNESS is more necessary than ever at our new tempo. Life speeds up—grows rich and variegated and exciting.

Yet this new pace *is* a strain. And now that keenness is more than ever desirable, it becomes all the harder to keep always keen.

Thousands are finding ENO helpful in solving that problem. Much dullness, listlessness, and even ill-health, result from a sluggish intestinal tract and improper elimination, and from poisons that sometimes accumulate as a result of dining too well.

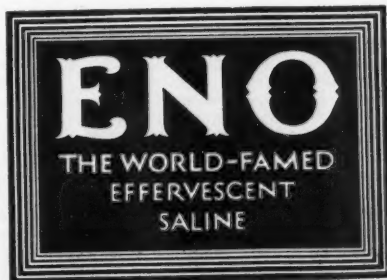
In those conditions, sparkling, effervescent Eno is more than apt to restore the sparkle of living. That's why some enthusiasts speak of Eno as a "health

drink." In restoring keenness to living, Eno acts with a gentle thoroughness very different from the drastic action of ordinary "salts." And its taste is very far indeed from the nauseating bitterness so generally associated with saline laxatives.

Eno's taste is delightful, even when its stimulating effervescence has subsided.

Keep a bottle in your bathroom. Your appetite for living may take a new lease on life!

Eno, world-renowned for more than half a century, from druggists, 75c and \$1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York.



Service

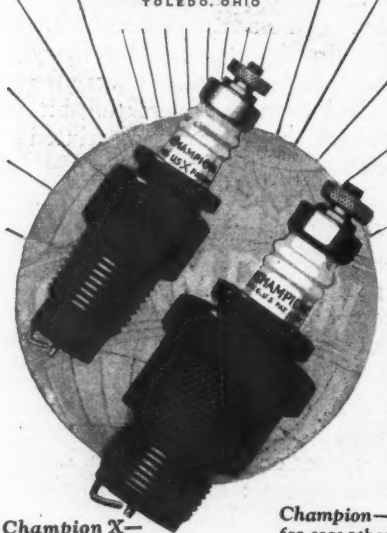
More than 100,000 dealers and garages sell dependable Champion Spark Plugs—supplying two out of three motorists. You will find complete stocks of Champions wherever automobile parts or accessories are sold.

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine, and all are of the same gas-tight, two-piece construction with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

The dealer will be glad to recommend the particular type of Champion plug which will assure the best performance from your engine.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
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Champion X—
Exclusively for
Fords—packed in
the Red Box
60¢

Champion—
for cars other
than Fords—
packed in the
Blue Box
75¢

The Lady Who Turned Thief (Continued from page 93)

was, of course, just a possibility that Higson, the parish clerk and sexton, might have visited the sacred edifice for some reason during the intervening two days, but that could be ascertained presently—he had little doubt that Higson had not.

He had a very clear recollection of everything that had happened while he was in the church with the Squire and his guests. After admitting them to the church and locking the door from the inside, he had first taken them to the vestry and, opening the safe, had shown them the old plate, the parish registers, dating from 1547, and various other matters of interest that had accumulated during the last two or three centuries.

He had left his keys in the lock of the safe when he and the others passed into the church to examine the architecture, the monuments, the inscriptions, the old brasses and paintings. And while one was here and another there, the thief had slipped into the vestry, opened the safe and abstracted the Hislop chalice.

It was an article that could easily be hidden, reflected Leggatt—a parcel-gilt cup, standing about seven and a half inches high and measuring two and a half inches in diameter across the upper rim and the circular base—why, it could be slipped into a pocket.

"And, of course, I'd told them all about it," he mused regretfully. "Told them, I remember, about the American collector who offered first ten and then twenty thousand dollars for it. That was dangling temptation before the needy. And some of these racing, card-playing people are often at their wits' end for ready money, I believe.

"However, that's neither here nor there—the thing is, what's to be done? I don't want the Bishop to know, and as for the Archdeacon—whew! I can't very well go across to the Hall and demand to search the boxes of every man and woman there. And as for the police—no, I do not want that!"

Eventually, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, Leggatt went down into the village and saw Higson. He soon discovered that the parish clerk had not been near the church since Sunday evening. And Higson was the only person in the parish besides himself who could have entered the church.

He stayed talking with Higson some little time; an hour had passed before he went back to the vicarage. Mrs. Leggatt met him in the hall.

"Any news, Francis?" she asked anxiously. "None," he said. "I've just been down to Higson's. Of course, I didn't tell him anything of this. Nobody must know, Marian. But Higson has never been in the church since he locked up after even-song on Sunday. He's never lent his key to anyone, either, so—"

He paused at that, checked by the sight of a card which lay on the old oak side table in the hall. Mrs. Leggatt followed his glance.

"Mrs. Peacock called," she said, indicating the card. "She was so charming—called to ask after Bobby. Most sympathetic! She promised to call again in a day or two—she's staying at the Hall a few days longer."

Leggatt was staring at the card. Suddenly he glanced sharply at his wife. "You didn't tell her anything about—eh?" he asked.

Mrs. Leggatt flushed. "Francis!" she exclaimed indignantly. "As if I should!"

"Sorry, Marian—sorry. Of course you wouldn't! I—it's so important, you see, that we should keep strict silence about it. If the archdeacon knew—"

"As if I didn't know all that," said Mrs. Leggatt. She was still offended, and she turned and went off towards the nursery. "Of course I said nothing!" she flung over her shoulder.

Leggatt remained in the hall. He began absent-mindedly to finger Mrs. Peacock's card. So Mrs. Peacock had been to the vicarage to inquire after Bobby, had she? Very kind of her, of course, but—supposing Mrs. Peacock had had another idea in her mind. Supposing

Mrs. Peacock had come fishing—wanting to find out—if—if . . .

It was at that moment that Leggatt had a brain-wave. He had not the slightest notion where that brain-wave came from. But it swept him straight out of his front door and down the path to the village.

Leggatt, as a man with a good deal of spare time on his hands, was a great reader, almost an omnivorous one. Recently he had been reading criminology; and now he found himself repeating a sentence which he had read only a day or two before in a technical work on theft:

The thief's first instinct, on securing a stolen object, is to "plant" it, i. e., to dispose of it, as quickly as possible, in some safe place, so that in the event of his immediate or speedy arrest, he may not be found to be in possession of it.

That, no doubt, reflected Leggatt, applied to the procedure of the professional thief—but it had its origin in a certain attribute of human nature, and might be applied to the amateur wrongdoer as well as to the skilled expert. To get rid of the purloined article quickly—that was all of a piece with the instinct to hide, to get away, to secrete.

Well, in this case his brain-wave had shown him how the purloiner of the Hislop chalice could get it out of reach smartly and surely. He proposed to find out at once if the means he was imagining had been employed. And within five minutes he had turned into the post-office and, there being nobody else there, was closeted with the woman who presided over it, Mrs. Marsh.

"Mrs. Marsh," he began, leaning confidentially across the counter, "I've called to see you on a very important matter—so important that I can't tell you its nature. I dare say I ought really to have gone to the postmaster at Chilminster to get his permission to come to you, but the matter is of such pressing moment that I daren't waste the time. So—I've come straight to you."

"What is it, Sir?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

Leggatt leaned closer over the counter. "This, Mrs. Marsh," he replied, his tone suggesting mystery as well as confidence—"I want to see your registered letter book."

Mrs. Marsh let out an exclamation that was not encouraging. "Oh, dear me, Mr. Leggatt," she said. "I—I'm afraid I can't do that, Sir. We're under strict instructions not to divulge any post-office business to anybody. It would be as much as my place was worth—"

"Mrs. Marsh," interrupted Leggatt, "if I went to the postmaster at Chilminster and told him my reason, he'd come here with me himself and show me your book. But that would mean—the police. And I don't want to have the police dragged in. I have reasons for that—and reasons for asking you to show me the book. All I want is to see the entries made in that book since Monday last. And, Mrs. Marsh—you know me. No one—not one—will ever know anything about this!"

But Mrs. Marsh still hesitated. "I don't like it, Mr. Leggatt! Irregularity—"

"The circumstances are exceptional, Mrs. Marsh," Leggatt interrupted again. "Still, if you feel you can't, I must go at once to the postmaster at Chilminster."

"You're sure he'd come back with you, Sir?" "I am quite sure he would, Mrs. Marsh," replied Leggatt. "But he would bring the police superintendent with him. And that I do not want—for the sake of the village."

Mrs. Marsh suddenly pushed an oblong book across the counter and, opening it, showed Leggatt a page of duplicates.

"There's only been three registered letters sent away from this office since Monday morning, Mr. Leggatt," she said hurriedly. "Look for yourself. I know all about them, of course. That first one—that's for a weekly affair, from John Coates—he sends his widowed mother a pound

from page 93)
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every Monday and he always registers it. That's for a letter, in a registered envelop, from Sir Charles to his bankers in London. And the third is for a small parcel that was registered, on Tuesday morning, by one of those ladies staying at the Hall.

“Just so,” said Leggatt, keeping his voice as steady as possible. “And—that's all?”

“That's all, Sir,” affirmed Mrs. Marsh. “And I beg you'll not let anybody know, Sir, that—”

“Make yourself quite easy, Mrs. Marsh,” said Leggatt. “Not a soul will ever know. And—I'm very much obliged to you.”

Mrs. Marsh put away her book. “I hope you've found out what you wanted to know, Sir,” she said, eying her caller inquisitively.

“I—I can't tell you,” replied Leggatt. “At least—not yet. But—” He hesitated a moment, murmured another word of thanks, and forthwith left the office.

Outside, he pulled out a notebook and pencil. “Sent it to herself,” he muttered. “Clever. And—she's going to stay at the Hall a few days longer, is she? And came to inquire about Bobby's cough, eh? Um!”

Then he wrote down an address:

Mrs. Guy Peacock,
23 Heatherfield Mansions,
Mayfair, W.

The first thing that Leggatt did on returning to the vicarage was to pick up the card which Mrs. Peacock had left on the hall table and put it carefully away in his pocketbook; he had already thought out a plan of action in which that card was to be a highly useful factor. The second was to announce to Mrs. Leggatt, over the luncheon table, that he was going up to town by the afternoon train. Mrs. Leggatt looked her astonishment.

“Francis!” she exclaimed. Then light burst in upon her. “You have some—idea?” she suggested. “A—a clue?”

“An idea, yes,” assented Leggatt. “A clue—well, I don't know. But—I'm going. And—it's to be kept secret—mentioned to—no one! I shall be back tomorrow afternoon.”

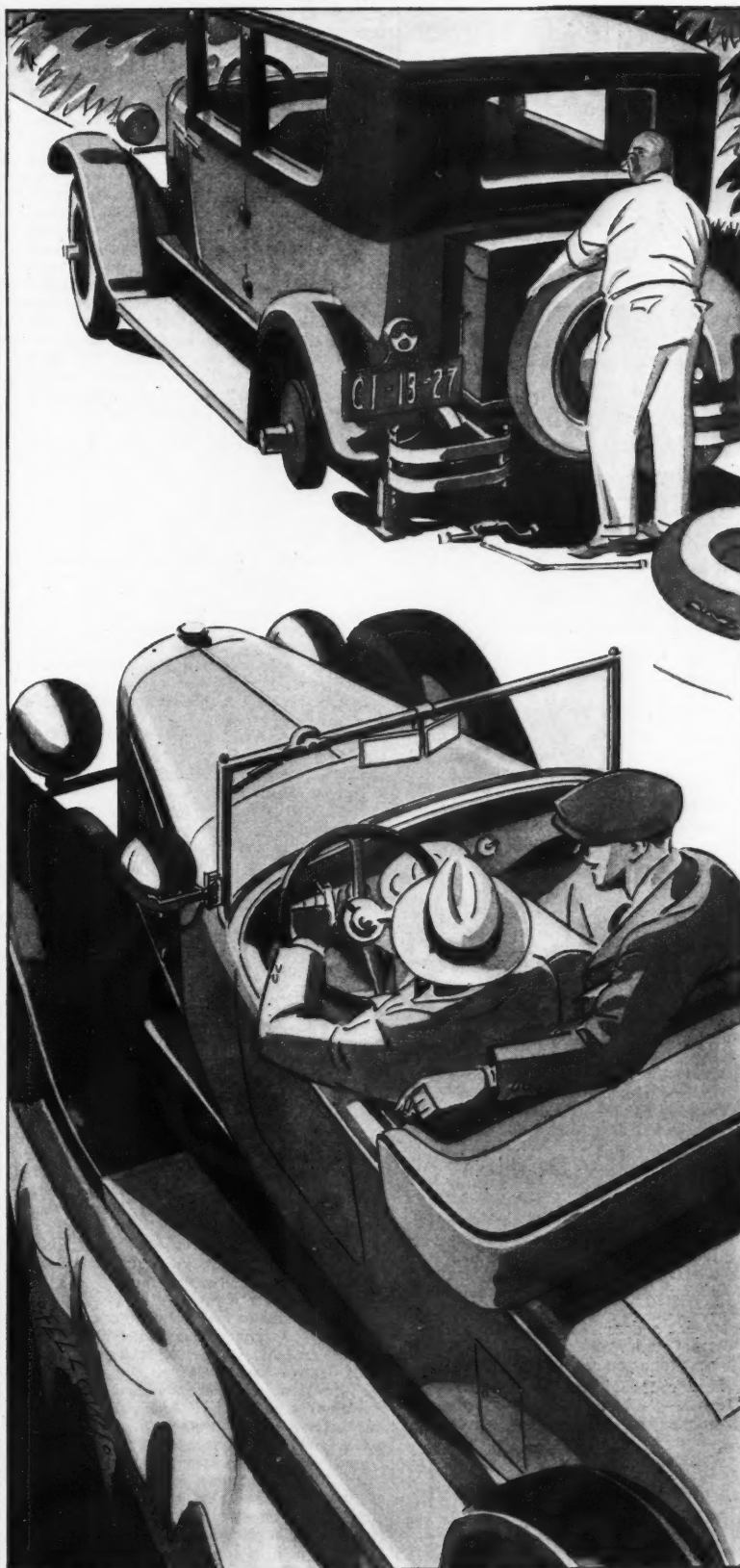
At three o'clock, looking very determined, his wife thought, he went off to catch the local train to Chilminster; at five minutes to four he was on the platform at Chilminster, awaiting the London express. And as he stood there, he suddenly saw one of Sir Charles's guests—Hawksfoot, the man whom he had described to Mrs. Leggatt as looking like an adventurer.

Hawksfoot, who seemed to be in a hurry, did not see the vicar; Leggatt watched him hasten off towards the express, just then steaming in. Presently he saw him enter a first-class smoking compartment; Leggatt passed its door; he traveled third-class. He had another glimpse of Hawksfoot when the train arrived at King's Cross four hours later; Hawksfoot was stepping into a taxicab.

Leggatt went off to a quiet, old-fashioned hotel in the neighborhood of Bond Street, and after a belated dinner, over two or three pipes of tobacco, reviewed his plan of campaign for the morrow. Certain circumstances, he thought, were highly in his favor—in fact, he was extremely lucky. He knew Heatherfield Mansions well; he had once had a small flat there himself, when, before his marriage, he had been curate at a West End church. Accordingly he was acquainted with what was done there about letters.

There were some thirty apartments, of various sizes, in Heatherfield Mansions; if any tenant happened to go away and lock up his or her apartment, all letters and parcels for that particular person were deposited with the hall porter at his office in the main entrance until the addressee returned. And it was doubtless in the hall porter's nest of pigeonholes that the registered parcel, sent off by Mrs. Peacock from Meddersley, was then reposing. In that parcel Leggatt firmly believed the Hislip chalice would be found. And—he was determined to get it.

At ten o'clock next morning Leggatt walked into the entrance of Heatherfield Mansions,



“It's a wonder some of the insurance companies don't issue a policy against blowouts.”

“What's the use, when you can buy Kelly-Springfield tires?”



Lemon Juice for Hair Beauty

A LEMON rinse gives your hair the beauty of absolute cleanliness. The mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of the lemon cuts the curd formed by soap and water, leaving each separate hair faultlessly clean. No amount of rinsing with plain water can remove this curd.

Try it after your next shampoo and feel this delightful fresh cleanliness for yourself. Your hair will be silky, fluffy and soft, and full of a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women are following this one best method of insuring the complete beauty of their hair. Whether they wear it bobbed or long they know that a lemon rinse gives the shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1409, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

and to his great joy recognized in the hall porter the same man who had acted in that capacity when he himself was a tenant—an ex-army man named Murphy. Murphy remembered the former curate well enough, and greeted him almost affectionately; Leggatt let him talk awhile before entering on his own business. At last he drew out Mrs. Peacock's card—and prepared to tell the lies which he just had to tell.

"I don't know whether you're aware of it, Murphy," he began. "I have been Vicar of Meddersley, away in the North, for some years, since leaving here. There is one of your tenants, Mrs. Guy Peacock, staying at Meddersley Hall just now as a guest of Sir Charles Leddingham. Mrs. Peacock is going to remain there rather longer than she intended, and knowing that I was coming to town last night and returning home this afternoon, she gave me her card, asked me to hand it to you, and to ask you for a small registered parcel which she sent here the other day and now wants—she said you'd have it."

He knew before he had come to the end of his last hurried sentence that there was something wrong; that his carefully contrived scheme wasn't going to be successful; that something had happened. Murphy was looking at him oddly.

"Well, bedad, that's the queer thing entirely, Mr. Leggatt!" he said. "You're the second gentleman that's called for that same parcel this morning, and with the same message. Mr. Hawksfoot, that's a great chunk of Mrs. Peacock's when she's at home—sure, he was round here for that parcel at nine o'clock. And of course I gave it to him."

Leggatt thanked his stars that he was able to keep his countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Hawksfoot's got it, has he, Murphy?" he answered. "Oh, that'll be all right. I know Mr. Hawksfoot—he's been staying at Sir Charles Leddingham's, too. I see how the mistake arises. So long as he's got the parcel . . . By-the-by, doesn't Mr. Hawksfoot live somewhere round here?"

That was a chance cast—Leggatt's tone suggested that he knew something of Hawksfoot's whereabouts; in reality he knew nothing. But Murphy swallowed the bait.

"Oh, he does, Mr. Leggatt," he answered. "At 231A, Half Moon Street. I often carry notes for him there from Mrs. Peacock—mighty thick is them two, Sir—and rale sports, both of them."

Then he turned to attend to another caller, and Leggatt, with a nod and a smile, went out into the street. He was conscious of only one thing—Hawksfoot, without doubt, had got the Hislop chalice.

And now Leggatt stood wondering what to do next. Should he go to his solicitor? Or should he go to the police? to Scotland Yard? That, perhaps, was what he ought to do. There was no doubt in Leggatt's mind now that these two people, whom ex-Sergeant Murphy had aptly described as being mighty thick, were in a conspiracy about the theft of the Hislop chalice. And there was no doubt that it was now in Hawksfoot's possession.

Leggatt suddenly came to a decision. He would go round to Half Moon Street, call on Hawksfoot at his rooms and tell him his business in plain words. If Hawksfoot blustered, equivocated, protested, he would not only threaten him with the police, but would immediately summon their assistance. That was surely the thing to do—and, as Half Moon Street was close by, in five minutes more Leggatt was at Hawksfoot's door.

A youthful valet answered his knock, and on hearing what he wanted, shook his head.

"Mr. Hawksfoot's just gone out, Sir," he replied. "Ten minutes since, Sir. I couldn't say when he'll be back—might be some time, Sir. I know he's lunching at his club, Sir."

"Oh!" said Leggatt. "Which club is that?"

"Saddle and Stirrup Club, Sir—Piccadilly. Not five minutes' walk, Sir."

"But you're not sure he'll be there now?" suggested Leggatt. "Just so—might be about

the town, eh? Um! I think I'll step in and leave Mr. Hawksfoot a note, if I may?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the valet, standing politely aside. "This way, Sir." He ushered Leggatt into a cozy sitting-room and pointed to an old bureau that stood in a recess. "Note-paper and envelopes there, Sir."

"Thank you," replied Leggatt.

He drew a chair up to the bureau—and then, as the valet withdrew, closing the door behind him, Leggatt let out a sharp, sibilant breath of surprise and relief. For there, right before him, in an open compartment of the bureau, stood the Hislop chalice!

Leggatt acted and moved with a determination and speed that surprised himself. The Hislop chalice went straight into his pocket in one moment; within the next, he was out in the hall again, summoning the valet.

"On second thoughts," said Leggatt calmly, "I won't write a note. I'll call round at Mr. Hawksfoot's club instead. But," he added, "in case I miss him there, will you please give him my card? Thank you—good morning!"

A moment later Leggatt was down-stairs and going swiftly away. At the corner of Clarges Street he chanced on a taxicab and plunged into it with a sharp order to the driver.

"King's Cross!"

At seven o'clock that evening Leggatt, tired but triumphant, let himself into his vicarage. No one witnessed his entrance; Mrs. Leggatt was up-stairs in the nursery; the servants were in the back regions. He went straight to his study, took a bunch of keys from a certain hiding-place and stole out again into the adjacent churchyard. Presently he was in the church and in the vestry—and when he had done what he wanted there, he slammed the door of the safe viciously. Then he went home and summoned his wife.

"Marian," he said, "I've got it. It's back in the safe! And if ever I run any risk about it again, may I be—shot!"

Mrs. Leggatt was clasping her hands in a paroxysm of delight and of admiration at her husband's cleverness.

"Francis!" she exclaimed. "But—where did you find it? And how?"

"I found it," replied Leggatt, with a glance at the door, "on Mr. Hawksfoot's desk, in his flat in Half Moon Street. What d'you think of that, Marian? But—that's not all! Have we ten minutes before dinner? Then listen!"

Mrs. Leggatt listened open-mouthed. When her husband had told her the whole horrible story, she threw up her hands.

"Then that accounts for it," she exclaimed. "That, of course, accounts for it!"

"Accounts for—what?" asked Leggatt.

"For this!" replied his wife. "This afternoon, about three o'clock, Mrs. Peacock called here—to inquire about Bobby's cough, of course. While she was here, a footman came across from the Hall with a telegram which had just arrived there for her—Sir Charles thought it might be of importance. She opened it—and I saw at once that it gave her a shock. She went red, white, red again—and seemed, well, furiously annoyed and angry. She gave me a very queer look—very queer."

"Then she jumped up and said she must be off—she'd had news that necessitated her returning to town at once. She hurried away—and not long afterwards I saw one of Sir Charles's cars setting off towards Chiltern—I suppose she was in it, and going to catch the express. Of course, that telegram would be from Hawksfoot. He, no doubt, Francis, had found your card on his desk. Francis—don't you wish we'd been there to see his face when he found it?"

The dinner-bell rang before Leggatt could answer. But before he had twice put his spoon in his soup, he looked up and smiled.

"I wish we had, Marian, I wish we had," he said. "However, you had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Peacock open her telegram. I hadn't. But it gave me a wicked, absolutely fiendish pleasure to leave Hawksfoot my card!"

The Day After Tomorrow

(Continued from page 63)

future of those babes born to inherit such good chances of long life and happiness, as I tried to believe, my eyes fell upon the headings of that day's news. They were mainly devoted to the crisis in China—British troops defending Shanghai, American marines rescuing their missionaries from howling mobs, Japanese shelling Hankow, French troops—natives of Annam—strengthening the defenses of their concessions, Italians landing with their guns, Russian Communists stirring up yellow hatred of the white races.

I discussed the matter with a scientific friend of mine in a little house in Chelsea, and he smiled grimly and said, "The yellow peril—that old bogey—is coming unpleasantly near!" "It's still a long way from China to Chelsea," I said hopefully.

My friend seemed to think that I exaggerated the distance. He pointed to his wireless set in the corner of the room.

"In a little while," he said, "we may be listening in to China—and hearing strange noises. The yellow men coming nearer to the Western world by way of Russia. Presently we shall have television. They won't be pretty little pictures when the outposts of the white race are falling back in a fighting retreat from yellow people, black people, brown people, in Asia, India, Egypt and Africa."

I didn't like that picture of a "fighting retreat." It made my blood run cold for a moment.

"Oh, Lord!" I exclaimed. "The rising tide of color—Lothrop Stoddard, and all that?"

My friend mentioned a man named Gregory, professor of geology at Glasgow University. He had written a book—highly scientific—called "The Menace of Color." It was rather disturbing to the fathers of boys.

"You see," said my friend thoughtfully, "he points out a few facts we are rather apt to ignore. For instance, our white domination of the world which we take as God's command—the white man's burden and all that—is rather recent. A thousand years ago the white race didn't even hold the whole of Europe. Four hundred years ago we had secured Europe, or most of it, but the colored races ruled the rest of the world. Now, since the industrial era and the invention of explosives, one-third of the inhabitants of the world—the whites—rule eight-ninths of that part of the world inhabited by the colored peoples. Do you think it's going to last?"

"Why not?" I asked—in order to get his answer.

"Rather a mistake teaching them to use modern weapons, isn't it?" he said quietly. "Rather short-sighted to sell our old war stocks to them and provide them with surplus ammunition, don't you think? Do you remember what happened in the war we called Great?"

Yes, I remembered. I remembered the Indians we brought over to fight in Flanders—those Sikhs and Pathans and Gurkhas who stood in the wet trenches when the German artillery was stronger than ours and fired twenty shells to our one. Some of their letters home, read to me by their interpreters, said "The White races are tearing themselves to pieces. There is no love among them" . . . I remembered the French Senegalese, used as gun-fodder, poor wretches, and Algerian Arabs riding through Dunkirk, and Moroccans in Rhineland cities after Armistice. Rather indiscreet all that!

I remembered the Chinese coolies, an enormous army of labor, brought over to handle our shells and watch our little ways of war. What were they thinking about as they watched us through slant eyes, those Chinamen on the Western Front?

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By Letitia Hadley

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tide of the scientific civilization of the West is carrying everything before it as it breaks wave after wave upon us in Asia; and as every unbiased observer would attest, it is not making us better men, an asset either to our educators or the world at large."

All over the East, not only in China, that scientific civilization of the West is beginning to break in upon the Oriental mind, or it is being forced upon that mind by Western peoples. The French have raised big Black and Brown Armies in North Africa, teaching them how to use machine guns, how to throw bombs, how to fight the white enemies of France. Are they sure of their fidelity? I can answer the question. *They are not sure.* And those ideas, nationhood, independence from white rule, self-government, racial supremacy, are stirring across the Egyptian desert, and from Mesopotamia to Persia, from southern India to the northwest frontier, with Russian communists as missionaries of revolt everywhere.

It is dangerous for the Children of Progress now being born in European cradles. It may spoil their chances. Is there going to be a struggle for existence between the white and colored races, before science and all the new powers it is giving us can secure the well-being of humanity?

These scientists with whom I have been talking lately are not unaware of those dangers ahead. It casts a gloom over their hopes, I find. They believe that a new struggle for existence is not far off as history is counted and that this civilization is, as Wells says, "a race between education and catastrophe." What is haunting them, I find, is the growth of world population coinciding with a decline in the resources of food and energy.

I walked round a London park not long ago with a man whose whole life has been devoted to bacteriology. I spoke a few words about the enormous benefits which that science has conferred upon the human race by the elimination of plague, malaria and other diseases in tropical countries. But he interrupted me with a melancholy laugh.

"The truth is," he said, "that we scientists have much to answer for by defeating the ruthless old methods of Mother Nature. Look at India. Because of our knowledge of bacteriology and the causes of plague, and our agricultural improvements and sanitary organization, India added a hundred and nine millions to its population between 1872 and 1911. Now Africa is beating India in rapidity of increase—prodigious!—while Europe is going in for birth control and restricting population for economic reasons. What does all that mean? The inevitable decline of white power—the rising tide of color. That's pretty serious unless we handle the problem wisely. But there's more in it than that."

"What?" I asked.

"The world," he said, "is increasing its population faster than its food supplies."

I have been looking into that question, testing its truth as far as I can by going to the right authorities who ought to know. If one can believe their statements and figures the world is indeed approaching a new struggle for existence which may be the grimmest thing in human history since the early clash of races for the good places of the earth. If science doesn't fulfil its promise, or rather its hopes and dreams, civilization seems to be heading for a smash, because of a desperate competition for the essentials of life, the chance of trade and the survival of race.

The last census revealed the fact that the population of the world grew at the rate of doubling in sixty years. According to Professor Gregory of Glasgow, in another hundred and twenty years, if this rate of increase is maintained, there will be 6600 million people, which is the limit that can be supported by the world's food supplies.

Long before that limit is reached, it looks as though there will be a fierce conflict for the fertile places of the earth, unless the peoples of the world unite to intensify and distribute the supplies of food by fair and orderly means and

rearrange the whole structure of their international relationships, and alter radically the present development of industrial life.

There is one possibility for which science is now striving which may avert this grim prospect of world-wide famine. Science may come to the rescue with that synthetic food which is now being studied in chemical laboratories. But there is no certain hope of that, hardly an uncertain hope. *Scientists do not believe in that synthetic food upon present evidence.*

We must find another way out of this shadow which is creeping nearer to us and may touch the lives of children now in their cradles, not only in the countries where primitive conditions still exist but in the centers of European civilization and the United States.

I have been looking at a book called "The Expansion of Races" by an American scientist named Woodruff. Many of his arguments and most of his conclusions seem to me unsound, but one must accept his figures, which can easily be checked.

He reckons that in 1950—not so far away now—the population of the United States will be nearer 160 than 150 millions. He doesn't deny the extreme estimate of 400 millions by the end of this century though he believes that it is exaggerated. In any case, he says, the people of the United States are increasing faster than their food supplies, and maintains that such increase cannot continue with any margin of safety if food is exported.

Actually the United States is importing food already—from Canada and the Argentine. American scientists are beginning to get anxious about their meat supplies. Stefansson, the great explorer, is promoting a scheme for raising reindeer in the Arctic circle, though that is not likely to solve the problem on any scale of importance.

But what about England and Germany and other industrialized nations of Europe, with their enormous demand for food which they do not produce for themselves? England would starve to death in three months—man, woman and child—if cut off from her imports of food from other countries, and those other countries are beginning to need their own and more than they can raise for themselves.

Yes, the problem is serious for a not far distant future. It is possible, of course, to bring new areas of the earth under cultivation, in the tropics, in Australia, in desert lands, and to intensify food production by increased irrigation, the chemical destruction of insect pests, the use of chemical manures, and the development of machinery on the farms. At first sight those methods seem to assure our future food supplies for many generations ahead, and personally I believe that upon those lines the problem will be solved, provided there is a check to the growth of population and the prevention of world wars by intelligent cooperation for the well-being of humanity as a whole—a proviso which is wholly doubtful according to our present measure of intelligence.

In all nations of Europe and in many countries which we Western people call "backward" because of their agricultural or pastoral way of life, machine-driven industry is being intensified and the cities are draining the fields of human labor. That is leading to many dangers, and there is one aspect of this process which is developing an economic problem already causing international friction and rivalry, with only one possible result—which is war—if it goes on to its logical conclusion.

All these manufacturing countries and these new factories which are being set up in peasant states are turning out the same kind of goods. It is not as if each country were providing something which they can best produce for exchange with similar specialized goods in other lands. No, with machinery which becomes more efficient, swifter in production, each country is pouring out articles which compete directly with the manufactured goods of other countries. And they are not satisfied with supplying their own internal needs. They want to export their goods in order to increase their wealth and power.



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All these industrial countries are putting up tariff walls against each other's goods to protect home industries, yet all of them try to invade other countries with their own goods. And the machines, speeding up their rate of output, pouring out their products in a tide which becomes more furious, are driving nations into deadly rivalry and a new struggle for existence.

Talking with the scientists and reading their books I find that at the back of their minds—sometimes in the foreground of their thoughts—is another anxiety which deepens their belief that the struggle for existence is not going to be less but more severe in the not far distant future.

The store of energy, they say, is getting exhausted.

They assert that the natural resources of power which turns the machinery of the world, drives its ships across the ocean, sends its wireless messages and creates all the physical activities of modern civilization apart from human labor are beginning to dwindle and give out. To most of us, complacent with our present state, this possible exhaustion of power seems no more than a bogey which may affright far distant ages but need be no cause of anxiety in living minds or in the lives of our children and children's children. The scientists, looking further ahead, see the stealthy approach of this new peril.

Is science going to find a new source of power?

Shortly before the war a committee of English scientists with this future problem in their minds was appointed to study the possibility of replacing coal power by some other form of energy. They investigated the chance of getting power from water, from the tides, from the sun, from the wind. But their report was unfavorable. No such energy could be produced cheaply and sufficiently, they said, by any of those means which could replace the use of coal.

In April of this year the Privy Council in England appointed a new Committee of Research to "try again" with special reference to the tides. A multitude of devices have been suggested for harnessing this colossal bulk of energy to human use. But expert opinion has been almost unanimous in favor of filling large reservoirs with the rising tide and allowing the escaping water to actuate turbines during the ebb.

Mr. Norman Davey in his "Studies in Tidal Power" published two years ago, stated that there were forty-nine sites in England, twenty in Scotland, and three in Ireland where the tidal range exceeded ten feet, and where, theoretically at least, 1,000 horse-power could be developed. He estimated that by the use of these and smaller stations a total of approximately 4,000,000 horse-power could be produced continuously, an enormous addition to the resources of the country, equivalent to 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 tons of coal.

That is a possibility which cannot be ignored, but the mind of the physicist is directed to the one illimitable form of power which, if it could be liberated, would solve all that problem of exhaustion and provide energy for the whole world and for all imaginable epochs of time. I have already alluded to that scientific quest for some means of releasing the energy of the atom, accelerating atomic change. As Professor Soddy says, "The quarry is in full view and by numerous routes the investigators are starting off in hot pursuit."

There seems to be no doubt that there is this enormous and almost terrifying force in the constitution of matter lying all around us. One has to accept that on the authority of the great scientists who are all agreed on that point. Take, for instance, the late Sir William Ramsay, who, I believe, first discovered the element of helium and the actual transmutation of metals by atomic change.

"Suppose," he says, "that the energy in a ton of radium could be utilized in thirty years . . . It would suffice to propel a ship of 5,000 tons at the rate of fifteen knots an hour for

thirty years. To do this actually requires a million and a half tons of coal . . . But the supply of radium is a very limited one and it can be safely affirmed that the production will never surpass half an ounce a year. If, however, the elements, which we have been used to consider as permanent, are capable of changing with evolution of energy—if some form of catalyzer could be discovered which would usefully increase their almost inconceivably slow rate of change—then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered."

That is the problem clearly stated. And Sir William Ramsay suggested the method by which this liberation of atomic force could be effected. It is perhaps one of the most important sentences in science ever uttered by human lips.

"One can imagine the very atoms themselves exposed to bombardment by enormously quickly-moving helium atoms, failing to withstand the impacts."

Those words contain the main hope of the human race for renewing the sources of energy which are now being exhausted. Perhaps they are the only hope of mankind for future life on earth.

It is only lately that I have begun to understand the structure of an atom—that little solar system, as it were, made up of negative electrons whirling round a positive nucleus, so that all matter in its last analysis is pure force. I have listened to lectures by Sir Oliver Lodge which seem to make it all very clear and yet leave enormous mysteries behind their simplicity.

The atom itself is inconceivably minute, yet relative to its size, its electrons may be compared to a few gnats flying in regular orbits round a great cathedral—the atom itself—which has no walls.

There is no crowding within the structure of the atom but great emptiness.

Particles of other atoms may fly through that space without hitting the central nucleus.

Atoms unite to form molecules of matter and the force which holds them together obeys the electrical law of positive and negative attraction . . . Yes, it all sounds very simple!

The force within the nucleus of the atom was revealed by studying the Alpha rays given out by radio-active elements. They are particles of the nucleus of helium and travel at a speed of ten thousand miles a second. On their journey some of them make chance collisions with the nuclei of other atoms, knocking off some of their "protons" which are positively charged.

So great is the energy produced by their discharge that a volume of radio-active gas—called radio emanation—gives out six million times as much heat as the same volume of oxygen and hydrogen burning together and producing the intense heat of the blow-pipe which everybody knows.

These atomic changes are taking place in nature through the whole scale of eighty-two elements which lead from hydrogen to lead. They take place when helium is produced from radium, but the process is almost immeasurably long in this transmutation of elements by atomic change according to nature's clock. Tested by this new method of time measurement the oldest rocks in which lead is present appear to have an age of 1500 million years.

If one could hurry up that process by smashing up the nuclei of atoms and altering their constitution of positive and negative charges, vast stores of energy could be liberated.

On three Saturdays lately I have gone to the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, London, where Sir Ernest Rutherford, the "Grandfather of the Alpha ray," as I heard him call himself, was demonstrating the character, speed and force of those radiant particles by a series of delicate and beautiful experiments.

These experiments are the way by which science hopes to capture the illimitable force within the atom. I saw, actually, the bombardment of the very nucleus of the atom, as suggested by Sir William Ramsay—photographs of the radiation given out when the

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE of underarm perspiration

What you can safely do about it

By RUTH MILLER

The Authority on Perspiration Problems

THE care of the underarm has now become a matter of concern to every dainty woman.

She knows the social dangers that lurk there. She has been made unhappy by perspiration stains on some of her nicest things. She is uncomfortably aware that perspiration odor may be noticeable to others when it is not so to herself.

But I find that many women do not know just how best to guard themselves against these unpleasant results of perspiration. They have not learned the art of the underarm toilette. They rely on inadequate remedies. And hence, take needless social risks, endure needless annoyance, and are never entirely protected.

The Newer Knowledge

When I first started studying this subject, very little was known about it. Hardly a medical book mentioned it.

I made investigations and researches. I set laboratories to work. I employed chemists, skin specialists, and famous physiologists. Now there is a great new body of scientific knowledge on this subject. Now women may know just what to do, with the support of high authorities.

This newer knowledge has destroyed many old-fashioned beliefs and superstitions about perspiration. It has removed needless fears. And it has made possible complete, unending, scientific relief from all the problems of underarm perspiration. Upon it I have built up the art of the under-



arm toilette which literally millions of women, in every country of the world, now follow.

The Most Important Fact

The most important fact in the newer knowledge of perspiration is this:

You can completely stop the flow of perspiration in any limited area of the skin without the slightest harm.

Surgeons and skin specialists are doing it every day, when they apply what they call "occlusive" dressings to various parts of the body.

All that happens is that perspiration from that part of the body is diverted elsewhere.

When you stop perspiration under the arms you simply divert it, to come out evenly over the body as a whole, where it has a chance to evaporate.

Don't let anybody frighten you with old-fashioned ideas to the contrary. Ask your doctor to show you the latest medical writings on the subject.

The Underarm Toilette

It is upon this scientific basis that I developed Odorono, for the Underarm Toilette. Its formula is approved and recommended by the leading medical specialists who have studied this subject.

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If you have been depending on half-way methods of caring for the underarm, change to Odorono today. It is simple and easy to use. Just two applications a week, following directions on the bottle, and you will have an assurance of underarm daintiness that nothing else can give you.

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helium particles of Alpha rays pass through gas, knocking off electrons from other atoms now and again by mere chance, colliding with their nuclei and getting kicked out of their own direction by a greater power than their own.

I saw this preliminary bombardment in the greatest battle which the mind of man has ever conceived—so vast in its objective that if he wins he will gain the mastery of the material world until the end of earth-time, and yet so minute in its operation that one of the atoms, whose changing structure may be revealed by photography of radiant results, would need to be multiplied 250 million times to make a surface line an inch long, while its electrons are billions of times smaller. The genius of man has measured them, weighed them, calculated their exact electric force, revealed their precise and definite orbits, and made their effects under certain conditions visible upon photographic plates, though in themselves they are invisible.

Will the genius of man, which has gone so far into these mysteries, capture their final secret and command their power? Will that atomic energy ever be liberated? The late Sir William Ramsay, who pointed the way, thought that it might never be. Soddy thinks it may take centuries to discover.

Professor Andrade says with a certain cynicism that "it is open to anyone to prophesy that we shall be able to do so within the next fifty years, and open to anybody else to contradict him." And he adds that "whether the source of energy, if found, will lead to new happiness, or to vast increases of population followed by ruthless wars, is a question to which the answer must at present be dictated by temperament rather than by reason."

These scientists are afraid of the power for which they are searching. If it were used for destruction it would destroy the human race. The ideals of men have not kept pace even with the powers now at their command. Can they be trusted with the control of atomic force?

It is perhaps some unconscious or semiconscious knowledge—some intuition or foreboding—of this exhaustion of the very sources of energy leading to a desperate struggle for existence in which empires, states and peoples may perish, which is accountable for a wave of melancholy spreading over the Western world since the last great war, and expressed poignantly by many of the deepest thinkers in many different nations. They are all "calamity howlers."

It is a pessimism which strikes to the very roots of social philosophy and pervades the intellectual life of Europe with the spirit of despair. It has found expression in pictorial art which denies beauty; in drama which goes to brutality, cruelty and vice for its pictures of life; in music, which revolts against the charm and melody and rhythm of former ages, and expresses modern life in strange and violent cacophonies; and it is stated starkly by novelists, essayists and philosophers.

It is not only an acknowledgment but an assertion that Western civilization has reached its zenith and is on the downward curve, that the end of the industrial era is at hand, that civilization is in the process of decay and near to death. This writing on the wall is in Italian, French, German, Spanish, Danish, English and many other tongues.

These prophets of doom do not limit themselves to Europe in their vision of mortal sickness overtaking civilization. It is civilization itself which is on its way to dissolution and not even the United States, they say, shall be spared, because it has within itself the disease of death.

This morbid philosophy—caused partly by the spiritual shock of the war and its disastrous consequences in many countries, but due also, I think, to the materialistic despair which has followed the abandonment of religion by millions of minds unsettled by scientific disbelief—has been most elaborately set forth in that strange and terrible book "The Decline of the

West" by Oswald Spengler, a German scholar.

The structure of civilization is breaking down under inescapable law. That is the frightful and tragic thesis of his book—that civilization itself is the beginning of the end because when things have "become" they are dead, and it is only the "becoming" that is life.

In Germany above all, stunned for a time by their defeat in war, seeing the very foundations of their old faith in discipline and order and industry destroyed, this book by Spengler had a deep influence from which I fancy they are escaping owing to new prosperity.

Believing in the weakening of the West with all its ideas and methods, they began to turn their eyes to the East, and heard the coming of the colored peoples, and believed that perhaps they held the secret of the future because the West had failed, and that their gods were the true gods, their philosophy the way of truth.

All this is unmitigated gloom, leading to despair. Is it true, or is it only the dark illusion of morbid minds? I should be a liar if I pretended that I disbelieved that some of these dangers lie ahead for the human race. But I believe that the human mind is not incapable of avoiding them and finding a way out.

It is probable that the world is increasing its population beyond its food supplies. But it is almost certain, according to historical laws, that population will fall gradually to the level of its means of subsistence.

It is likely on all evidence that we are reaching the limit of industrial development and that the furious competition in machine-made goods will be beaten back so that nations will have to be more self-supporting and not dependent on export trade. That is not wholly a dismal prospect though the transition stage will be painful and perhaps tragic in many countries. It is right and natural for man to base his life upon the land, which is the source of real wealth. The disintegration of enormous cities and a more general return to the fields and woods might be a blessing rather than a curse.

The simplification of life with less needs and less luxuries may bring back happiness, which seems to have fled from many centers of our present civilization. We may be going to the dogs, but, as Chesterton says, they may be "rather jolly dogs." The immense perils which I have set down, as I have reported the facts and ideas in the mind of science, are not imaginary. Their results will be world calamity if there is not intelligence enough to deal with them and control them.

By acknowledging the rights of the colored races, by a gradual withdrawal from old forms of domination according as the colored peoples advance in self-control and possibilities of self-government, there may be friendly communication and intercourse which will avoid world war and a "fighting retreat." A spiritual understanding of other human minds, racial instincts and needs of life may lead to a solution of many economic problems and causes of conflict. A world-wide system of cooperation and distribution by which the products most easily produced in one country may be exchanged for those most easily produced in another, instead of all producing the same kind of things, would lead to less fever of competition and less waste of human energy.

The genius of the human mind which has investigated so many secrets of nature with such marvelous skill, is not incapable of reshaping its own destiny and frustrating the evil forces which are threatening the future life of mankind. I do not see many signs as yet that human intelligence is on the upgrade or that man's spiritual nature is advancing to high altitudes. On the contrary there are signs of decadence and weakening will-power in many aspects of modern civilization. But we have the possibility within ourselves of improving our minds and our manners. Upon that possibility depends the fate of civilization and all that makes life good to us.

Sir Philip Gibbs, in his article Next Month, deals with the future possibilities in telepathy, mental suggestion and the new psychology

The Stripes of the Tiger

(Continued from page 47)

no doubt meet him at the dinner, too. For he is, according to his friends, a remarkable musician. Had he been a professional, according to his friends Paderewski must have taken to the oboe for very shame. For myself—suddenly Julian Ransome's cheeks flamed and his voice grew violent—"I think he is the most unspeakable bounder I ever came across. In any company he must bear down everyone. Flashy and vain, but for the women he would never be allowed. He must be in love with the very latest favorite. That's his creed and principle. Publicity in love, you understand. Corinne's the latest favorite. So everyone must be forced to say, 'See that man? That's Battchilena. He's in love with Corinne.'"

"And Corinne responds?" Strickland asked. "If the latest favorite doesn't respond," Ransome answered, "Battchilena proposes passionately to blow out his brains upon her hearth-rug. They fall for it. He knows the kind of woman he pursues—none better"; and suddenly Ransome brought his fist down upon the mantel-shelf. "It's all got to end," he declared, and with a word of farewell, he passed out of the room.

Strickland remained for a while plunged in perplexity. Not by that hot spirit was the dimly shadowed peril to be exorcised. Ariadne could always be guaranteed to match spirit with spirit. At the risk of playing the odious part of Mr. Busybody, he himself must after all figure in the cast. Thorne had advised him to look up the details of the Clutter inquest. He set about that work next day.

He found Henry Murchison, the editor of that famous newspaper the Flame, and asked for help.

"Well! Fire away! What can I do?" Murchison asked.

"You can tell me about an inquest."

Murchison looked up with interest. "An inquest? But can I? I don't know."

"It was an inquest upon a Mrs. Clutter—a Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter—and it was held about eighteen months ago."

Henry Murchison ran a finger down the index of his memories.

"Yes, there was such an inquest," he replied at length. "It was held in the Isle of Wight. But at a time not very helpful to you."

"Why?" Strickland asked anxiously.

"It was held in the midst of a general election. There wasn't much room left for inquests in the Isle of Wight. Ask me a question or two," Murchison suggested. "I might remember something."

"Very well, I will," Strickland returned. He had the one question ready on his tongue which must provoke Murchison's recollections if they could be provoked at all. "How was Corinne concerned in it?"

"Corinne!" Murchison's face cleared like magic. "Oh! Wait a moment!" he cried. "I have got it," he said at length, and corrected himself—"at least I have got the proved facts of it. I don't propose to go behind them."

"I don't ask you to," Strickland agreed.

"Very well," said Murchison. "Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter was a well-to-do, youngish woman, very neurotic, very lonely. She had a small house in South Audley Street and a bigger house just outside Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, and divided her time between them."

"She was a widow?" Strickland interposed.

"I don't know. She may have been. She may, on the other hand, only have been separated from her husband. She was alone, at all events. Let me tell my story my own way."

Strickland had an impression that the editor knew something more about Elizabeth Clutter's widowhood than he was ready to admit.

"I am sorry," he said.

"She was alone," Murchison resumed, "until Corinne came to live with her. Women of that



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kind are prone to violent friendships which have a very short life. Corinne was the favorite of the moment. She was not the Corinne of today. Rudelli hadn't taken her up. Gran, her present dancing partner, hadn't polished her. She was poor, pretty as a peach, of course, but with a good many intervals between her engagements. Yes?"

He broke off because he saw Strickland struggling to suppress a question.

"I was wondering how Corinne and Elizabeth Clutter became acquainted," the latter said.

"That was stated. Corinne had an engagement to dance at a hotel in Brighton one Christmas when Mrs. Clutter was staying there. The resulting friendship we shall recognize to have been inevitable if we remember the great pearl of wisdom which fell from the lips of the late lamented Mr. Orton."

"I never heard it," Strickland remarked.

"Some has money and some has brains. Them that has money was made for them that has brains," Henry Murchison quoted. "So Corinne made her home with Elizabeth Clutter. But"—he wagged a forefinger in the air to emphasize his statement—"let us be quite clear about this. Corinne was dancing in a cabaret show in London on the night when Elizabeth Clutter, in the Isle of Wight, reached out her hand in the dark and drank a tumblerful of disinfectant instead of the sleeping draft which usually stood there."

"So that's it!" Strickland exclaimed.

"Yes," Murchison returned in a far more indifferent voice. "It's an accident which has happened not a few times, but never under conditions so unimpeachable. Elizabeth Clutter slept with a whole pharmacopoeia of remedies by her bedside. Nothing is more probable than that she took the wrong glass by mistake. The alternative is that being an ailing, melancholy, neurotic woman, she took the wrong glass on purpose."

Strickland, however, was not so easily satisfied. "It was suggested, wasn't it, that Maung H'la had changed the glasses?" he said.

"Maung H'la? Oh, yes, the Burmese servant! He had a record of nine or ten years of faithful service. I never heard that suggestion was made."

Strickland continued, working the case out in his mind as he went along. "And that Corinne had arranged her alibi for the occasion?"

"Corinne took her engagements when and where she could get them," Murchison returned. "A conspiracy between her and the Burmese servant was, so far as I remember, never even hinted at during the inquest."

"And yet," Strickland said slowly, "both Corinne and Maung H'la, the faithful servant, nearly stood in the dock to answer to a capital charge."

Henry Murchison was undoubtedly startled. "You know that?" he barked.

"Yes."

"Then you know more about the case than I do. Of course there's always certain to be some talk and perhaps some suspicion when one of these deaths occurs and an unexpected person inherits—"

"Ah!" Strickland interposed quickly. "That's what I wanted to know. Then Corinne inherited—"

"Everything, the house in London, the house in the Isle of Wight, the stocks and shares—the whole bag of tricks."

"So I supposed," Strickland returned. "You see—what I don't understand, if she inherited all this money—no, I can't follow it."

"What's your trouble?" Murchison asked.

"Corinne's still dancing."

Murchison laughed heartily. "May the bloom never fade from your innocence!" he cried. "Corinne has a lover. Corinne and Battchilena between them could eat up a nice little fortune during the time it would take you to eat up a nice little luncheon. And now perhaps you'll tell me why you are so interested in the little affair of Corinne and Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter."

Strickland answered readily enough. "I have a couple of friends whom I greatly value, and if this little affair were to take a new turn I am afraid that the fortunes of those two friends might be damaged by the scandal."

He foresaw no danger more serious than that at the moment. But he did foresee that very clearly. From the facts of the inquest as they had been stated by Murchison, there was not to be extracted the merest shadow of a plea which could persuade so stanch a spirit as Ariadne Ferne to contract her friendship with Corinne. She would, on the contrary, flaunt it the more noisily if any attempt were made to persuade her. There lay the peril.

"It's possible," said Murchison with a smile, "that if I set my wits to work, I might guess correctly who your two friends are. But the whole affair's over—over eighteen months ago. It can't take a new turn."

Strickland, however, was not reassured.

"I should like to be as sure of that as you," he returned slowly. "Just listen to this! After the inquest Maung H'la was sent back to Burma—definitely sent back by the authorities. He took work as a gardener at the ruby mines. Then one day he saw a man, a white man, coming along the road, and in a panic he bolted and made for his native village. The stranger followed him. Three days afterwards Maung H'la was found dead. A very cautious man sent the news to me, but he meant to leave me in no doubt that Maung H'la had been murdered."

"And the stranger?"

"He disappeared."

Murchison turned this unexpected incident over in his mind. His face became grave.

"Yes, that does alter the look of things, doesn't it?" he said. "I have an idea that we might catch the reporter who went down to that inquest."

He spoke over the telephone.

"Will you bring me all that we have about the inquest on Mrs. Elizabeth Clutter?" he commanded, and a clerk came in with a large square envelop. Within the envelop there was just one clipping and that a short one.

"There you are!"

Murchison laid the clipping before Strickland and went out of the room. But the report did no more than confirm the accuracy of Murchison's memory. It was not even as complete. There had apparently been not one moment of sensation. Corinne had answered all the questions put to her by the coroner with no more than the distress natural to the occasion. Maung H'la had accounted for all his movements upon the night of Elizabeth Clutter's death. The verdict, "Death by misadventure," followed inevitably. All was slab and drab and as innocent as could be.

"Yet Maung H'la was sent back to Burma!" Strickland cried in exasperation. "Yet he did come near to standing in the dock, with Corinne by him."

The pressure of space due to the progress of a general election was all very well. But there was a note of reserve about the whole conduct of the proceedings which was unusual.

When Murchison again entered the room, he was followed by a young, red-headed man with a sharp pale face.

"This," said Murchison, "is Mr. Angus Trevor, who reported the inquest," and once again he left the room.

Mr. Angus Trevor picked up the clipping. He read it through carefully. "Yes," he said.

"Yes, that's about it. Not so bad, either."

"But is that all? Did nothing more happen which you didn't report?" Strickland demanded.

Mr. Trevor took no offense at the abruptness of the question. Strickland's distress was too obviously sincere.

"I don't think so," he replied. "You see, I know very well that the public's a carnivorous beast and would much rather that I served up Corinne piping hot on a silver dish than that I gave it pap. Well, all this is pap. Well, then, I had to give it pap. Well, then, obviously pap was all that I had to give."

"What about Clutter, the husband?" Strickland asked.

"Oh, Clutter didn't come upon the scene at all. I suppose Clutter was dead," replied Angus Trevor easily.

"But you are not sure? I have a reason for asking."

Angus Trevor scratched his head. "Wait a bit," he said, and he took up the clipping once more and studied it with care. "Oh, yes! Miss Corinne didn't know whether Clutter was alive or dead. I don't know why I left it out. Perhaps there wasn't room. She described Mrs. Clutter as subject to fits of remorse. Apparently she and her husband had not hit it off very well. She had a morbid sense of guilt and since she did not volunteer any statement, Corinne did not question her."

"Oh!" Strickland exclaimed. Here, at all events, was the promise of a new explanation. Elizabeth Clutter might have deliberately killed herself. "So there was a suggestion of suicide?" he cried hopefully.

"Corinne certainly suggested it," Trevor answered in a very dry tone. "But the jury didn't agree."

No, nor did the police, since they were within an ace of putting Corinne on trial. Nor did the stranger who had pursued Maung H'la into the jungle and squared his account with him there.

Strickland's hope withered away.

"There's something about this report which I don't understand, Mr. Trevor," he said, "even allowing for the general election."

Mr. Trevor was politely curious.

"It seems to me all straight to the point," he said after consulting it again.

Strickland sprang up and took to pacing between the table and the window. He looked out and saw Ariadne's face there before him, without a sparkle of its gaiety and her eyes wistful and yet tender with reproach. In a panic he saw peril approaching her, a black, menacing cloud overwhelming the sky.

It was no longer mere scandal, mere discredit, a mere barrier against advancement which he envisaged, but some dreadful tornado in the midst of which, amidst the clamors of thunder and the blinding glares of lightning, she must be fought for against the Powers of Darkness—chief among them a gaunt, hungry specter of a man, armed with a cudgel which could break but not be broken.

The vision passed. The room swam into his sight again. He recognized Trevor standing by the table.

"I thank you very much," said Strickland.

"It was kind of you to give me these details."

"I don't want to butt in, Colonel Strickland," Trevor said, "and I haven't one idea, nor do I seek to have one, as to why you are interested in the death of Elizabeth Clutter. But I do sincerely think that you are barking up the wrong tree. Surely the person who deserves attention is Corinne!"

"Oh! Then she told you something," Strickland said.

"She told me exactly what I expected, and what I reported, and what I disbelieved. She said every right thing. She was overwhelmed, but her duty to the public must come first. She danced while her heart broke. Pretty sad, what? I could have wept. But I didn't. I consoled myself with the impression that she had the brightest little pair of eyes for a cash-deposit that I had ever seen. It isn't, of course, likely that Corinne would be foolish. But I certainly should inquire whether just before this—accident, Corinne ever hinted that she expected to come into a handsome sum of money pretty soon. It's the sort of little slip which people do make, especially if they are in debt and are being pressed to pay."

With the gift of that advice Mr. Angus Trevor took his sharp red head out of the room. He had reached the corner where the lane discharged itself into Fleet Street, before he came to a stop. He had just remembered an address which might help Strickland and one way or another settle his perplexities.

Trevor turned back to the office of the

Flame, but Strickland had already gone when he arrived.

The dinner at the Semiramis Hotel was certain to be one of the most notable events of that season from the hour when Lord Culalla consented to take the chair.

"This banquet has got to produce the society's record subscription. See to it!" he announced in his curiously metallic voice to his little army of camp followers and satellites. But he was not content with giving this order. He saw to it also himself; and as he stood in the reception-room welcoming the ambassadors, and the bishops, the stars and the ribbons and medals, whom he had gathered to the banquet, he had rather the look of a polite buccaneer asking for their purses.

"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, dinner is served," a stentorian voice belonging to the toastmaster, dressed in a scarlet coat like a master of foxhounds, announced, and the company passed through the door in a tight wedge and spread out like water through a dam.

"We are all together round the end of the top table," Ariadne began, and stopped short with a little cry of dismay. "Oh!"

For in the very corner, in the midst of the seats for which she had stipulated, a thin, narrow-shouldered elderly man, with *pince-nez* bridging his nose, had just taken his seat.

A man spoke at Ariadne's elbow. "I am very sorry, Lady Ariadne. I am the secretary. I had to alter the arrangements at the last moment. He is Mr. Julius Ricardo, very rich but a little unmanageable. It was really necessary to put him at the high table."

"Ricardo! Ricardo?" Strickland repeated the name to himself. "Now, where have I heard that name?"

Ariadne was gazing at the man ruefully. "I shall hate him, I know," she said to the secretary. "You have spoiled my party."

The secretary smiled his apologies. "I hope not. I understand that Mr. Ricardo can be quite entertaining if he begins to talk about crime. He is a great friend of the famous French detective Hanaud, and visits him in France when any sensational trial takes place."

"Hanaud!" exclaimed Strickland. "To be sure!"

He remembered now and told Ariadne how he came to be familiar with Julius Ricardo's name. There had been a case at Aix-les-Bains which had brought Hanaud into contact with a Mr. Ricardo.

"But it was before your day, Ariadne," he added.

"I don't care!" she said indignantly. "He won't entertain me!"

Alas, Mr. Ricardo entertained nobody that evening, and towards the end of the evening not even himself. Strickland was seated next to Madame Chrestoff, a young and brilliant prima donna; next to her sat Mr. Ricardo; then came Ariadne, Leon Battchilena and Julian Ransome.

When the speech of the evening had been made and the guests were settling once more into their places, the amazing thing occurred. Strickland was saying an enthusiastic word about the speech when he heard a very urgent warning hissed out behind his elbow, like this: "Hist! Hist!"

For a moment he was inclined to believe that some waiter of more than usual insolence was choosing this method of demanding a tip from him; and he took no notice.

But the call was repeated and with an insistence still more sibilant.

"Hist! Hist!"

It was now a call to attention, imperative as an order on parade. But there was alarm in it, too. The man behind his elbow was afraid.

Strickland turned round, carelessly. He saw a foreign waiter, small and sturdy and broad-shouldered like a Japanese, but with the face of a ferret, and even a ferret's red eyes. He was not looking at Strickland at all, it was not Strickland's attention which he had been trying to arrest. But as soon as Strickland turned, his face achieved a smile.

"It is my comrade. I call him," the waiter said with a French accent. "I teach him to wait. But as yet he has not the practise. One, two, three times more and he will be a miracle."

Strickland's eyes took the line of the little waiter's. They led him to Leon Battchilena—he was a big and well-proportioned young man with a dark, vivacious face, rather thick of features redeemed by a pair of black, clear, expressive eyes and a head which was growing prematurely bald. Battchilena was turned towards Ariadne. He was talking to her with an intense earnestness and in a low voice, as if he shared some secret with her—or as if he were making love. A flame of anger suddenly blazed high in Strickland's breast and quite drove from his mind his momentary curiosity.

But his attention was once more caught by the Frenchman behind him.

"Hist! Hist!"

Strickland now saw on the other side of Battchilena a black-sleeved arm and a hand which held a box of cigars. A waiter was offering it to Battchilena, but he held the box in so awkward and inattentive a fashion that the cigars were on the point of tumbling out in a cascade upon the table. It was undoubtedly this waiter whose notice the little ferret behind was failing to attract.

And what so engrossed him? Strickland's eyes mounted upward to the broad shoulders and from the shoulders to the face, and then a low cry broke from his lips.

Here! And in this menial service! Was there ever such a contrast? he asked himself. He whipped round in his chair.

"Who is that man?" he asked in a quiet and commanding voice. "Quick! Tell me!"

And he saw the little ferret's eyes open wide and stark, unutterable fear gather in the depths of them and shine out as from behind a glass.

"Tell me!" Strickland whispered.

The little man took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

"He is my friend, my comrade," he babbled. "One, two, three times more—" His face changed. His terror was aggravated into a spasm of malignity. His lips were drawn back in a grin and his yellow teeth showed like the fangs of an animal. "He's nothing to do with you," he snarled viciously. "You take care! You leave my friend alone!"

Strickland smiled contemptuously at the threat. He turned slowly back. The waiter was still standing over Battchilena; the cigar-box was still poised at its precarious angle. So for the second time Strickland saw the formidable man who had so disturbed the current of his life. Once in the very heart and mystery of a moonlit jungle. Now amid the lights and music and laughter of fashionable company at a public dinner in the midst of the London season.

And as he watched fear came in its turn to Strickland. The man here—no longer three thousand miles away—actually at hand! Was he here to strike, secretly, swiftly, with absolute accuracy and success, as he had already struck those thousands of miles away? Surely Strickland had been right on that first night when he had sat under the bright stars on the veranda of the dak-bungalow at Mogok. His premonition had been the one premonition out of a hundred which works out true.

For the cause of the waiter's inattention was evident. His eyes were fixed upon the card on the table in front of Battchilena. He was not the waiter who had served that part of the room during the dinner. He had come to this corner for the first time with the cigars. And he had now read Battchilena's name, saw Battchilena himself, would know him forever afterwards, and was held rooted to the spot. He appeared to Strickland as one who, having suffered all the sufferings possible in the world, was now at last saying: "Have I found you, O my enemy?"

Battchilena, who was smoking a cigaret, waved him impatiently away, and the waiter carried the box back to a side table by the door. But that intimate conversation was

interrupted. Ariadne looked up. Her eyes met Strickland's and she raised her glass to him.

"No," Strickland said to himself with sudden fire. "If that man strikes again, the blow must not glance off to her"; and the look upon his face surprised and troubled Ariadne, so that her smile died away and her eyes grew serious with compassion.

An inspiration came to John Strickland—he thought it nothing less than that. If someone was to strike, let himself strike first—now—a blow which would warn rather than wound. He leaned towards Battchilena.

"Did you notice the waiter who offered you a cigar?"

"No."

"He is there—standing against the wall close to the door. The big man with the thick reddish hair."

Battchilena looked carelessly over the tables to the spot. The waiter was standing up very straight, gazing into the air in front of him. Even in the shabby graceless livery which he wore a grace was evident, and still more evident than his grace was his physical strength. He stood erect like a great column which it would need an earthquake to overthrow.

"I have never seen the man before," Battchilena observed.

"Yet he was very interested in you," Strickland said. "For my part I have seen him before. In Burma."

And now the Spaniard's face did lose its air of negligence.

"In Burma? And he was watching me?" he whispered with a little catch of his breath, and he leaned forward. "But, Colonel Strickland, I have never been in Burma in my life."

An unaccountable hush had fallen upon that little group of people at the end of the table. A jest had surely turned imperceptibly into some momentous incident, a bout with the foils into a duel with swords. The two men leaning forward towards each other, the one apparently challenging, the other parrying, had made their friends just spectators in an auditorium and held them silent and breathless in a queer suspense.

"I had better tell you how I came to see that man," said Strickland.

"If you please," replied Battchilena.

"It was in the jungle—close to Mogok."

The name of the little town clearly had no message for the Spaniard.

"Mogok, of course, means the ruby mines."

It might. Without doubt it did. But

equally without doubt it meant nothing at all to Battchilena.

"That man over there came to Mogok in search of a native, whose name, I think, was Maung H'la," said Strickland; and thus to another of Ariadne's party fear came at the Semiramis Hotel that night.

The blood drained out of Battchilena's face and left it green. His lips so shook that he could not control them, became so dry that the words he meant to speak would not issue from him. He spoke them at last. There was no pretense of ignorance or indifference any longer.

"Did he find Maung H'la?" There was a look of anguish in his eyes.

"I can't answer you. I think he did. For Maung H'la was found two days later with his neck broken, in the jungle."

Battchilena shot back in his chair. He sat as though he had been turned to stone. Then, slowly and gropingly, while all watched him in suspense, his hands, trembling like the hands of a paralytic, traveled forward over the table-cloth. They touched the card on which his name was written, picked it up.

"Leon Battchilena."

Written in thick black ink on the white, shiny strip of pasteboard, the name stood out like relief work. Battchilena tore the card across once, and then a frenzy of destruction seized him. He tore it again and again and again, his long, thin fingers flickering like a machine, and little whimpering noises breaking from his mouth. Strickland watched him without a movement. Never had he seen a



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spectacle so degrading as this man's surrender to panic. It hurt him actually. It was the revelation of a flaw in the nature common to them all, a flaw which ought not to be, a flaw which vilified. But he never moved until the card lay shredded into tiny shining fragments on the table-cloth. Then he said remorselessly: "But that's of no use, Señor Battchilena."

"Why?"

Strickland felt himself a brute. He was hitting with a cudgel a man without defense—as that other had hit in the moonlit jungle. All the more reason, therefore, to leave Battchilena no opportunity of cradling himself in a fool's paradise.

"Because that waiter read your name. He stood behind you with the cigar-box in his hand. He stood behind you for a full minute. His eyes were fixed upon your card—"

With a curious jerk Battchilena pitched forward so that it seemed his face must strike the table.

"He will faint," said Madame Chrestoff.

Battchilena replied with a shake of his head. "No, no! I am dizzy, that's all. It's the heat. I think I'll get into the fresh air," and with his body bent he whipped out of his chair. In a second he was gone.

In so quiet an undertone had this incident been conducted, that outside the little group no particular interest had been aroused. Madame Chrestoff was for making light of it.

"Yes, it's the heat. We shall see no more of Leon Battchilena tonight."

"On the contrary," returned Strickland, "we shall not see him here, but I think that we shall see him."

"I hope we shall," cried Ariadne gallantly. "Leon is a friend of mine."

Strickland threw up his hands in mock despair. "My dear," he retorted, "it will take the whole Day of Judgment to sort out your friends, and I doubt if the work will be done then."

"Be quiet, Strickland," said Ariadne.

He was quiet and his quietude was Mr. Ricardo's opportunity. But for once he had something to relate and something which Strickland, above all, was anxious to hear.

"I, too, have seen that waiter," he said with the air of a man who would solve this difficult mystery for them all in a second. "Years ago! Let me see, now! Ten years ago I saw him."

"Where?" said Strickland in a flash.

"In France," began Mr. Ricardo; but before he could say another word the little Frenchman was at his elbow, obsequious but insistent.

"You take a liqueur, gentleman? Some fine champagne? Very good brandy. Yes? No? Then you take a cigar. I send my friend with the cigars to you. No? Please to say one word only, and I send to you my friend with the cigars."

Was there just the slightest touch of menace in the tone of that little ferret of a Frenchman? The words? You might take them how you pleased. But there was no doubt how Mr. Ricardo took them. His face shut like a box. A lid had been slammed down upon his experiences.

"No, no, it is a mistake," he exclaimed. "I see it now—a mere resemblance. No, I have not seen that man before."

And so to still another fear had come at that dinner at the Semiramis Hotel.

Strickland leaned back in his chair, disappointed. He could not, however, pursue his inquiries. For the stentorian voice of the toastmaster called upon Mr. Julian Ransome, M. P., to propose the toast of "Your Chairman."

Ransome made a short speech and made his mark with it. When he sat down the applause was louder in volume and more generous in tone than any which had been heard that evening. With Lord Culalla's reply, the dinner broke up. But as they were leaving the banquetting-room Ransome drew Strickland aside.

"I can't go on with you," he said. "I must go back to the House. Will you look after Ariadne?"



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"Of course," said Strickland. "Will you see her and Madame Chrestoff into my car? I'll be down in a moment."

Strickland lingered behind to speak to the *maitre d'hôtel*. He slipped a five-pound note into his hand. "There was a big waiter here tonight. He carried the cigars round. Can you tell me anything about him?"

The *maitre d'hôtel* spread out his hands. "But, Monsieur, I know nothing about him, not even his name, not even his face. He is not upon our regular staff. We went to an agency for extra waiters. See, I give you the address. It is in Shaftesbury Avenue."

Strickland ran down the stairs to the entrance. Ariadne and Madame Chrestoff were already seated in his car.

"John, I think you were a brute tonight to my friend Leon," Ariadne said reproachfully. "I don't think so," he replied gently.

"Battchilena was of your party. Therefore he was safe from me. What I did I think I had to do. I think, too, that you'll agree with me before this night's out."

For of one thing he was certain—Battchilena must at once take counsel with Corinne.

The lights in the side-lamps upon the walls and in the great crystal chandelier overhead waned and went out, and with their extinction the clamor of voices died away. Then from an upper gallery a beam, mellow and warm and thick as a column, struck down into the dark cavern of the room and lighted up a small square arena enclosed by the supper-tables, turning it into a box of gold. A single chord, violent and imperative, burst from the orchestra, and in that glowing space now stood Corinne and her dancing partner.

"Well?" said Ariadne, with a smile of pride to John Strickland. They were sitting in the darkness at a table by the door.

"Yes," he answered. "She is lovely."

Corinne stood slenderly erect in her shining wisp of frock, her small face uplifted like a flower, her feet together, her slim arms outstretched, as though she hung upon a cross. She was a couple of years older than Ariadne, and in the very perfection of her delicate beauty; her fair head shingled and sleek, her fine nose just a trifle uplifted, her mouth made for kisses. In that radiant light her throat and shoulders were like snow at the rising of the sun and gleamed with the sheen of satin. She was tall and long-limbed, with ankles and feet and hands seemingly as fragile as glass. She wore an orange-colored frock of shining tissue, with a narrow girdle of silver below her waist. It fell in straight lines to the knees, where it was fringed with a double row of ostrich feathers. Her slim legs and feet were sheathed in white stockings and satin slippers, on the toes of which diamond buckles sparkled and danced. Otherwise she wore no jewels, not a ring, not a bracelet, not a pendant. As she stood there in that flood of radiance, joyous, at her ease, she seemed to combine the luxury of an orchid with the health of a rose.

With one liquid movement, Corinne sank in a curtsy and rose again erect. Then the orchestra struck into a tango, and with her partner she began to dance, pacing delicately, the slippers pointed, the insteps arched, the body lithe so that each movement and gesture melted into the next; as though she rippled rather than danced. The time quickened, the measure of the music changed. Now Corinne walked sedately in a one-step, now she spun like a bacchante crowned with grapes in a divine abandonment of passion—round and round till it seemed she must be flung against the tables to fall bruised and broken upon the floor. But she did not fall. In a moment she was waltzing with her partner languorously, swooning in his arms, her fair head drooped. With a laugh she escaped from him, then returned to him, giving all and keeping all.

Gran, her partner, now stepped aside, leaving Corinne to dance alone.

It was while she was dancing alone that Strickland found the final secret of her triumph. Lovely she was—yes! Graceful she was—yes!



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Exquisite and decorous—yes! But so were others. What she had—the especial, particular, necessary quality required to set her where she was—was an amazing reserve, somehow retained, somehow manifest even when she whirled like a dervish.

"That's it, Ariadne, I think," he said. "I mean, she belongs to herself all the time. She will curtsy to you, smile at you, dance for you, make you a present of her beauty and her grace, but she is not yours, no, not for a moment—and you know it. She is her own."

Ariadne looked away towards Corinne with thoughtful eyes. Then she looked again at Strickland. "What, then, of Leon?" she asked.

"Battchilena," he said, "is probably an incident."

Ariadne laughed, and the next moment the room was ringing with applause. Corinne had finished her performance. She stood quite still in the golden light, as fresh and unruffled, with her face and white shoulders as cool, her breath as steady, as before she had begun to dance.

The lights went up again and Corinne made her slow way to Ariadne's table. She dropped into a chair, was introduced to Madame Chrestoff and Strickland, and took a glass of champagne. The due and very sincere compliments were paid; and before they were done with, Battchilena was amongst them. But a different Battchilena. His face was mottled and flushed, his gait unsteady. As Ariadne made room for him on the bench against the wall, he seized the champagne-bottle for the neck and filled a glass to the brim. In a low voice he began to talk to Corinne, and Corinne drew Ariadne into their conversation.

Strickland looked across the table at Madame Chrestoff. "We are rather out of it for the moment," he said, and he looked towards the enclosure. "Shall we plunge in?"

The music stopped and as Strickland and his partner reached the table again Ariadne put out a hand and caught him by the sleeve.

"John Strickland, where did you learn to dance like that?"

So she had been watching him, even while she talked. His heart jumped into his throat with a flutter and his brains jumped out of the window. In his exultation he uttered the first idiom which came into his head.

"All amongst the tigers in the jungle," he cried.

Battchilena started back with a sort of yelp, while Ariadne threw up her hands in despair. But presently in spite of her efforts, she began quietly to laugh.

"My dear," she said sympathetically, "this isn't your night out, is it? If there's a gaffe which you can possibly make, you make it at once, don't you? Now be quiet!"

She turned back and resumed her conference. Strickland on this occasion needed no injunction to keep him quiet. For when his eyes fell upon Corinne he was shocked. Battchilena had told his story of the Semiramis dinner by now, and no doubt all the secret history of it, only dimly surmised by Strickland. And the story had worked havoc with Corinne's delicate beauty. Her face was pinched and so white beneath her rouge that she looked like a painted doll, her eyes were haggard with terror, even her fair hair seemed to have lost its luster. The glamour was gone from her. She sat in the dainty accouterments of Corinne the dancer, a poor soul shivering in dismay.

By some freak of Strickland's imagination, behind her the air seemed to thicken and grow solid and shape itself darkly into a giant figure. Behind her, towering over her, stood the spectral avenger with the club, even as in the flesh he had towered over Battchilena. But now Ariadne's head was bent close to Corinne's. The blow which felled one of them must smite also the other; and though Strickland knew that vision to be no more than a mirror reflecting his fears, he could hardly repress a cry.

Some words, however, were spoken more loudly which recalled him to his senses.

"Culalla?" Battchilena suggested.

Corinne shook her head. "He never comes

near me. He is here now, across the room, a stranger."

Ariadne shrugged her shoulders. "A caprice," she said. "It will pass."

But Corinne would not have it. "More than a caprice. Culalla is after all in the middle of his career. He doesn't want—trouble. He doesn't want to miss the boat. He dropped me at once after that evening at Grey-mark—" She looked round, fearing that she had been overheard, and resumed in a lower voice, "I don't believe that he has spoken two sentences to me since."

Culalla! So he was concerned too, and in just the same way, it seemed, as Ariadne! Through friendship with Corinne. But he had had the wisdom to lop that friendship off, without a second's delay. If ever Strickland had nursed a doubt that Ariadne, with her impetuous loyalty, needed a sentinel at her door, the doubt was gone now.

Ariadne leaned forward and touched his sleeve. "Will you dance with me?"

"Like a feather."

"Perhaps," she said.

But as soon as they had moved away to the dancing space the amusement died out of her face.

"I want to talk to you, John."

"In a second."

For the first time in two years he held Ariadne in his arms and the moment was too wondrous to be spoiled by any debate. His blood throbbed in his veins and clamored at his ears. He could feel the beat of her heart against his breast. Her lips were within such easy reach of his, her hand rested on his shoulder, they moved as one.

"John, you are asleep!" she cried indignantly.

"I am very wide awake, my dear," he whispered, "but in a new and wonderful world. However, I am coming back. Here I am. Fire away!"

"Corinne's scared out of her wits. Do you know why?"

"I can only guess. It's because the man who followed and killed Maung H'la may now be following her."

Ariadne nodded her head. "I see. You were warning Battchilena at the Semiramis?"

"Yes."

"Will you do more than warn?"

"Of course. What else am I on earth for?"

She gave his arm a little squeeze. "But it's Corinne, not me, that you must help."

So he hoped with all his soul and without one small spark of faith. But he would not admit his disbelief.

"Isn't Corinne your friend?" he asked, as though that were answer enough.

Ariadne threw off the load of her anxiety. She drew a long breath of relief and by it Strickland was thanked beyond all measure of thanks due.

The music stopped at that moment.

"Wait!" said Ariadne. "The orchestra will go on again. I have something more to say to you. You see," she faltered, "you must help me. For Leon is of no use."

"He'll run to ground," replied Strickland.

"I think he will," Ariadne agreed. "And besides—"

She was at a loss. Honesty was native to her. She was absolutely clear that these words must get themselves spoken. Yet how was she to speak them without wounding the friend who served her friend for her? Strickland solved her dilemma by speaking them himself.

"Besides, Julian Ransome must be kept outside the whole of this entanglement. Heaven knows what will come of it! But whatever comes it can only do him harm."

This is what she had in mind. But when she heard it said, she stopped and lowered her head, as if charging her friend with the service which she might with more reason have claimed from her lover, brought with it some reproach.

"Thank you, John," she said in a small voice.

Had she looked up at that moment she would have seen upon her friend's face such a

strange light, such a passion of gladness as would have startled her. The dim menace which had so disturbed his nights and filled his days with fear had taken on in this last minute a new complexion. Afraid of it? He welcomed it! There was a secret now which he shared with her and from which young Ransome was excluded, help to be given by him, peril to be averted by him, while Ransome walked apart.

But very quickly shame touched Strickland as a moment ago it had touched Ariadne. He sought to make amends.

"Listen, Ariadne," he said earnestly. "I heard Ransome speak tonight. I'll be frank with you. I was surprised. There was a ring of authority in his voice for which I wasn't prepared. And yet a modesty went with it. What he had to say, too, was just what was wanted, and it was said in just the right phrases. I seemed to see a different man from the one I knew, bigger altogether. I ought not to have been surprised. For I have seen the same thing so often in my own calling—men who outside their work were no more than other men, and yet in their work were suddenly transfigured, became in an instant men who led and were followed with confidence."

For a little while Ariadne remained with her eyes bent upon the ground. Then she flung back her head. "Come, Strickland, what are you thinking about? Let us dance!" she cried. But she had not taken more than half a dozen steps before she added in a low and very tender voice: "My dear, if I didn't love Julian, I should adore you."

The dance ended. The company in the room had thinned. Leon Battchilena had already disappeared; Ariadne detained Strickland as they approached her table.

"You have your car here?"

"Yes," said he.

"While you are calling your car and Madame Chrestoff's, you will notice, won't you, whether anyone is watching in the street?" There was no need for her to define whom she meant by "anyone." "Meanwhile we shall wait in the corridor. Of course, there may be nothing in Corinne's fears at all. We may laugh at them tomorrow."

The pavement in front of the entrance to the club was clear, and no one was loitering across the road. The one likely hiding-place was the line of motor-cars with their confusing lamps and their close proximity. Strickland walked slowly along the line. His big waiter was not lurking anywhere amongst them. He returned to his own car.

"Draw up to the entrance quietly and at once," he said in a low voice. Then he turned to the *commissionnaire*. "Have the door of the car open when we come out."

"Very well, Sir."

The entrance to the club was at the end of a roofed passage. But as Strickland reentered the passage, he saw the two girls in their cloaks huddled against the wall in the very mouth of it. He made a sign to the *commissionnaire*, who stood with the door already open. The two girls flashed across the pavement like a trail of glittering sparks and leaped into the car. Strickland followed upon their heels. The door closed with a snap and on the instant the car glided smoothly away.

The car ran noiselessly along Grosvenor Street and across Berkeley Square. At the corner of Mount Street Corinne asked suddenly: "Are we being followed?"

Strickland, from his chair facing them, looked out through the small glass panel in the back of the limousine.

"No."

At the corner of South Audley Street the car turned northwards.

"Ariadne has given me your address. But we shall pass your house and go as far as Grosvenor Square," he explained. "Then if we see no one—suspicious—we shall drive round the garden in the middle of the square and return."

Corinne raised her hand to her heart.



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Strickland's eyes roved from side to side as the car moved forward. He saw nothing alarming.

On its eastern side the street is broken by a broad blind alley. On one side of this alley stretches a long and low-roofed chapel, on the other a great shop with its warehouse. At the bottom is a big gate behind which stretches a public garden. and in the corner, by the side of this gate, stands a small, square, flat house like a doll's house. It is painted white, and the door and the windows are picked out in black, and with the long empty chapel upon one side, and the empty warehouse on the other, and the empty locked garden behind, it was, at this hour of the morning, as lonely as a farm in the country. Strickland's car swept into this blind alley and stopped as near as it could to the small black door. But the great length of its body prevented it from drawing up.

"Give me your latch-key!" he said to Corinne.

Corinne took it from her hand-bag and thrust it into his hand. "The switch in the hall is on the left-hand side by the door," she said.

Strickland shook his head. "I shan't turn the light on until you are all in the house and the door closed."

Ariadne leaned forward. "Then you did see—" she began.

"No one," Strickland interrupted her. "But the door's narrow. We can enter only one at a time. If I switch the light on, each one in turn will be outlined black against it like one of those old daguerreotypes. I shall leave the door of the car open. As soon as the door of the house is open too, come as quickly as you can, one behind the other."

The two girls watched him descend, without haste and yet with remarkable speed. With the same neat celerity he crossed to the door, found the tiny keyhole, into which that thin key fitted, and noiselessly opened it. For a moment he stared into the dark, narrow passage—immobile, listening. Ariadne's eyes darted this way and that about the alley. It was curious how fear clutched suddenly at her heart and took her breath away as she watched Strickland standing upon the one shallow step, a target for the poorest of marksmen, whether hidden within the house or outside in the shadows of the alley; and how deep the relief when he whispered, "Now," and stepped within the door.

"Run, Corinne!" she urged. "I'll follow you."

Corinne needed no urging. She had nine or ten yards to traverse, and Strickland had a fancy that light itself could not have traveled more swiftly than Corinne. As soon as Ariadne had followed, he closed the door, but so smoothly that not the slightest click of the latch was heard, not the tiniest jar felt.

Corinne knelt in front of the hearth.

"I am cold," she said, with a shiver. She struck a match and lighted the fire, and sat back upon her heels watching the flames leap up. But she was listening, too, with her every fiber tense.

"Shall I go over the house with you?" Strickland asked.

Corinne sprang up gratefully. "Oh, thank you!" She explained the geography of the doll's house. "On the top floor my maid and the cook sleep. Below them are my bedroom, bathroom, and a little drawing-room."

"Let us have a look at them," said Strickland, and very quietly he led the way up-stairs.

Corinne's bedroom was stretched across the front of the house. It was hung with pale blue silk, embroidered with gold; and with its head to the side of the house stood a broad, low gold bed of ancient Italian make, mounted upon a dais. A coverlet of blue silk brocaded with gold and hung with heavy golden tassels lay upon it.

A dressing-table of satinwood stood across the corner of the room by the windows, so gay

with dainty implements of steel and ivory and tortoise-shell, with handles of gold and amber and jade; so loaded with little pots of rouge and big bowls of powder, with lipsticks and hare's-feet, and brushes and combs; so encumbered with essences of every kind of perfume, treasured in adorable bottles of fantastic shapes, that surely the very Goddess of Beauty herself must slip down from the skies and prink herself before that mirror.

A thick blue carpet covered the floor; an exquisite praying-rug from Turkestan was spread before the dressing-table; another, of white Angora, stood beside the dais.

Corinne went up-stairs and roused her servants and Ariadne turned.

"It's lovely, John, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," John agreed dryly. "Elizabeth Clutter must have spent a small fortune on this room."

Ariadne jumped. Nothing was less expected by her than this retort.

"John!" she whispered indignantly.

John for once remained unawakened by her indignation. He continued calmly, never raising his voice sufficiently for Corinne, talking with her servants on the staircase above, to hear:

"And if Elizabeth Clutter's money had to be restored in a hurry, all these pretty amenities would fetch at the most a fifth of what they cost."

Corinne rejoined them and they sat before the fire.

"My dear," said Ariadne, "shall I tell him the little thing we want him to do?"

"Please," said Corinne.

"We want you to find out from that Mr. Ricardo when and where he saw that big waiter," Ariadne told Strickland.

"I'll try to make him tell me," Strickland answered, and, at the admission that he might not succeed, Corinne clasped her hands together in a passion of entreaty.

"But you must succeed, you must!" she cried. "You see, that man, our enemy—he's in the dark, hidden away, moving at his pleasure. We are out in the daylight—Leon and I. We stand in full view, like people tied hand and foot to stakes and blindfolded—people to be executed, waiting helplessly to be executed"—and she wrung her hands together, while a wild light of terror glittered in her eyes.

"I'll do my very best for you, Corinne," Strickland said gravely. "We had better meet somewhere after I have seen this man."

"Will you and Ariadne lunch here?" Corinne suggested, and Strickland shook his head and cried, "No!" with a fervor which he instantly regretted.

He was possessed suddenly by an overpowering reluctance to eat bread and salt in that house which had belonged to Elizabeth Clutter, with Corinne for his hostess, beautiful as she was, amusing, no doubt, as she could be. Happily he had a sound excuse ready.

"If we have an enemy, let us not be in a hurry to tell him we are aware of it," he argued. "If he's in the dark, we'll take to the shadows, too. We'll lunch in the country, and as we lunch I'll make my report. Is that agreed?"

Both Ariadne and Corinne said "Yes," and Strickland rose at once to his feet.

"It is late."

But Corinne moved more quickly to the door than he did. Terror again possessed her. She barred the way with arms outstretched, and one moment she commanded, and the next she pleaded, and her voice ran, wavering, up and down the scale of fear.

"Don't leave me yet! You can't! If you do, I shall crouch here till morning."

Strickland stepped to the window, tore the heavy curtains aside and raised the blind. The morning had come.

Corinne drew a long breath of relief. "Yes," she said, a smile softening her face. "I have no right to keep you. It was kind of you both to have stayed with me so long."

Corinne's mysterious visitor and her suspicious actions arouse Strickland's fear of treachery to Ariadne—a fear which grows more ominous when the two girls disappear—in A. E. W. Mason's novel Next Month

Two Little Girls in Blue

(Continued from page 43)

like to eat out here, seeing your family always did."

"I would," said Rollin Mercer, "I would." She broke off the pink geranium and put it in a goblet by his plate; she set a red glass lamp in the middle of the table. They sat at table together, and the past flowed up about them like a wall, and closed them comfortably in.

This was the way they might have sat if the dreams in the room over the dining-room had come true. Only now she was thin and not so pretty—but as he looked more closely he saw that her eyes were as beautiful as they had been.

He leaned forward, across the fried potatoes and the omelette. "Millie," he asked, "what happened to us?"

Manifestly she had no pride, for she answered: "You stopped coming to see me, Rollin."

He was taken aback. Had he, indeed? He searched his memory. To save his life he could not recall what had come between him and Millie Wells. He felt embarrassed and ashamed. What! Had there been between them no tragic misunderstanding?

"You don't mean," he said feebly, "that we didn't quarrel?"

"Oh, no," she assured him, "we never quarreled. Nothing happened. Not that I ever knew of. I always wondered, and I always wanted to ask you."

"I think I went away—I think," he said, "something must have happened."

"I always wondered," she repeated.

Now they ate in silence, and their romance between them lay not so much decently dead or indecently alive as just flagrantly neutral.

"After you went away," she went on, "I still thought I might hear from you. But you never wrote. When your father and mother died and you came home, I was at both funerals. But you didn't see me. After a while I saw your wedding in the paper—and then a good deal about you. Your business and your pleasuring. And once your picture. When I saw your picture, I gave up. I knew you'd got too far away."

"No, oh, no—" he said earnestly, and somehow stopped short.

"My folks wanted to buy. I was glad when they bought this house. Of course you didn't matter any more, but the days that used to be, they mattered. We lived here. They died. Now I can't afford to keep it any more." She spoke in a monotone.

Mercer felt choked, felt ill. If there had been in her voice a tremor and a tear, these might have steadied him. But that dead level of the irrevocable, which did not much matter now, this left him in a kind of physical exhaustion. It was as if he had strangled a live thing and hadn't even noticed its struggles.

"Where does your married sister live?" he asked miserably.

"Here in Potter's Depot," she told him. "They have two children, and his folks, and a radio. I'm to have the folding cot in the sitting-room."

She inquired tonelessly if he would have more omelette, but he shook his head.

As if from the drift of the night he had heard his name spoken and had answered, there came up to the kitchen door a vast dark man with meeting eyebrows, whom Millie Wells greeted as Henny, and presented as the brother-in-law, named Earl. This man was a recent resident of Potter's Depot and knew nothing of Mercer, whom he eyed with unwinking suspicion.

"Business here?" he inquired briefly.

"I beg your pardon?" Mercer said.

Millie explained—the old house, the old friendship.

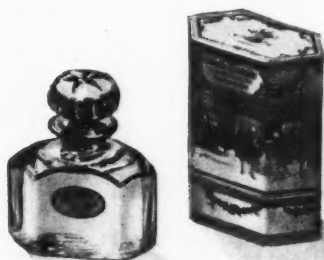
"Quite a party," said Henny disagreeably, eyed the table, frowned and took his departure.

"He and a radio and a nest in your sister's dining-room," Mercer said miserably. "Isn't

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there anything you can do?" he questioned her. "Nothing," she told him, "now."

He lifted his eyes to the red glass lamp, to her lusterless eyes, to the walls of his old home.

"I'll buy the place at the three thousand," he said, "but I want you to stay here for a while, Millie. I want you to help me furnish it up, just as it used to be. I want to—to come down here sometimes—to—to get away." She looked up at him, faintly startled. "Folks won't talk," he said. "I'll come down for a chat and a meal now and then. I've got—I've got to get away!" he cried querulously.

"Well, that'll be all right," said Millie. They sat on the front porch in the dark and tried to remember all the furniture that had been in the sitting-room, and Millie remembered rather better than he did: the center table, the what-not and the drinking-deer engraving and the shells. A car drew up at the gate. Herbert Allen came up the walk.

"Herbert," Mercer shouted, "I've bought the place. It's mine."

"Good!" said Herbert. "I've been around town for an hour. Thank heaven the little brown china dog still sits in Doctor Eliot's window. It's sat there since we were boys."

"Here's Millie Wells," said Mercer.

Herbert wheeled and took her hand, and heard Mercer's plan unfold.

"Millie," Herbert said abruptly, "do you know what's become of Janey Jessup?"

"She lives over in the next block," said Millie. "She lives with a married sister. I thought some of having her live here with me."

"That's what you do!" Herbert shouted. "Won't she, Rollin? You know," he added, "your house looked just about like our house. If I'd been shot out of a gun into Potter's Depot, I couldn't have told whose house I was in. They all had what-nots and shells. Gad," said Herbert Allen, "I've been homesick for thirty years and I don't know it."

Driving back to town, the two men smoked and were silent. At length Herbert offered:

"I asked Rosamund to drive out here with me this afternoon. But she said the children had to try on their blue silk dresses."

Mercer's cigar made a swift and vicious arc in the darkness.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that if I told Janet about buying the old house, ten to one she'd ask me why I didn't give the money to some cause. Well—I know she's right. But she's not so infernally right, either."

Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Mercer were giving a Saturday dinner-party to ten guests. Mrs. Mercer, the women said, knew how to do things—the food, the service, the table; and she herself presiding so graciously, even so eloquently, opposite her husband.

At the high moment of the roast, it was Mrs. Mercer's custom to gather up the laughing pennons of the small separate conversations at her table and twist them into one great cable, which thereafter she herself swung. She did this now, with an air of mastering the moment, or any moment.

"Has everyone read Saturnelly's latest?" she demanded.

Mercer hadn't. And his little fishing-tale wumoresque died at its birth, and Rosamund's story of the children clicked into silence.

Saturnelly's latest. Few appeared to have read it. But Mrs. Mercer had. She was off. Mercer, s.o.w, poised, smiling, sat at the head of his table, ate his perfect food, and listened to his wife. Did she look up the words she used, and then emit them? He wished that he could believe she was so human. No, she knew the words: "elision of the caesura . . . an occasional catalectic rhyme, so obsolete . . . the slow drag of his cunctative rhythm." "Damn!" Mercer thought. Then he faced that damn. Was his vanity hurt that Janet knew words which he did not know? No. Let her know 'em. It was her air of knowing that he minded. It was the stark nakedness of her brains.

She swung that strong cable of her conversation to the exclusion of the little separate

strands of the table-talk. This, Mercer thought, was Janet at her best—erect, alert, commanding. But once he had dreamed of another woman—sympathetic, understanding, meeting his eyes between the double lines of their guests. Now between the double lines of their guests he found Janet's gaze. Cool, aloof, her gaze brushed her husband and was gone. "Damn!" thought Mercer.

Those walls faded and dropped away. In their place rose the low walls of a kitchen, its shelves, its windows hung in curtain calico. For the tea-like perfume of his artichoke, there floated instead the direct and even violent fragrance of fried potatoes. Mercer's table, his guests, and his wife Janet, eased into air. And in their place was assuredly not Millie Wells, with her flat waist and flat wrists—but the tide and pulse of the emotion of long ago, his home, his dreams, his own people.

"Herbert," said Mercer, when Janet had risen and the other women had fluttered up, "anything to do tomorrow?"

"Go!" said Herbert.

"Let's go down to Potter's Depot." He added: "Janey is with Millie now. Have you seen her yet?"

"No," said Herbert. "I'll go down with you tomorrow. Have you seen Janey?"

"Yes," said Mercer, and grinned.

That night Mercer lay beside Janet—statuesque, majestic, wise even in her sleep. Athena, he had married Athena. Like every man, he wanted Vesta of the hearth, and Pomon of orchards and Lucina of childbirth. All these he had missed in marriage. But in his boyhood he had had something like them—home, the country, his mother, his dreams. These he had back, in a measure, in the little house. Millie—he was not sure where in this scheme she belonged, save that he had something to make up to her. And Janey . . .

"What broke things up between you and Janey?" he asked Herbert as they drove down to Potter's Depot on Sunday afternoon.

"We had a row over whether I should dress up to go to a dance," said Herbert sheepishly. "Did you ever think of this—what kind of a world is it that could make the lives of human beings and the existence or non-existence of their children depend on a thing like that?"

"I don't know," said Rollin Mercer. "Herbert, I don't know. If a person could get those days back again—"

"Sure," said Herbert, and added day-dreamily: "I wonder whether Janey would have ditched me in favor of her kids."

When they had reached Potter's Depot, driving through its Sunday afternoon, and had gone for matches into the railway station, Mercer was abruptly aware of an obstructive presence, and looked up into the face of a vast dark man with meeting eyebrows.

"Good afternoon," said Henny Earl fiercely.

Mercer's amiable salutation was cut short. "I want to state," said Henny, "that I've been making in-inquiry. And I know who you are, Mr. Mercer, Sir, and just now I learnt who your friend is. And I want to state that the wealth nor the position of you two gentlemen don't blind me to your evil purpose."

"Now what, Mr. Earl," said Mercer blandly, "can you be talking about?"

"That stuff don't go—see?" said Henny violently. "I've got my sister to protect—and Janey Jessup, she's all alone in the world. And I'm going to do my duty."

"My dear dutiful man—" said Mercer.

"I got a certificate of my moral character from my minister and the Judge," Henny shouted, "and I mean to use 'em—see?"

"My kind-hearted friend," said Mercer, "good afternoon."

They drove away, and Mercer went on gently: "As I was saying, if a person could get those old days back again—"

It was as if those old days had come again when they entered the parlor of the little old Mercer house. Millie had found everything—the center table, the what-not, a picture of a drinking deer; and on the floor there lay a large group of sea-shells.

Mercer looked in a daze. "This," he said, "is marvelous. I've got a place to get away to. I can come home."

"So can I," said Herbert jubilantly.

Now Janet Jessup came into the room. She was in her ripe forties, pink, mellow, with shining even teeth, flat feet and a figure like a pillow, circular and puffed.

"Hello, Herbert," she said. "Wasn't you a little late to refuse to dress up that time, and lose the chance of getting me?"

"Everlastingly," said Herbert, his sizable hand clutched by her warm palm.

"Millie and I are modern," said Janet. "We talk about our lost loves. Perhaps that's because they're the only kind we've got now."

"You're all right, anyway," said Herbert. "The supper was ready, and the house was odorless with coffee and a meat-pie."

"Your mother taught me to make this pie," said Millie to Mercer as the four sat down at table. "It's her recipe—with no under crust. I made the strawberry preserves—out of berries off the place."

"I'd think these were Mother's," Mercer said.

The late sun smote across the white cloth, across the pickle dish and the brandied peaches. The meat-pie smelled of sage. A great coconut layer cake stood on the sideboard.

"Lord!" said Herbert Allen, in his content.

"Do you remember—" Millie asked, and they did, or they imagined that they did.

"Don't you know how—" Janet said, and they didn't remember even the names that she spoke, they didn't indicate it.

"Women," Rollin reflected, "have a memory for personal facts which, applied to the uses of science, would rediscover the world."

For him, as for Herbert, it was not the two before them, in their stiff best dresses, the two so delicately kindling and flushing, who made the hour what it was. No, for it was partly the food, but chiefly the air of the day long past, breathed out by the little house.

These four looked at one another and smiled. And it may be that Millie and Janet smiled at their lost loves; but Mercer and Herbert were looking only on the face of a day that could not come again, but that miraculously now for a moment of time met their gaze.

But now the red glass lamp was lighted and carried to the parlor, and the four sat in the four cane rockers; and now the dark came closing down; and the little house at evening was very bare; and now, in that bareness and atrocious lighting, the two women seemed to emerge, gigantic like their shadows, and to impress themselves upon the hour. And now the four had recalled all that would be recalled, and now they had said many times how wonderfully natural the parlor looked; and at last they sat dead silent, around the center table and the glass lamp and the bead mat, flanked by the shells and the what-not. Too late for regrets and too early for crickets, there was nothing to relieve the moribund monotony of the hour.

Nothing from within. It was then that a movement came from without. The door-bell rang through the house, and even before many rose, footsteps sounded in the passage, and the parlor door was thrown open.

Well in advance of two ladies, there came upon them Henny Earl, Millie's brother-in-law, of the meeting brows. Behind him, heralded by a faint expensive perfume and a lift of silk, came Janet Mercer and Rosamund Allen.

"Well!" these ladies said.

Henny Earl, with his hat on, one hand in a top pocket, extended his other hand like a woman. "This," he said, "is the establishment which, as I have faithfully reported to you, your husbands are supporting."

"Rollin!" cried Janet Mercer, in a thin high voice. "I couldn't have believed this of you." He looked at her swiftly; and it came to him, with a pang of doubtful triumph, that now her eyes were not cool or aloof or detached, but that they were blazing appraisingly into his.

"Herbert Allen," cried Rosamund, "what on earth am I to think?"

"I expect you'd better ask the children," Herbert muttered.

Fixed to their cane-seated chairs, Millie Wells and Janet Jessup sat looking up at these two ladies. And beside these two ladies, poor Millie and Janet, in their long stiff best dresses, looked like dwellers cut from a past day.

"You see for yourselves," said Henny Earl, "the depths to which these men would drag my poor sister and her innocent friend."

Suddenly to Mercer's infinite relief, he heard Janet laugh. It was, to be sure, her own cool, high, detached laughter; and now again her eyes were amused and remote. But even though her voice when she spoke was remote, it sent a thrill through Rollin.

"Rollin," she said, "do forgive me. This is so delicious! Won't you present me to your friends?"

He introduced them, glibly enough, and quite glibly ran over the history of the hour.

"Your home!" Janet cried incredulously. "Surely not, Rollin. This?"

"Yes," Herbert put in, "and I was here pretty near as much as Rollin was."

"But great Scott," said Rosamund, "have you been getting homesick, Herbert?" Her tone seemed to add, "for this?"

"It's a flagrant outrage—" Henny Earl tried to say.

Janet interrupted him coolly, and went and sat down between Millie and Janet.

Rollin watched her—cool, detached, aloof, perhaps, and yet with a marvelous ability to set them all at their ease, himself included. She chatted to the two women, and every time that Henny Earl essayed a new word, she interrupted him, in her matchless—and detached—way. Presently Millie and Janet were talking to her, without shyness. Herbert had begun telling Rosamund stories of Potter's Depot.

Suddenly, with a great show of force, Mercer rose. "Millie," he said, "before we start back for town, I wonder whether I might show Mrs. Mercer the room over the dining-room."

Janet picked her way daintily up the steep stairs and stood beside him in the low-ceiled leaky room, where once her husband had dreamed of life and love. She looked over the poor cramped little box of a place.

"Rollin," she said, "why, Rollin—" and said no more. But as she turned to go downstairs she looked at him, and her eyes held his.

So below stairs, he told her about the furniture in the living-room, and about the drinking deer and the shells; and she listened, with that same up-stairs look. And when he said, "Now shall we be getting along back home?" and Henny burst out again, all six of them crowded him to the curb and said their good nights.

"You must all come up to town and have tea with us," said Janet Mercer.

Herbert and Rosamund drove off in Herbert's car, which had driven the ladies out, at Earl's confused telephone cries. They had brought a chauffeur and this man now drove Mercer's car in. And Rollin and Janet dropped into the darkness of the back seat.

"My dear, you were a brick in there," Mercer stumbled. "Don't think I don't know it. Gad, what a thoroughbred you are! But I want to explain—"

"Explain!" she said. "You don't have to explain."

He thought that perhaps she didn't care to hear any more about it. But to his own amazement he began to talk—and words came pouring from him—the house, his mother, the wagon shop, his father, fried potatoes and meat-pie.

"You see, Janet," he said, "in town there's the house and our engagements and golf—but the business doesn't need me so much any more—and I kind of began thinking back." He sighed. "That furniture," he said, "I could bring in town—the what-not and the shells."

"Rollin—why, Rollin!" said his wife.

"I mean, of course, have 'em just up in my own room," he added hastily.

"Oh!" she said, and it seemed to him that unbelievably he caught from her a sound like a

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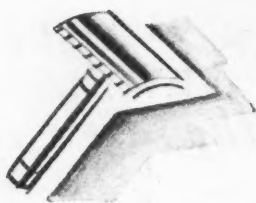
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sob. "That what-not and those shells," she said, very low, "and the room over the dining-room—Rollin! You've been homesick."

"I expect I have," he owned, and burst out: "You see, Janet, you know such an infernal lot more than I do that I have to fill up the spaces with something."

"Rollin!" she cried. "You've been homesick—for something that I didn't give you!"

He was silent, thunderstruck to hear this—at last—from her, thunderstruck when her arms went round his neck. Janet, so cool, so detached, who hadn't put her arms about him in a car for some eighteen years.

"Oh, my dearest," she said, "I'll try to make it up to you—I will—I will."

Abruptly he cried violently: "You're sorry for me!" And that he couldn't bear.

But she said: "No, no. Sorry for me—because I couldn't see anything, Rollin!"

He tried again: "I wasn't homesick for a place!" he burst out with passion. "I just wanted to get back to the time when somebody—anybody—cared. Because after a while nobody cares any more."

Now Janet's voice was muffled on his shoulder. She was crying as he hadn't known that Janet could cry. Presently he made out:

"And all the time I adored you—in my way."

He sat holding her, flooded with amazement, flooded with new life. "Janet!" he cried. "Oh, Janet! The house and all the past—what could it mean beside this? It's nothing—with the shells and the what-not thrown in."

They laughed together in the dark.

Over luncheon next day Mercer said to Herbert Allen: "You and Rosamund came out all right in the discussion, did you?"

Herbert Allen looked sheepish. "We fixed it up," he said. "I guess I'm going to get in on the Children's Hour after this." He added: "I honked like a bird when we passed your car, but you and Janet didn't even hear. I hope things weren't unpleasant?"

"No," said Mercer, "oh, no. Not any more."

The Slander Girl

(Continued from page 51)

creature. Could a worse calamity befall a woman in Virginia's position? Her son married to a girl who posed nightly on Broadway in the altogether?

The blow stupefied Mrs. Hassard and it likewise angered her. So! This was the answer to her prayers, the reward for all her sacrifices. Better if Henry had fallen in France! The love, the hopes, the ambitions of a lifetime threatened, thwarted, shattered by that—strumpet! It was too frightful. Then something like terror smote her as she saw again the milk-white body of the Slander Girl in all its devastating beauty. To her distracted mind it was the ghost of her own passionate youth risen to wither her old age.

Of course Henry was not to blame. The creature had trapped him; she had used her flesh for a lure. Without doubt she planned to marry him. What a morsel for the people Virginia knew and over whom she had lorded it these many years! She could hear their snickers. It was their turn now; the pedestal she had so laboriously built for herself was crumbling. Virginia Hassard's son the husband of a harlot! She could have screamed.

Panic-stricken, she telephoned for Henry and commanded him to come at once to her. He inferred that she had learned the truth and he came prepared to have it out with her. He had never learned to tolerate criticism or to brook interference and so they promptly clashed. Flint struck steel and sparks flew. Henry as much as told his mother to mind her own business and when she refused to do so he warned her that if she persisted in calling him to account for his personal conduct he would leave the house and never return. He was free, white and twenty-one and his life was his own to do with as he chose. What



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right had she to disparage a girl she knew nothing about?

Virginia declared that she knew enough about Miss Sloan. She would never have her in her house, she would never recognize her.

Very well. That ended the discussion. Henry refused to argue the matter one way or the other or to combat his mother's rock-ribbed prejudice. But as for this "disgraceful affair," this "sordid infatuation," to quote her words, he proposed to follow his own desires as far as he pleased and to account to no one. So that was that. If there was nothing else to talk about he'd get back to town and go to bed. He'd had a pretty rough night and he was feeling rotten.

Naturally that encounter ended Mrs. Hassard's trips to the city and Henry's visits to Tarrytown. They saw nothing of each other for some time. Then the mother's yearnings proved too much for her and she sent for him on some business pretext. She managed to get him out several times.

He was not looking well and each time she saw him he looked worse than before. He was haggard and nervous, he was irritable and his hands shook. He had no appetite. Business, he confided, was none too good and he was not getting ahead.

For the first time Virginia did not volunteer to aid him. She suspected that he and the Sloan girl were actually living together and she could not bring herself to encourage the liaison. She would have given him her last dollar, gladly, but reasoned that to do so would merely serve to nourish the vampire that fed upon him. Better to starve the creature until she let go, dropped off. Virginia knew the breed.

Secretly she rejoiced at her son's suffering and at his impending breakdown, telling herself that the sooner it came, the sooner she would get him back. There was nothing physically wrong with him; his ills were mental. No wonder he was looking like a death's head; what jealous lover could endure to have his light o' love expose her body to the world? The professional view-point, indeed! What man could share in that?

This state of affairs could not continue very long. Henry had too much pride, he was too finely bred. He'd snap, eventually. He'd come home.

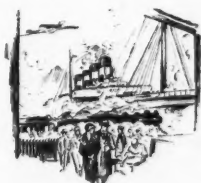
Henry Hassard, the Second, did snap finally, but not in the manner his mother had expected. He came home, but not to the shelter of her arms. The crash occurred without warning. A strange voice called Virginia over the phone at four o'clock one morning and it began by warning her to prepare herself for a shock. She divined what was coming and although she felt herself upon the point of swooning she managed somehow to cling to the instrument and to listen. She even asked a few questions in a thin, reedy voice. When had he been stricken? How? Why had not she been summoned?

It had come swiftly. There had been no time to send for anybody. . . . A doctor? Oh, to be sure! And he had done all that was possible. . . . Henry had not suffered greatly. Everything was being attended to. Did she have any directions to offer?

Dexter Wood rang up twenty minutes later but was told by Virginia's agitated maid that her mistress was prostrated. The doctor was on his way.

For two days thereafter Mrs. Hassard sat like a woman of stone. She was stunned, she was utterly numbed in mind and body and this merciful trance persisted even through the funeral services.

That funeral was an imposing affair. The church was crowded, the streets for blocks were lined with private cars, all Tarrytown and vicinity, most of Westchester County and a considerable part of New York City, it seemed, turned out to honor the son of Virginia Hassard. Special writers and camera-men from the newspapers covered it and the list of those present was a roster of names prominent in the social life of the metropolitan area.



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As such things go, it was deeply mournful and impressive.

Late that afternoon as Mrs. Hassard rested in her big, lonely house on the hill her butler announced that a woman was calling. The stranger had called several times during the afternoon and was waiting.

"How dare you disturb me?" Virginia cried. "How dare anybody intrude at such—"

She paused, straightened herself, for a figure had appeared in the doorway behind the butler. It was the unwelcome caller. She was small and plain and immature; grief sat upon her as it rests upon a child, and she moved as if a great weariness bore her down. Unsteadily the elder woman rose; with an effort she controlled her voice.

"What does this mean? Who are you?" she demanded.

The girl had paused inside the threshold and was turning a pathetic face this way and that as if looking for someone. She extended a slim hand and touched the nearest chair, caressed it.

"I am Myrna. Myrna Sloan."

Mrs. Hassard's eyes widened, they gleamed ominously and a faint color rose to her cheeks. Her torpid mind stirred itself, currents of thought, stagnant these last two days, began to move. Calamity had dammed those channels and they had backed up, filled with bitter waters, but now they opened. Even so she stared at her caller for a moment in speechless surprise. This drab little thing with the stricken eyes could not be the dazzling creature she had seen, that statue of snow and gold—But yes. The face was the same.

Virginia regarded her with a fixity of expression at once curious and baleful. With a gesture she dismissed the scandalized servant, then when he had gone she inquired gratingly: "What are you doing here?"

Simply the girl told her, "I came to weep with you."

There ensued a considerable pause. Twilight was near, the house was still. Outside, the evening hush had fallen and it grew deeper, as if unseen ears waited to hear what the mother had to say.

She broke the silence finally but not in her accustomed voice; another, stronger breath than hers expelled her scornful words and they came forth discordantly.

"You? You weep with me?"

"Yes. I was Henry's wife. I loved him, too."

"Oh, no! Not his wife. That can't be."

"But it is. We were married before you sent for him that time—and quarreled over me. He wanted to tell you the truth but—"

"So! You got him to marry you. At least he had the decency to hide it. But don't tell me you loved him. If you had loved him you'd never have married him, ruined him. He'd be alive today. You—killed him."

The caller uttered a piteous little cry of protest, she flinched and turned her head as if Virginia had cut her with a whip, but the elder woman ran on. Those waters of marah which had been slowly rising within her and vainly seeking outlet, had broken forth and they were in turmoil; she could hear nothing but her own harsh, rasping voice reviling this Jezebel, there was room in her brain for but one emotion. She concluded her outburst by declaring:

"You robbed me and you robbed him, but much good it will do you. You stole his honor and his self-respect, but that's all he had. You'll get nothing more. He had no money and neither have I. There won't be a penny for you. Not a crumb!"

"I gave more than I took," the Slander Girl declared. "His honor? He had lost that long before I met him. He had no self-respect or he would not have let me go on working while he lived off my earnings."

Furiously the mother blazed: "Don't talk like that! I won't let you. Slander Girl, indeed! You slander the dead."

"I only tell you the truth."

"He was everything fine and noble and true and—"

"Does it matter in the least what he was?"

I don't think so. We both loved him. You loved an ideal, a counterfeit of your own making. I loved the real man, in spite of his faults and his failings, in spite of the way he treated me. My love was great enough to endure abuse and to make allowances for a hundred weaknesses. Surely yours is as unselfish as mine. The truth can't make any difference to us. Why, we're the only ones who loved him."

"That's not true. You—you're trying to torture me!" Virginia gasped. "The—the only ones who loved him? You don't mean that."

"But I do. His friends had turned from him. At the church today nobody cared. They came out of respect for you. Oh, how I cried! It was so lonely for him, lying there with only us to mourn."

"I can't believe—I won't . . . I nursed him at my breast. I raised him to manhood. Do you think you knew him better than I?"

The girl nodded. "Much better. You were only his mother . . . I nursed him, too—when he was drunk. You undressed him and put him to bed when he was a baby. I did so when he was a man, a helpless, senseless beast. I bathed him, cleaned him, fed him when he was something to be pitied, not petted. He was indifferent to you; he was cruel to me. But you loved him just the same and so did I. And he loved me, in his way. Yes, he loved me and he didn't want you to think badly of me. That's why I'm telling you all this; I'm sure he'd want you to know the truth."

"Don't you understand that it was for your sake he kept our marriage secret? You think it was shame over me that preyed upon his mind, and that I turned his friends away from him." The speaker smiled faintly and shook her head of bright silken hair. "He had no friends when I married him—nothing but creditors whom he feared to meet. He forced me to go on with my posing and he bought whisky with the money I gave him. The papers said he died of pneumonia but it was bootleg liquor. Towards the last when he learned that I couldn't pose much longer he took to drinking anything—"

"Towards the last?" the mother echoed. "But—why?"

"He didn't want any children . . . It's very sad that we who should have loved him least are the only ones who loved him at all. That's why I came to cry with you."

Dexter Wood had finally secured a purchaser for the Hassard place. His name was Beilman and he had brought his wife and his two daughters to Wood's office in a concerted family effort to beat down the price. Mrs. Beilman and her daughters wore magnificent sable coats, the finest Wood had ever seen, but poverty harassed them, so it appeared.

"Positively it's my last offer. If the place exactly suited me it's one thing, but it don't. You should expect me to pay a big price for an estate I don't altogether like? Be reasonable." It was Mr. Beilman speaking. He shook his head vigorously, settled back in his chair and meditatively plucked a hair out of his nose.

His wife added her persuasive voice. "It's in a terrible run-down condition, the house, Mr. Wood. Honest, the repairs it needs is terrible."

"Possibly! But it commands a priceless view of the Hudson."

"View! A bank would lend Mark Beilman how much on the view?"

"There's no use of arguing. When Mrs. Hassard went abroad to live she set a price on the place and I can't shade that price a dollar."

"You could all the same cable her that Mark offers cash. Sometimes I bet even Mrs. Vanderbilt could use all cash money."

Wood shook his head. "Impossible! She left no foreign address. She wouldn't be bothered. Why, none of her friends have heard from her in months. She closed the place after her son's death and—"

"Another thing! People dying in a house is bad. Maybe it ain't so healthy—"

"Momma!" The elder Miss Beilman broke in resentfully. "For heaven's sake, don't be

cheap. Mr. Wood knows we want the place and intend to have it. What difference does ten thousand dollars make?"

"Exactly! You wish to afford your daughters certain social advantages. This is your opportunity. You'll never have another like it."

Mr. Beilman uttered a plaintive moan. "A fine way to close a deal! I could cheaper buy a new chain of stores than a stylish residence. All right! But it ain't a bargain."

An hour later Wood emerged from the Broadway subway and walked west on a street in the fifties, stopping finally at a theatrical boarding-house. It was a rather dingy, high-storied house, typical of the neighborhood. He mounted two flights of stairs, knocked at a door, and Virginia Hassard admitted him. She was bright of eye, the lines had vanished from her face, she looked younger than her years. "What news?" she inquired eagerly.

"Good news. The best in the world. I closed with Beilman at your price and I have a check in my pocket."

Virginia laughed in delight, she took Wood by the hand and fairly danced with him across the room and to a chair beside a window. It was a sunny, cheerful sitting-room, there was an agreeable, homelike disorder about it.

Dexter began speaking in a subdued tone but Mrs. Hassard told him: "You needn't lower your voice. The King has had his nap and Myrna's at rehearsal. Listen!" From the adjoining room came the fitful gurgle of a contented baby. "He's the dearest thing. I have him all to myself every afternoon."

"Well, I found the one man in the world who was willing to meet your price. Your name doubled the value of the place, of course. It means you have nothing further to worry about. Your future is provided for."

"Bosh! My future! It means the baby's future. It means he'll go to Princeton and captain the crew, as his father did. Dexter, you should see that baby's back. It's marvelous! Why don't you have dinner with Myrna and me and watch me bathe him? It's my night—we take turns, you know. He adores cold water, and I fill the tub with toys—boats and ducks and floating dolls and—"

"See here, Virginia! Haven't you anything further to say about the sale? Or about the sable-coated tribe of Beilman? There was a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in fur on those three women. They've bought your home, your furniture. Think of it! They own the things you used to love. Haven't you any pang? Any regrets? Have you completely abandoned your old life and your old friends?"

"Why, Dexter! I've just found my old friends; the only ones I ever had. I'm too happy to think of anything or anybody except Myrna and the baby."

"Good Lord! 'Happy'! Here, among bearded ladies and jugglers and—the smell of cooking!"

"Exactly! It's where I belong, where I always belonged. There's a family of acrobats in the rear—the Tumbling Tempests—and they're lovely people. Every night after the show they have us in for weenies and near-beer. Casino, the Card King, and his wife are on the floor below. You've seen him, I presume, and his mystifying tricks. I'm teaching them bridge, but he's the dumbest man about cards. The house is full of professional people and they were all so sweet and so considerate when Myrna had her baby that they won my heart. They took me right in, just as she did—that's because I used to be in the business. Pang? Regrets? Good heavens, no! I—I've come home!"

"Don't they know who you are?"

"Some of them do. But, bless you, that doesn't make the slightest difference with real, genuine people." Again the speaker laughed happily and her listener marveled. "By the way, Dexter, you must make it a point to see the new Slanders when it opens. Myrna's number promises to be a bigger hit than the old one. It's more beautiful, if anything, and more daring, too. You'd never dream she's a mother."

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(Continued from page 35)

thus and so to certain vital stimuli; in responding to these stimuli the new-born adjusts itself for the time being and lives. During the process of living it will learn. What it will learn and the specific ways and habits it will get into depend upon its teachers—parents, nurses, community, schools, et cetera.

By the time the youngster is old enough to walk a few steps and talk a few words it is just naturally prepared to take a gamble. In fact, only by gambling, by taking chances, does it learn. One grasp of a red-hot poker yields more lasting information than all the "don'ts" at the family's command. It takes a chance on the cat's tail, with a bottle of ink, Father's watch, Mother's hat; takes chances on anything within reach of its eyes or ears that it can get its hands on. The astounding thing about a young child is its eagerness to take chances. Otherwise it could not learn whether things are good to eat or drink, or whether they can be pulled, pushed, climbed, kicked, broken or spilled with impunity.

Therein is the significance of being born human—born dumb yet with an insatiable desire to explore, a blind indifference to the outcome, and a huge capacity to learn from experience.

Such is our biologic equipment. Such is the birthright of every normal human being. As a result, the child learns. It learns from experience and from the advice of its elders.

In acquiring wisdom, in taking on specific ways, the infant soon learns to behave like a human being. What kind of human being? More or less the kind of human beings it has lived with. As a result, by the time the individual is five or ten, or twenty, its ways, its specific forms of behavior, will reflect the ways and forms of behavior of the social community in which it has grown up. In other words, you and I in our individual behavior reflect the behavior of our teachers—using "teachers" in the broadest sense.

The background, then, of the behavior of every human being is a system of habits and a fund of experience, both engrafted on innate human nature; and that, as I have said, begins without knowledge, is curious and loves to explore. As a result of exploration and in consequence of the habits which have been formed, the average individual by the time he has reached maturity is more or less fitted to carry on in some particular stratum of society.

As long as he is in the stratum or situation for which his experience fits him and on the job for which his habits have fitted him, he performs as a normal human being. But dropped suddenly into a new situation or confronted by a new job or a new proposition, he may behave like a coward or like a hero or like a skunk or like an idiot. The point I am stressing is that the average man in a brand-new situation may and often does behave in a way which is destructive to himself or contrary to the rules and regulations of society.

For example, the world has hardly ceased to gasp for breath at what it was pleased to call the "luck of the Flyin' Fool." In applying that epithet to young Lindbergh the world overlooked the fact that Lindbergh's training for years had been such that for him the flight from New York to Paris had scarcely more novelty in it than there would be for Bill Tilden in playing a game of tennis on a new court with an opponent he had never seen before.

The outstanding psychologic factor in Lindbergh's flight was his absolute confidence in himself. That confidence was born of his knowledge of what he had done; he had a profound conviction as to what he could do. The hop from New York to Paris was just another day's work. A bit longer, of course, than he had had up to that time, and with certain novel features, but otherwise it was to him the same old game, the game that he could play as Tilden plays tennis—with heart, mind and body, and with every ounce of his energy.

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In that sense, then, regardless of color or other physical features and the time or community in which we are cradled, we are all born gamblers.

Every immigrant is, in a sense, a gambler; every business venture is, in a sense, a gamble. There are no sure things in life but death and taxes.

But let us return to the question why it is that in certain kinds of gambling otherwise normal human beings are prone to forget all they have learned and under the drive of some force which seems beyond their control wake up to find themselves bankrupt in self-respect or money or both.

The Major was not the only man around the *trente-et-quarante* table that night who went "broke," but I venture to say that few, if any, of the old hardened gamblers did. They knew what the Major might have known if he had stopped to think for a minute. Red had come up nine times. What was the chance of red or black coming up with the next play? Fifty-fifty. You see, the cards are dumb; they didn't know that red had come up nine times! The law of chance is always fifty-fifty, with each spin of the roulette wheel, each flip of the coin, each hand in a game of *trente-et-quarante*.

The chance, I repeat, against red coming up sixteen times in succession was very great, but what the Major failed to take into consideration at the time was that, with an initial bet of 100 pesetas, and doubling the bet each time, it would not require many plays to wipe out his little capital.

Ordinarily the Major would no more think of going into the Casino and betting 3,000 pesetas on the turn of a card than he would of jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge, but carried along by the excitement, gripped by his obsession that red simply could not come up fourteen times in succession, and stung by what he had already lost, he was literally goaded into making a bet which in his sober senses he would never think of making.

It is in such situations that not only the gambler but any human being is likely to behave like an idiot.

How about the young business man who lost \$3,000, got himself in wrong with his family, with his friends, with himself? The same psychology holds for him also.

And why did Hector, the strong man, play poker till Sunday morning when he should have quit on Friday night? Because he was forty dollars behind at eleven o'clock; he could get it back in one round and his wife would only have to wait ten minutes. At the round's end he was not even; he never did get even—he was the one big loser.

Why didn't he quit? Because he wasn't a quitter. To quit loser was to quit defeated; and that was more than he could stand. And rather than quit loser by a few dollars he would break dates, drive his wife nearly crazy, and risk his life.

Hector, of course, was no Ancient Mariner to hold that crowd for forty-two hours—he was simply its outstanding figure, its horrible example. The crowd was having a good time, playing hooky from the routine of life, being boys again down at the old swimming hole. Time meant nothing. The passing of midnight, the coming of dawn, the light of high noon, growing dusk—stimuli normally helping them to regulate life's routine—meant nothing; they were absorbed in a struggle which held them, mind, body and soul. Not for all the money in the game would any one of them have sallied forth in broad daylight on a Sunday morning, haggard, unshaven, hollow-eyed; yet there they were, feeling and looking like whatever it is the proverbial cat drags in.

Note, please, that the men I am talking about in these poker games are not professional gamblers; they do not make their living by "gambling." They are business men, lawyers, doctors, writers, artists. They can't afford to lose a whole night's sleep, and few of them can afford to lose very much money. To some of them the loss of a night's sleep or of several hundred dollars means a definite slowing up of

SPEED . . . dust . . . wind. A hat blown suddenly away. Disheveled, warm, dusty—*beauty on trial*. Then—a dazzling smile. Flash of sparkling teeth. Natural loveliness victorious in . . . THE SMILE TEST. Could you pass it now?



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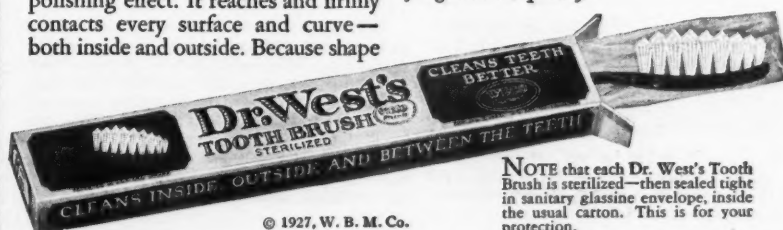
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the routine of life for days, possibly for months.

The contagion that holds the crowd around a roulette wheel or a gaming table is often spoken of as mob psychology, but that term is too general. What really happens seems to be something like this:

Here are eight men in a poker game, let us say; all self-respecting, each successful in his own field of endeavor. They are well acquainted with each other. The game starts, friendly, modest—often to warm up rather fast, especially in a poker game. Rivalry, the hatred of being beaten, the joy of victory, all enter in, but the fight element especially appears and becomes rampant.

Men who normally are not greedy or avaricious or pugnacious have become within two or three hours almost like a pack of famished wolves fighting over a poor carcass. And it is a real fight, not personal, of course, but a fight for possession, a fight to ward off defeat. What was a game has become a fight, a struggle for supremacy. Little mercy is shown—and then often to meet with derisive laughter.

The game has literally become a fight. Adrenalin, an enormously potent drug secreted by the little adrenal glands just above our kidneys, is released into the blood stream. Under its magic drive heart and lungs speed up and additional physiological fuel is supplied to our fighting-fleeing-talking mechanisms, thereby increasing their efficiency at the expense of our viscera. The viscera quiet down, we cease to feel hunger even though the stomach be empty; but we can fight harder, run faster.

That is the kind of drug adrenalin is—a crisis remedy; it drives us to become less human, more animal. A fight is a crisis. A poker game is a fight.

In a forty-two-hour poker game there are other factors than adrenalin: stimulus of crowd, freedom from routine responsibility, excitement from the give and take of badinage and stress of competition; and the feeling that one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb! The loser doesn't quit because he must get even; the winner because he must win more. Neither can quit because stimuli which normally send them to bed or to work are replaced by stimuli which drive them to behave like idiots. Idiocy is not normal human behavior.

Twelve o'clock has come and gone; the game goes on. The losers . . .

Before we look at the losers as the clock struck twelve, let us consider the psychology of the winners. Do they want to quit? Rarely. Mind you, I am not talking about professional gamblers; I am talking about the average man who when he gets to Monte Carlo feels he must just take a chance with the wheel, or the average man who now and then indulges in a friendly poker game.

The winner at twelve o'clock always has an alibi. The alibi is always the same: "I just felt ashamed to quit because I was ahead." It sounds reasonable, and the losers are ready enough to accept it. I suspect it doesn't tell the whole truth. I suspect that the real psychology of the winner who doesn't quit when he said he would is that there is still money to be won. By twelve o'clock it is no longer a friendly game of poker, it is a fight for money. If he has won \$5 or \$50 or \$100, why shouldn't he be able to win that much more? Why should he quit in the middle of a winning streak?

As a matter of fact they rarely do. I have seen many American officers play roulette in the Majestic Club in Lisbon; I don't recall that I ever saw any one of them leave the wheel until broke.

I saw one young officer run \$20 into \$800. With such luck as that outside that hall he would have known what to do, but if he could win \$800 why not \$1,000? That, as a matter of fact, after he had passed the \$600 mark, had become his goal: "When I win \$1,000 I'll quit."

He did quit—when he had lost every dollar he had in his pocket. And his alibi was the usual one under such circumstances: "Oh well, I didn't expect to win any money; I just

wanted to have a bit of fun. I had it. I paid for it."

That is what they say; it is not necessarily what they think.

The young man who lost \$3,000 was only about \$100 loser at twelve o'clock; he could have quit then without crippling himself, but he had been caught up in a fight. Quit \$100 loser? The very idea would have seemed revolting—if it had occurred to him! He too was obsessed by the idea that the sort of luck he had had in the little poker game which in four hours had set him back \$100 could not possibly last much longer. Obsessed by the idea that winning hands were just around the corner, he was always trying to anticipate them by what is known as "bulling the game." He "bullied" it—just as the Major had.

Anyone at all familiar with experiences such as are not uncommon at Palm Beach or Monte Carlo, or who has played much poker, knows that the two examples cited at the beginning of this story are not overdrawn, and he knows further that they are typical. I might have cited the example of a brilliant young lawyer in Chicago who in one year gambled himself so far into debt that suicide seemed to him the easiest and only way out.

Or I might have cited the equally astounding and even more tragic performance of a distinguished surgeon who dropped into a university club one night for a couple of hours' poker, knowing that he must be at a certain hospital at nine in the morning to perform an extraordinarily complicated and dangerous operation. When he quit that poker game thirty-six hours later his patient was dead and the surgeon himself was in so deep in the eyes of the few who knew the facts that he had to abandon his practise in that city and go elsewhere.

Yet that surgeon, to my personal knowledge, was a man of extraordinarily high character and had a keen sense of responsibility to his profession.

Under the excitement of a game which in a very short time had grown to one of great magnitude, he found himself in a situation he had never been in before. The habits of years of decent human behavior suddenly failed him in this new crisis. His sense of obligation to his patient, to his profession, to his own self-respect, disappeared as he became a fighter. His blood was up—literally up. Adrenalin was at work, and its drive was so powerful that it was easier for him to behave like a beast than like a human being.

The psychology of the average man who gambles on the stock-market is just the same. He has not acquired a set of habits which enable him to function like a normal human being from day to day once he has decided to take a plunge in the market. A lucky chance shot may have enabled him to run \$1,000 up to \$5,000 and the \$5,000 may represent a year's wages in his regular occupation. What does he do with the \$5,000? The average man goes broke with it.

One difference between a friendly poker game and playing the stock-market is that in the poker game the money stays in the crowd, but when those same players gamble on the stock-market the "kitty" (brokers) ultimately gets the money.

It is not to be understood, of course, that every man who plays poker or roulette behaves like an idiot and goes broke, or habitually breaks important engagements, or gets in so wrong with himself that suicide is the only way out. I don't mean to say anything of the kind.

Lots of men can and do keep their heads in poker games, at Monte Carlo, in any form of gambling. They quit when they know they ought to quit; they lose no more than they know they can afford to lose; they can quit with a modest winning at any time. They can do such things because they have learned what, in short, is commonly called self-control. They don't get so emotionally excited over the loss of anything that they sit down and cry

I know one man who by the time he has lost a few dollars in a poker game is so emotionally worked up that he literally gets sick—even bicarbonate of soda won't relieve him! In that condition he isn't fit to fight; he rapidly develops an "inferiority complex," and when he does get a good hand is afraid to bet it. He is a good example of lack of self-control. But the man who takes a loss with equanimity is ready to accept the next play on its own merits, for after all each play in any game is a new play and must be taken on its merits regardless of what has happened before.

A man of self-control, no matter what he has lost, is able to keep his wits about him, is always prepared for any move, and when he has had enough he knows it and quits. That same man, winner or loser, quits when he is tired or when he has had enough. In other words, he retains the use of his head and is not controlled by his viscera. He is neither fighting nor fleeing; he is playing poker, or whatever the game may be. And it is fairly certain that that kind of man when a boy was neither a cry-baby, a coward nor a bully.

That kind of man does not stampede in a fire, in a panic, or in a shipwreck. He may not do the wisest thing, but he is not quitting the job, nor does he ruthlessly trample over the rights of others. He is playing the game, acting like a human being all the time. No matter what the situation may be or how much novelty there may be in it, he has such control over himself that he is able to use whatever wisdom he has and can get such service out of his arms and legs and voice as he can expect from the training that has gone into them.

The man who does not behave like a human being in a gamble is the man who as a boy has not learned to take chances, who has not learned to profit by experience, and who has not learned to use his brain to get him out of difficulties, but has hung on to his mother's apron-strings or sought refuge in flight or blustered his way out like a beast.

And so, while we are all natural-born gamblers, we are not necessarily all good gamblers when the stake is high or the situation dangerous. We may fail in the crisis; we may whine and snivel or run like whipped curs; or we may bluster and brag or fight like senseless beasts. Or we may play the game. There are gamblers and gamblers.

There is such a thing as character. It is not born, it is formed. And it can become so ingrained that nothing can wash it out, so craven that nothing can enoble it, so fine that nothing can tarnish it, so strong that it fears nothing in life and in death finds nothing to fear.

The real thoroughbred cannot behave like a tin-horn gambler. The tin-horn can never behave like a human being when real courage and high honor are at a premium. He can shine when the going is safe, but when the crisis comes he plays safe, even though he must thereby repudiate all that mankind has won in its struggle to be decent and humane. He is not a good gambler. Cornered, he can't behave like a human being, he can only behave like the worm or the snake or the jackal that he is. He would venture little to gain much; and when he loses, squeals.

Man's conquest over nature has not been won by playing the game that way, but rather by great ventures with slight gains. These gains have been pyramided throughout the ages and today form our cultural heritage. And because of them man's behavior has become less bestial, more humane.

That too often gamblers don't behave like human beings is reason enough for society's disapproval of games of chance and mistrust of those who profit from them or fall victims to their lure. Society's approval of those who chance their own lives that the risk of living may be lessened and the opportunities for life increased is evidence of even higher intelligence. And with equal propriety does it call those who have found truth benefactors of mankind, and those who have laid down their lives in search or in defense of it the heroes of mankind.

The Tide of Empire by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 33)

friend. You have a pistol. Hand that over, too."

"It's empty, Mr. D'Arcy."

D'Arcy examined the gun and discovered his prisoner had not lied. He smiled grimly.

"As a traveling companion you'll prove a bit of an embarrassment, I'm thinking. Well, no matter. Your presence will make the journey all the more interesting. How far had you and your party come when I first met you?"

"From the Mormon settlement on Great Salt Lake. Where do you hail from?"

"I have ridden from Springfield, Illinois."

Cannon stared incredulously. "Meet any Indians?"

"Hundreds. Fine fellows. Nature's noblemen. Poor devils! They haven't encountered sufficient white men as yet to know any better than to behave. A man couldn't find grander hospitality in County Galway."

"I don't understand how you managed to get through."

"I'm lucky—and careful."

"Any friends in California?"

"Divil a one."

"What you intend doin' when you git thar?"

"Lord knows. They tell me, however, 'tis a grand country for a poor man to get his start."

"Can that horse o' yours run?"

"Like a hare. There's not a drop of cold blood in him, and he has yet to meet the horse that didn't have a look at the tail of him. He's five years old come Christmas day next."

"Then take my advice and do some horse-racing. Them greasers'll bet their last cow on a horse-race. It's the main sport at Monterey."

"Indeed. Well, now, that's interesting. What distances do they run?"

"Most of their nags are quarter-horses; some have enough blood to run the half and there are mebbe two or three horses that race at the mile."

"With the help of God and Pathfinder here I believe I'll go into the cattle business," D'Arcy replied, gravely humorous.

"There's an easier way than that," Cannon suggested, "if you speak their lingo. Marry a cattle ranch."

D'Arcy had no reply to this. It was not his intention to permit familiarity. They walked in silence the remainder of that day.

At dusk they were far enough down the western slope of Walker Pass to find grazing for the stock, so they camped there. During the day D'Arcy had shot two grouse and they supped upon these, with flapjacks and black coffee, Cannon doing the cooking. At the conclusion of the meal the fellow glanced at his captor.

"Reckon you've forgiven me, Mr. D'Arcy?"

The exile from Erin laughed and tossed him over his plug of tobacco, which Cannon received gratefully. "I have to forgive you, in view of the fact that there is no law here, and if there was, where are my witnesses? Your word would be as good as mine."

"You're a sensible feller."

"I am—for which reason I shall tie your hands behind your back when you turn in for the night. I can see in your fishy eye a plan to kill me and steal my outfit if an opportunity presents itself."

"But I can't sleep with my hands tied behind me."

"Stay awake, then. On second thought, I shall tie your ankles together. Sleeping men can still be kicked to death by a big lummock like you. And be good enough to smoke on your own side of the fire whilst I amuse myself."

He produced a small tin flute and played with great cheerfulness "I Know My Love by His Way o' Walkin'," "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow" and "The Bard of Armagh."

"You're a funny feller," Cannon hazarded.

"You would think so, of course. The joke's on you." And he rippled through "The Wind That Shakes the Barley."

Cannon sighed, prepared his bed and sat

awaiting the minstrel's pleasure in the matter of binding him for the night.

"There's two thin strips of *latigo* in my saddle pocket. Get them for me, Mr. Cannon, darlin', whilst I play for you 'Owen Roe's Lullaby.' You can go to sleep on that."

His concert concluded, D'Arcy bade Cannon lie on his belly while he bound him securely. "To be sure, you might chafe that *latigo* on a sharp bit of rock and cut it through before morning," he decided, and tied a spare shirt around the bound hands. "Roll over into your bed now and I'll tuck our little Baby Bunting in," he commanded cheerfully. "And remember—the Lord loveth a cheerful loser and a game sport never knows a regret. Good night."

He kicked off his boots, rolled into his blankets with a great sigh of contentment and was asleep in five minutes.

Cannon was sleeping so soundly next morning he did not know he had been unbound until D'Arcy jerked the coverings off him and awakened him with a not too gentle spurning with his boot. While D'Arcy prepared breakfast Cannon rounded up the stock, saddled and packed them. That night they camped in a lovely mountain meadow far below the snow-line, and since there was an abundance of grass, feed and water and the stock required food and rest, they camped there three days. From this point the pass dropped swiftly toward sea-level, and presently, from the heights, they gazed out above another wonderful valley.

The prisoner pointed. "There are the Tulares, Mr. D'Arcy."

They descended, marching through an empire of wild oats and *elfleria* knee high, dotted with wild flowers that distilled a fragrance upon the land. Once more they saw herds of game.

"We cross the Tulares and skirt the northern edge of a great lake that lies off yonder to the westward, close to those mountains," Cannon announced. "We may meet Injuns, but they're a poor lot and afraid o' guns. There's a desert to cross, but at this season 'tain't difficult, and we can do it in a night. A pass leads through the range to the Mission San Miguel."

That was a delightful march across the Tulares and even the baneful presence of Alvah Cannon failed to detract from Dermot D'Arcy's enjoyment of the wild beauty through which they wandered. They were fortunate, too, in not meeting Indians, and as they traveled by easy stages, Pathfinder, Shawneen and Michael, as Cannon expressed it, "fleshed up." Even in that barren strip of country now known as the Kern desert, grass was plentiful and pools of water from a late rain lay in the arroyos.

At the western end of the pass leading to Mission San Miguel they came to the Chalame Rancho, where the *haciendado*, Señor Juan Barilla, gave them courteous and unstinted welcome. Here they rested three days, Cannon, at D'Arcy's suggestion, faring with the ranch hands while the latter occupied a guest-chamber in the adobe *hacienda*.

Cannon came to D'Arcy's room on the morning of their departure. "Well, what do you want?" D'Arcy demanded acidly.

"You told me you were a poor man."

"Well?"

"Don't be in too big a hurry to leave." The fellow winked mysteriously and sat down. "Wait a little. There's a pleasant surprise comin'."

"I like surprises," D'Arcy replied and waited. Presently an Indian servant entered, laid upon the dresser two buckskin bags and departed wordlessly. Cannon opened them and rolled out upon the dresser from each fifty dollars in United States gold.

"What is this for, Cannon?"

"For us, of course."

"But why? I, at least, have not requested a loan from our host."

"Of course you hain't, but then some of these har California dons carry hospitality to the limit. You see, Mr. D'Arcy, these greasers are

always mighty polite, and Barilla is too polite to offer the money openly, on account maybe of hurtin' our feelin's. So he just has it left in the room. If we want it, we take it. If we don't, we leave it. It's up to us, understand?"

"I understand. Don Juan Barilla is too fine to question us as to our poverty and too great-hearted to see us depart penniless and, perhaps, hopeless, from the hospitality of his home. If we accept this gold I suppose there is no obligation on our part to return it."

"These greasers are all so rich they don't miss a few dollars."

"I see. They are *muy caballero*. Well, it's a long way from Galway to the Mission San Miguel, but there are real gentlemen at both ends of the trail. I could use this money but—I shall not."

"Why not, D'Arcy?"

"I am Mr. D'Arcy to you. Never forget that, animal. And do not question my motives. You are too low-bred to understand them."

"Well, you refuse yours if you feel that way about it, but I'm no fine gentleman. I'll take mine."

"Put it back, you scum," Dermot D'Arcy roared.

"Man, I'm clean busted."

"That is immaterial. Put it back."

Cannon met D'Arcy's fierce gaze unflinchingly. On the trail he had been meek, servile, unresisting, but now that he found himself in civilization he felt he could afford again to be his own man. As the two looked into each other's eyes the thought came to D'Arcy that Cannon was not without a certain animal courage.

"Give me that purse, you filthy rogue, or but one of us shall leave this *hacienda* alive!"

"So you'd shoot an unarmed man, would you?"

"No! I'll kill you with my naked hands."

Reluctantly Cannon handed him the purse. "Perhaps me and you'll meet again sometime," he hinted darkly. "Well, seein' as how I arrived afoot, with you mounted, Don Juan has give me a mustang to fit my saddle and bridle. I can keep the horse, I reckon."

"I shall pay for the mustang. Horses must be very cheap here. Get out."

At parting, D'Arcy insisted upon paying Don Juan Barilla for the horse.

"It is nothing," the old grandee protested. "We have here many horses and it is the custom to give all dismounted guests a horse."

"A sweet custom, too, my host, but already we are your debtors for food and shelter; it will be an added kindness to permit payment for this horse."

Don Juan Barilla shrugged and spread his hands. "As you will, Señor. The animal is costly at five dollars. Perhaps if you will give three dollars, Señor, to my majordomo, that will adjust this argument."

D'Arcy gave five dollars to the majordomo and departed from the Chalame Rancho with Don Juan's benediction, the sweetest in any language and now, alas, no longer heard in California. "Vaya usted con Dios." Go you with God.

"I like this country, Cannon," D'Arcy announced as the two jogged toward Mission San Miguel with Shawneen and Michael mincing along in front, occasionally snatching mouthfuls of herbage along the trail.

"You won't like it very long, curse you!" Cannon growled. "I'll make it too hot to hold you."

"Braggart," the Celt retorted, and got out his tin flute to beguile the long miles with music.

Where the trail from the Chalame cut El Camino Real, the rutted dusty highway that connected all of the Missions from Sonoma to San Diego, Cannon pulled up his horse. "I reckon I'll leave you here, D'Arcy," he said. "A few miles south is the Mission San Miguel, but I aim to push on to Monterey. Goin' to give me back my pistol and rifle?"

"Certainly. Get off your horse. I'm also



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going to thrash you for shooting a lock of hair off my sinful head."

"I'm right glad to oblige you, Mister," Cannon cried exultantly, and dismounted. "How're we goin' to fight?"

"Your way—as an animal fights."

There, beside El Camino Real, they fought. But not long. As Cannon rushed to clinch, he brought his right knee up viciously. But his opponent's body was not there to receive it. A straight left under the chin tilted Cannon's shaggy head backward, and the shock of the blow, traveling along his jaw-bones to the brain, sent him reeling. Recovering his balance, he shielded his face with his great arms and rushed again, only to have a devil's tattoo beaten on his unprotected abdomen; when he dropped his arms and bent double, half a dozen wicked blows smashed into his face and straightened him up again.

"Enough!" he cried, realizing the futility of defending himself against such scientific onslaught.

"I shall be the judge of that," D'Arcy retorted, and walked around his man, cutting him, flattening his nose, closing his eyes, loosening his teeth, eventually knocking Cannon senseless.

Beside the fallen man he tossed powder-horn, rifle and empty pistol, wiped his skinned knuckles on Cannon's shirt, mounted Pathfinder and turned south along El Camino Real, nor cast one anxious look behind until a patter of hoofs caused him to do so.

A horseman was approaching at the fast running walk to which California riders of that period trained their mounts, and D'Arcy saw that the stranger was a Hispano-Californian, evidently of the better class. He moved courteously to the side of the trail to permit the man to pass, but instead the latter pulled up alongside him, raised his conical-shaped hat, fringed with little silver bells on the brim, and said pleasantly:

"Good afternoon, Sir. Do you speak Spanish?"

"I do, Sir," D'Arcy answered him pleasantly in the same language.

"I had thought, judging by your raiment and the manner in which you fight, that you were a gringo, but your Spanish is without an accent. And now that I look closer, I observe that you are of our people."

Dermot D'Arcy grinned. "I am an Irishman, but who can tell how much Spanish blood there may be in an Irishman from the West?" And he named himself.

"Ah, D'Arcy. That sounds French," the Californian suggested after the other had spelled the name.

"It was the fashion of the French, in days gone by, to come to Ireland to help us whip the English. The first D'Arcy of our line, however, fled to Ireland to escape the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But that was a long time ago and I fear we are preponderantly Irish now."

"Pardon me. I am remiss in politeness, Sir. My name is Carlos Felipe Maria Antonio Sanchez y Montalvo. May I be accorded the pleasure of riding with you? I am bound to my rancho close to the Mission San Miguel."

"Certainly. I am honored. I, too, ride to the Mission San Miguel. Is there, by any chance, an inn in San Miguel?"

"Yes, you are a gringo—a newcomer, after all, else you would know that in California there are no inns. You are welcome to my poor house."

Dermot D'Arcy extended his hand, then seeing that it was gory, apologized and withdrew it. "I accept your invitation, Señor Montalvo, in the generous spirit in which it is extended. I have no friends in your California, and to a stranger—"

"I must beg to disagree with you, Señor D'Arcy. You ride with a friend and presently you will be among other friends. Is it permitted to inquire why you fought with that bearded fellow back yonder?"

Briefly D'Arcy explained.

"Then that was a meritorious deed, Señor D'Arcy," Montalvo commented. "Alas, we

have many such ruffians among the Americans here."

"Gentlemen do not constitute the vanguard of new civilization, Señor Montalvo. It is the rough, the hardy and the ruthless who press forward and pave the way for new tides of conquest."

"Ah, they will come in great numbers now," the Californian replied sadly. "Every ship brings them in from Mexico, and when the news of the discovery of gold reaches your country they will come like the grasshoppers in a dry year."

"Gold? You say gold has been discovered in California?" D'Arcy cried sharply. "Indeed, Señor Montalvo, I had not heard that news."

"It is true. Each traveler from the north brings the story and already all of the gringos and some of our own young men have departed to dig for gold in the Sierra. It is sad to note the greed, the wild excitement this discovery arouses everywhere. There is no other topic of conversation among the gringos." Señor Montalvo sighed and his fine, middle-aged countenance saddened. "It will be a curse upon California," he added.

"Is this gold plentiful and easy to come at?" D'Arcy queried eagerly. "You understand, of course, Señor Montalvo, that I am much interested, for I too am a gringo."

"It lies in the bed of streams, washed down, I am informed, from the Sierra in bygone ages. A man named Marshall, an employee of the man Sutter, who has the fort and the great plantations on the Sacramento River, found it in the river at Coloma, while preparing the foundations for a sawmill which this man Sutter sought to build. It is in coarse flakes and small lumps, from the size of a pin-head to an egg, and is to be found in the sand-bars when the water is low in the streams. Other than that I am not informed, nor have I the slightest interest in gold-mining." He passed a package of Mexican cigarettes to D'Arcy, who selected one. "When we arrive at my hacienda," the Californian continued, "it would be well to bathe those injured knuckles in *aguardiente*."

"You are very kind, Señor Montalvo."

Señor Montalvo waved a deprecating hand and edged over to the extreme left of the road, the better to make a critical appraisal of Pathfinder. "By our Lady of Purissima," he declared, "that is a horse!"

Thus, casually, did he dismiss further discussion of the discovery of gold in California, a discovery that was to enthrall the entire civilized world, create new destinies and hasten, perhaps by a century, the upbuilding of the United States of America from the Mississippi River west.

"To secure this gold then," D'Arcy persisted, "nothing is required of a man save the ability and the will to take it. Is that not so?"

"Thus runs the tale, Señor. Two days ago, in Monterey, I met a friend, a gentleman in whose veracity I have the utmost confidence, and to me he related having seen in San Francisco a gringo with a bag of new gold weighing twelve pounds, and this the result of one week of labor on a stream."

"By the toe-nails of Moses," Dermot D'Arcy declared in English, "I've arrived in California just in the nick of time."

Montalvo glanced at him sharply and saw in the latter's slightly heightened color and the far-away gleam in his eyes that the tale of gold had gripped him. "You will have the madness, like all gringos," he prophesied. "But for the present, tell me, Señor, if you please, of the breeding of your horse, and if perhaps you would consider selling him to me. He is a stallion, I observe, and thus the more valuable. I would give much to own that horse."

"I fear I haven't the heart to sell him, Señor Montalvo, but if you would care to have some foals by him out of your best mares, then he is yours."

The Californian's face glowed with delight. "I have indeed met you, Señor D'Arcy, in a fortunate moment. You are a different gringo and I shall have great pleasure in presenting you to my friends, who will welcome

you for my sake. *Carajo*, you are a fine fellow. You must spend many months with me. I will arrange a great *baile* to do you honor and—but tell me, Señor, can this noble animal run? A little, no? Ah, do not desolate me with the statement that he is not as fleet as a deer."

"He can, I think, Señor Montalvo, outrun any horse in California. He is of a famous strain and the blood is pure."

"I am certain of it," Montalvo cried enthusiastically. "And I shall have colts by him? Of a certainty I am a happy man. Yes, he has in his carriage the pride that goes with royal blood. He has a powerful forehead, good ribs and great haunches. Good hoofs, too, and a sweet disposition, for I mark he does not fight the bit. Señor, if you will consider selling him to me, I will give to you for him five thousand head of my fattest cattle. My *vaqueros* shall slaughter them for you, skin the carcasses and render the tallow. The hides and tallow may be stored at my warehouse at Monterey and sold for you with my own hides and tallow when a ship arrives."

"I suppose each cow would then net me two dollars gold."

"Undoubtedly. A high price for a horse, Señor, but then I have many cattle."

But Dermot D'Arcy shook his head. "If what you tell me of the discovery of gold be but half true, I would be foolish to sell my horse. It is my purpose to find some gentleman who would care to race his horse against mine for a modest stake. The winning of this stake will enable me to outfit myself properly for the journey to the gold-diggings, employ labor, erect a suitable habitation and purchase food."

"I am desolate," Señor Montalvo murmured. "Did I not tell you this gold would bring a curse upon California? Already it is interfering with one man's happiness."

A horse-race was to take place at the rancho of Don Emilio Espinosa near the Mission San Juan Bautista. Don Emilio was the owner of a black gelding of unrecorded breeding, but undoubtedly a splendid grade thoroughbred, and known throughout California as Rey Del Mundo—King of the World. For more than a year, due to the disturbed political conditions incident to the Conquest and the Revolution, and the apparent impossibility of finding an opponent worthy to oppose this acknowledged champion of champions, Rey Del Mundo had not raced.

But lately Don José Guerrero, of the Rancho Arroyo Chico in Alta California, had purchased from a Kentuckian, who had ridden her from that state, a black thoroughbred mare that answered to the comparatively commonplace name of Kitty. After weeks of training and tryouts against the fleetest quarter-horses in Alta California, Don José had tried Kitty at the half-mile, then the three-quarter and finally the mile and was thrilled beyond measure when his stop-watch told him she was as fast as, if not faster than, Rey Del Mundo. Forthwith Don José, seething with an uncontrollable desire to challenge Don Emilio Espinosa to a match race, promptly dispatched a courier bearing the challenge.

Now, for many months no social affair of any importance had occurred in the Santa Clara Valley; consequently the receipt of Don José's challenge fell upon the restless souls of Don Emilio Espinosa and his friends and relatives with something of the effect of a gentle rainfall over a district hitherto arid.

They had heard rumors of the prowess of the mare Kitty and had hoped for a match race; and as the wager proposed by Don José—ten thousand head of three-year-old steers—was in consonance with the importance of such a sporting event, Don Emilio promptly accepted the challenge on condition that the race be held at his rancho, which, situated as it was approximately in the center of the state, entailed no unfair journey on the part of the *señors* who would attend.

Moreover, the acceptance of this stipulation would enable Don Emilio to dispense

hospitality on the lavish scale that delighted him. Anticipating no demur to this arrangement, he at once dispatched a courier to the south as far as San Diego to carry the news of the impending race and extend invitations to the *señors* to attend as his guests.

Three weeks before the day set for the race El Camino Real was thronged with Californians en route to the *hacienda* of Don Emilio Espinosa. Mounted on their best horses bearing their gayest and most expensive harness, the dons and their ladies, followed by their retainers, jogged along the dusty, rutty trail. From Sonoma came the Vallejos, from Contra Costa the Trujillos, from Alameda the Peraltas and Alvisos, from the Mission San José the Micheltorenas, from the Mission Dolores the Sanchez, from the Rancho Corral de Tierra Palomares the DeHaros, from the Rancho Cañada at San Mateo the Miramontes, from the Santa Clara Valley the American, John Gilroy, the Zabalas and the Cotas, from Salinas the Artelans, from El Paso de Robles the Villareals. From San Diego came the Estudillos and Bandinis, from Santa Ana the Sepulvedas, from San Gabriel the Lugos, and from Los Angeles the Dominguez.

In ancient, high-wheeled buggies, rockaways and victorias drawn by skittish four-in-hands with postillions up, on sleek mules, on burros, the elderly women came. In heavy, rumbling, ox-drawn *carretas* the *peons* and their families rode, just behind the hundreds of gaily appointed *vaqueros*. All were in holiday garb.

With the exception of the first families, who found unstinted welcome in the *haciendas* along the route when night overtook them, these joyous pilgrims camped under the stars and slept in the sweet grasses. A steer, hastily driven in, was slaughtered, barbecued and eaten with *torillas* made on the spot, the rude meal washed down with wine furnished by the *haciendado*; to the tinkling of guitars and the mellow piping of flutes these children of the sun danced and laughed and loved, happily unmindful of the great tragedy that even then was closing in around them, coincident with the discovery the preceding February, in the race at Sutter's sawmill on the American River, of a medium of exchange which within the year was to replace that of cattle.

Although the germs of the gold-fever were abroad in the land, these people did not know it, or knowing it, did not believe it, or believing it, attached no importance to it. All they knew or cared was that on the following Sunday a great sporting event was to be decided. Next to their kith and kind they loved a horse, and with the devotion of loyal subjects they journeyed with light feet and light hearts to the coronation of a new king of the California turf.

At the *fandango* to follow the race—a *fandango* which would, doubtless, last not less than two weeks—new loves would be awakened, new family alliances made; relatives would be met with again, gossip would be exchanged, trades consummated, betrothals arranged by the old folks, the prices of hides and tallow would be discussed and, perchance, some effort made to stabilize them.

What a golden age was that in California prior to the discovery of gold! Even to men whose brown palms had never closed over a gold coin poverty was unknown; no man went without food or shelter in that land where glad giving was almost a religion, where the meanest crime of all was to be niggardly.

Don Emilio Espinosa, standing at the entrance to the long avenue of palm-trees that led to his *hacienda*, welcomed each arrival with gracious words; when he quitted his post for any reason, one of his sons took his place, since to the high task of dispensing an invitation to the hospitality of the rancho no hiring might be assigned.

Following his courtly greeting to each new arrival, whether previously known to the Don or not, ensued, after the California habit, some words of light badinage, of grave merriment, a sly dig, perhaps, as to the quality of the horse

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the stranger bestrode, a mild complaint of visits made too few and far between. Then the visitor would dismount, to be greeted at the hacienda by the Don's family, while Indian servants took charge of his horse and equipment.

When all of the guest-rooms of the rambling old hacienda had been filled, the overflow was accommodated in tents and light-built out-houses thatched with palm-leaves.

At the entrance to the palm-lined avenue at sunset of the day preceding the great race, Don Emilio and his son Tomas waited to greet two late arrivals. "Yonder," quoth Don Emilio, "comes our good friend Carlos Montalvo, of San Miguel, and with him rides a gringo."

"And before them they herd two laden mules, my father. Assuredly this gringo can be no friend of our friend. It must be that he is a chance traveler met on the road."

A slight frown passed over Don Emilio's countenance. The insolence of Frémont and Commodore Stockton so much in evidence following the raising of the American flag at Monterey, and the violence and degradation visited upon his kinsman, Vallejo, during the Bear Flag revolt at Sonoma were still fresh in his memory. He had learned to distrust foreigners, and Americans in particular.

"They come," he growled in his beard. "There must be a thousand of these Americans in California now. But yesterday we were their hosts. Today they bear themselves as conquerors. Bustling, eager, acquisitive, ruthless, they despise us because we are not as they. I like them not."

Don Carlos waved his plumed hat, trotted ahead of his companion, dismounted and embraced his friends.

"You have a companion, Carlos?" Don Emilio queried, his tone indicating a doubt that the man was a friend or social equal yet voicing a willingness to receive him in whatever relation he might occupy.

"A friend," Don Carlos corrected. "A well-bred man of gentle manner when not aroused; when he is, I verily believe, a devil. He has been my guest for the past week and I have made bold to bring him with me."

The slight frown faded from the host's fine face. Montalvo presented Dermot D'Arcy, who dismounted and proffered his hand to father and son.

"You are welcome, my friend," the former assured him. "For your own sake as well as that of Don Carlos. My son and I regret that we do not speak English."

"It is a regret wasted, Señor. I speak Spanish."

"So? I had thought our guest an American."

It was patent to D'Arcy that Don Emilio was experiencing a modicum of relief in his disillusionment. "Although Irish, I have sworn allegiance to the American flag, Señor. And I should regret," he added, "to think that I might be judged by some Americans I have met since entering California."

Don Emilio covered the situation adroitly. "What says the old Greek philosopher, my friend? We dislike people because we do not know them and we do not know them because we dislike them."

Retainers relieved them of their horses and the pack-mules while D'Arcy unbuckled the belt containing his knife and pistol and handed it to Don Emilio, since he would not be so gross as to come armed into this peaceful and hospitable home. Father and son exchanged glances, for they judged men by such evidences of culture.

"This will be cared for in the room where we store our arms, Señor," the Don murmured, handing the belt to a servant. "Carlos, I will escort you to your quarters. Tomas, I leave Señor D'Arcy to your care."

Tomas led his charge to a tent, in one corner of which was a pile of new clean hay and two brightly colored blankets. The only other furnishings were a rude bench, which held a basin, a water olla, soap and towels.

"My parents are desolated to have to offer you this rude shelter," the boy explained. "At

any other time we could accommodate you in the manner to which you are accustomed, but tonight we have many guests."

"It is a better shelter, with the exception of the room I occupied at Señor Montalvo's ranch, than I have been accustomed to for a year. By the way, are there many Americans here?"

"Perhaps fifty, Señor. They are camped yonder. The majordomo looks after them."

D'Arcy smiled faintly, aware that his host was not averse to giving him to understand that he was being accepted as one of the señores.

"When you have washed the dust of travel from yourself, Señor, come to the colonnade of the hacienda—the west side. I shall be there to present you to our friends and to see that you do not retire to this horse's bed hungry." He bowed, showed his white teeth in a winning smile and withdrew.

D'Arcy gazed after him. Tomas Espinosa was arrayed in the height of the fashion affected by the Hispano-California dandy of that day. His hat, of black beaver, had a high, conical crown and wide, upturned brim, to which tiny silver bells were appended and tinkled as he walked. His shirt, of white linen, fastened with diamond studs, was surmounted by a lace stock; his bolero jacket, of black velvet with a double row of silver buttons down the front, fitted him tightly; his pantaloons, of the same material, were skin tight to the calf of his leg, but broke into a wide flare above the ankles and were there inset with a triangle of white buckskin; his gaiters were of fine, brilliant black leather, hand-made in the City of Mexico; a pair of beaded and fringed white buckskin gauntlets were tucked into a scarlet sash, the long fringed ends of which dangled at his side.

He presented a gay and colorful appearance and walked with the short, somewhat mincing step of the man whose life is spent largely in the saddle.

"A nice, courteous, friendly boy," D'Arcy soliloquized. "Pure Asturiano stock, I take it." He sighed. "A wonderful people doomed to oppression and extinction as surely as the Indian. All that these Californians desire from strangers is courtesy and a square deal; dwelling here in pastoral peace, practically without government, dependent upon a code of gallant human conduct, they will be as helpless in the hands of the eager, greedy, empire-building Anglo-Saxon as a sheep in the maw of a tiger. For the wonderful *dolce far niente* spirit that is theirs they will be hated by men who know not how to suck the sweetness from life; for their lack of industry and commercial shrewdness they will be despised as weaklings, regarded as ripe fruit to be plucked and wasted. Poor Tomas! Poor Don Emilio!"

An Indian approached bearing a leathern hat-box and a plethoric valise. He opened it and laid out upon the blankets toilet articles, a change of linen and a suit of clothing of the style worn by well-dressed Americans of that period. D'Arcy fastened the flaps of his tent, shaved and gave himself a sponge bath; half an hour later he emerged from his quarters and strolled over to the hacienda just as a bell pealed loudly for the evening meal.

Passing through a heavy door set into the high adobe wall that surrounded the hacienda, D'Arcy found himself in the patio, which was given over entirely to what nowadays would be termed an old-fashioned garden. A gravelled path led from the entrance to the broad, arched colonnade of the long, low, single-storied adobe dwelling-house, in its progress flanking on each side a rude fountain built of granite cobblestones and cement.

The patio was resplendent in variegated flowers which added their fragrance to the heavy perfume of lime and orange blossoms; athwart the front of the hacienda passion vines and bougainvillea clambered; humming birds flitted from flower to flower and from the topmost bough of a tiny scrub-oak a Spanish mocking-bird was indulging himself in his not inconsiderable repertoire.



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From the cloistered shadows of the colonnade voices reached him, a girl's melodious laughter rising at intervals from the deeper diapason of masculine speech. He hastened up the path. The colonnade was empty save for two people, Tomas Espinosa and a girl, seated in a rope hammock. Tomas immediately hastened to meet D'Arcy and present him to the girl.

"Señorita Josephita Guerrero, may I have the honor to present our guest, Señor Dermot D'Arcy?"

As D'Arcy bowed profoundly the girl nodded with a sort of birdlike toss of her head; her brown eyes roved coolly over him. Intuitively D'Arcy realized that gringos were not popular with Señorita Guerrero and his response to the introduction—"I am the Señorita's debtor for her charity in permitting Don Tomas to present me to her"—sounded lame in his own ears.

The girl's ivory-tinted face flushed faintly, for she sensed irony and resentment in the words and knew that the hostility in her heart had radiated to his. "Ah," she breathed. "So we have here, Tomas, an American who speaks Spanish in a manner not to shock one's ears."

A disarming smile drove from D'Arcy's face the flush of his sudden embarrassment. "I am forgiven, perhaps, for being an American, Señorita?"

"You are forgiven because you are an American who might be suspected of understanding our people."

They appraised each other in a single swift glance. What Señorita Guerrero saw was a young man who, in girth and stature, might have made two of Tomas Espinosa; indeed, had he been dressed in the prevailing mode of the Hispano-Californians, he might readily have passed for one of them—an illusion due to his black hair, dark brown eyes and reddish-brown complexion.

His head was large, his brow high and wide, denoting intelligence, and his eyes seemed a trifle heavy with their long black lashes, for they closed the tiniest bit, thus lending to his gaze a suggestion of sleepiness, of laziness, of a whimsicality that contrived, somehow, to be direct and fearless—belligerent almost. His nose just missed being high and prominent. His mouth was generous, his teeth white, even and strong, his lower lip a bit too full and boyish for the firm, square chin and powerful jaws.

A pillar of a neck to hold up that head of a leader, wide shoulders, slim waist, broad hips and sturdy, graceful legs marked him as one of gentle breeding, a man of whom might have been written:

So brave and bould his bearin', bhooy,
Should ye meet him onward farin', bhooy,
In Lapland's snow,
Or Chile's glow,
Ye'd say: "What news from Erin, bhooy?"

He was the first of his race Señorita Guerrero had ever seen.

"You speak Spanish, Señor, like a Spaniard. There is but the faint accent to denote that Spanish is not your mother tongue," the girl remarked.

"I studied Spanish and French in Trinity College, Dublin, Señorita," he informed her. "A German taught me Spanish, an Irishman taught me French and my nurse taught me Gaelic."

"But you speak also the Mexican patois," the girl reminded him. She had caught him using the colloquial form of a noun.

"Because I have observed that Californians employ the patois," he admitted. "I was a soldier during the war between the United States and Mexico. After my service I returned to Sonora, where I engaged in mining for six months. My companions were the common people."

"Ah, a Yankee soldier," Señorita Guerrero murmured, and D'Arcy had a feeling that matters between them were now at an *impasse*.

"One fights for one's country," Tomas murmured, in an effort to minimize the situation. "It was the fortune of war that our people were not the conquerors. In what branch of the

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American army did the Señor have the honor to serve?"

"I was a captain of cavalry, Señor Espinosa." Tomas was interested. "I marked the horse you rode today, Señor. I said to my father: 'That horse is a horse!'"

"I would, for sport and a small stake, challenge the winner of the race tomorrow, Señor," D'Arcy replied.

"Your horse would be beaten," the girl informed him. "No gringo's horse has ever beaten Kitty or Rey Del Mundo."

"You have the unusual experience, Señorita, of knowing one gringo who does not brag."

Her nose went up a thousandth of an inch. "And you are prepared to bet on your horse?"

"All I possess—including the horse."

"But you have never seen our horses run!"

"True. And I have heard that they are the fleetest in California and run best at a mile. Nevertheless, I would take great pleasure in pitting my horse against either, provided the matter can be arranged."

"It can be arranged," the girl replied proudly. "Kitty is owned by my father. I will speak to him of your desire."

"Then," Tomas advised gaily, "the match is as good as made, for I shall speak to my father, who owns Rey Del Mundo."

D'Arcy bowed his thanks. "I shall have to trespass on your good nature, Don Tomas, and beg you to provide me with a capable boy to ride my horse. The race might be horse for horse, but if my opponent should not care to bet his horse I will be enabled to wager some gold."

"The wager will be what you please, Señor."

"I am a poor man, Señorita, but if desired I will race my horse for the pleasure of the guests here assembled—for the sport of a race. It would be a great pleasure," he added, turning to young Tomas, "if I might, without undue forwardness, contribute to the joy of this occasion."

Tomas was delighted. "I will ask you to await the bell for the second table, Señor D'Arcy. Our table will accommodate but thirty persons, and must be set thrice for our guests this evening. Meanwhile we enjoy ourselves, I trust."

From between his drowsy lids D'Arcy bent upon the girl, in the course of their conversation, a scrutiny so casual that even she did not suspect his interest.

Like most women of her race she was small—five feet three, perhaps, wiry, dainty. Her thick black hair was parted in the middle and drawn tightly back above her ears to form at her nape a roll of such unusual proportions as to seem unwieldy. A high tortoise-shell comb, set with diamonds and rubies, crowned the small, perfect head with an air distinctly regal.

Her face was small and oval, her eyes large, brown and alert as a frightened deer's, her nose thin, high, slightly aquiline, her mouth firm above a firm chin, her carmine lips forming a line of singular sweetness. Not a particularly beautiful face, he reflected, but good to gaze upon—the face of a woman of character; a face the memory of which might grow upon one, particularly when a smile illumined it, when for a brief space a rare beauty flamed.

Señorita Guerrero was dressed simply but with exquisite taste and D'Arcy hazarded a guess that everything she wore had been imported from the City of Mexico. She was, undoubtedly, a pure-bred Castilian. Not a drop of native Indian blood in her, he decided, although even among the aristocracy one could often discern more than a hint of aboriginal ancestry.

He was roused from his reflections by the girl's voice. "You have ridden far, Señor?"

"Very far—perhaps more than two thousand miles. I have been on the road many months, since I did not care to exhaust my horse by pressing him unduly!"

Her fine eyes seemed to gaze within him. "What seeks the Señor in California?"

"Gold, Señorita."

A faint grimace of disgust, of disappointment, passed over the girl's cameo-like features.

"He is a true gringo, Tomas," she told her companion. Then turning to D'Arcy: "And when you have found all the gold you desire—if that be possible for an American—what will you do?"

"I shall buy a rancho and build for myself a hacienda and dwell if I may in something of that peace which I have observed is the portion of the Hispano-Californians whose sweet hospitality I have had lavished upon me since entering California. What sane man would make of this Paradise a market-place?"

A swift light flashed in the dark eyes; the girl sat up and her little hand fluttered instinctively toward him.

"Ah, you are not, then, greedy," she breathed. "You do not covet that which is ours."

"If the gold in the Sierra be yours, then I covet it."

"It is not ours, Señor, nor do we bother ourselves to seek it."

"Then, Señorita, I shall take my fortune from the wilderness."

"You are bound now for the Sierra?" He nodded. "Poor man! He seeks a chimera, Tomas." From the climbing rose behind her she plucked a blossom, kissed it and tossed it to him. "For my part you are welcome to California, Señor D'Arcy, since gold is all you seek. I do not like you Yankee traders," and she grimaced with mild disgust.

He was tempted for an instant to inform her that he was not a Yankee, but decided proudly that it was no affair of his to undertake an education of disillusionment, particularly with one who cherished illusions. "I'm glad I shall not see much of this young woman," he soliloquized. "Undoubtedly we'd quarrel if I remained here until the end of the fandango."

At dinner he found himself seated far down the table from her and with a savage joy in his isolation forbore to glance at her until the moment when the gentlemen rose as the ladies left the table. Then his glance encountered hers fixed steadily on him. He returned her gaze with bold admiration and thrilled to see her lids droop and a faint flush suffuse her ivory skin. Yet his bold brown eyes held her, forcing her to look at him again. And when she did, his glance was triumphant, his knowing little smile one of near-possession; he appeared to grant her an equal partnership in the possession of a valuable secret—and her eyes told him she despised him for it.

In a grove of black oaks a short distance from the Espinosa hacienda a platform had been erected for dancing. Lanterns burning candles or whale-oil illumined the dance-floor dimly and an orchestra composed of an accordion, a violin and two guitars was rendering a waltz when Dermot D'Arcy, escorted by Tomas, strolled over after dinner.

Don Carlos Montalvo, Don Emilio and Don José Guerrero were seated at a small table under an adjacent tree, sipping liqueurs, when Tomas brought D'Arcy over and presented him to Don José, who proved to be a stout, jovial man of fair complexion and not so much inclined to the flowery, ultra-polite mode of conversation practised by the others.

"Hah! So this is our young American who would race his horse against ours for sport, Emilio. Well, that is the proper spirit. Sit down, my friend, and Emilio will see that you are served a liqueur."

Don José glanced at his host. "Well, Emilio, to business. What say you to this young man's proposal?"

Don Emilio shrugged carelessly. He had faith in Rey Del Mundo; even if he had not, it would have been beneath his dignity to express a doubt in the matter. "Don Dermot's horse has traveled far and will be the better for a day of rest. He is even now receiving the same careful attention as Rey Del Mundo. Carlos tells me this horse, Pathfinder, has had grain for the past month and is fit for a race. I dare say, José, neither you nor I would care to race our horses twice in the same day."

"It would be fairer to all concerned if we

accept Don Dermot's challenge to race the day after tomorrow. For my part, however, a race is a race and my horse never runs for sport. There will be a wager, no?"

D'Arcy bowed. "I have five hundred dollars and I will wager also my horse against yours or Don Emilio's."

Don José pretended to be skeptical. "Is your horse, then, of equal value with my Kitty?"

"Ask Don Carlos," D'Arcy suggested.

"A better horse, I think," Don Carlos replied promptly. "I shall wager heavily upon Pathfinder."

"Blood of the Devil! Emilio, let us first look at this gringo's horse. When you have finished your liqueurs, gentlemen, we will gaze upon this prodigy."

Ten minutes later a servant led Pathfinder into the light of the lanterns on the dance platform, and trotted him backward and forward to demonstrate his action.

"Too heavy," Don José decided. "I accept the challenge."

"I also accept, Señor D'Arcy," Don Emilio hastened to add.

Thus lightly was the matter decided, and not a moment too soon, for the sound of castanets called their attention to the platform.

"Ah," said Don José proudly, "my daughter is dancing."

With the others D'Arcy crowded to the platform, in the center of which Josephita Guerrero stood, poised, snapping the castanets while the fiddler put resin on his bow. She seemed like a bird ready for flight. Then the orchestra swung into an old, old tune, jaunty, lilting—and D'Arcy saw the girl's dainty foot tap the floor before her lithe little body dipped in the formal curtsy preliminary to the dance.

"Your daughter is as radiant as a star, Don José," D'Arcy murmured, lost in admiration as the bright figure stamped and whirled around the dance-floor. "I have seen dancers in the City of Mexico, but none to compare with her."

"True words," Don José replied complacently, "but you should have seen her mother dance, my boy."

Intuitively D'Arcy gleaned the impression that Josephita's mother was dead. In the dim light the girl's black and silver dress flashed as with dainty twists she drew her shawl now about her shoulders, now about her waist, the while her red, high-heeled slippers spurned the rough boards with a tap, tap, tap in unison with the castanets.

Suddenly Tomas Espinosa appeared upon the floor, a vivid whirling form dancing with an equal grace, an equal agility. The orchestra doubled the time and without apparent visible effort the dancers met the challenge; amidst universal applause and hearty shouts of approbation, Tomas led the girl to her seat as the music ceased.

D'Arcy felt a hand on his elbow. Carlos Montalvo was beside him. "You have too many eyes, my friend," he whispered. "Let Tomas see but one of them and—"

"Egad, if a cat may look at a king, may not the same cat gaze upon a queen, Señor Montalvo? What a glorious girl! In all my life I have never seen one so lovely, so vital. What a mate for a man!"

Montalvo smiled paternally. "You are precipitate, my young friend."

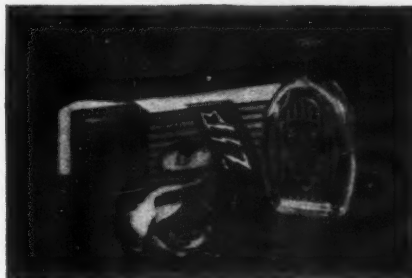
"Tell me, Don Carlos, is Señorita Guerrero the promised wife of young Tomas?"

"The engagement has not been announced, but it is generally understood that both Don José and Don Emilio desire the union, and in such matters our children usually yield to parental pressure. In all probability the matter will be arranged during the visit of the Guerreros here."

"I am an unlucky dog," Dermot D'Arcy murmured whimsically.

"You are, unfortunately, a gringo, and no gringo has yet found favor with Josephita Guerrero."

"Hum-m-m!" D'Arcy's retort was skepticism raised to the nth degree. Then he



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remembered the present unenviable state of his fortunes. He was a man with five hundred dollars, a horse, saddle and bridle, two pack-mules and no definite objective in life. The sky was his only shelter.

"You are right, Don Carlos. Well, when my horse has run his race the day after tomorrow I shall say good-bye and proceed north. Should I linger I might be tempted to become a mischief-maker."

D'Arcy was up early, looking after Pathfinder; he had a seat at the first table for breakfast and thereafter wandered around the hacienda, being careful to avoid meeting Josephita Guerrero. He had not passed a very restful night, since for hours he had lain awake visualizing that radiant figure in the dim light of the dance-floor.

To gay amours he was far from being a stranger; he told himself that the shock of his meeting with this Hispano-Californian girl was largely due to the fact that it had been long since his eyes had been gladdened by the sight of a pretty woman. He tried to analyze his emotions. Why, he asked himself, had he not felt this strange, ecstatic thrill that possessed him now—a thrill that was akin to pain—when Tomas first introduced him to her? Why had he not experienced it at dinner?

He had thought then to indulge in a little guarded flirtation, and this out of a sense of sheer devilry; through the medium of a glance and tiny smile he had, he thought, conveyed to her some hint of his impish purpose and, for his pains and to his secret contentment, had drawn a single fleeting look of cool dislike.

It must be that his defeat had come in that instant when, catching sight of his dark head towering above the Hispano-Californians at the edge of the dance platform, she had looked at him again and shaken her castanets in a manner that suggested she would prefer to be shaking him in the same casual manner.

Then young Tomas, following the dictates of his ardent nature, had crushed through the crowd to dance with her, and the fervor of her dancing, it seemed to D'Arcy, had abated a little, but only momentarily; then, as they circled each other, the girl's eyes had again sought D'Arcy's and in them then he had read a mute despair, a dumb pleading, a peculiar wistfulness and gentleness.

Ah! what lambent eyes she had! In the dim light of the hurricane lamps hung overhead they had glowed suddenly with a profound emotion; the next instant she had stretched forth her dainty arm to Tomas—and in the wild heart of Dermot D'Arcy the miracle had happened. He who had come to scoff remained to pray.

"I'm hanged if I'll fall in love with her," he told himself, "because that would be disastrous. A fool I am, but not that great a fool. I'm not her kind, nor is she mine. Dermot, you're going to the gold-fields to forget this silly business in hard work. You'll forget it, you fool! D'ye hear me?"

The race between Rey Del Mundo and Kitty was run just before noon, in order that the assembled guests might, immediately thereafter, partake of the barbecue furnished by Don Emilio. The mare won by six open lengths, yet, watching her as the Indian boy who rode her flailed her to her best speed and passed Rey Del Mundo, D'Arcy knew she was commonplace, that she would commence to fail at the three-quarter pole, that to Pathfinder she would prove an easy opponent.

Don Emilio did his best to accept defeat gaily, but D'Arcy noticed that for that day, at least, the joy had gone out of his life. "Tis the way of a Latin," he told himself. "Good winners but bad losers. Well, tomorrow I'll take a tuck out of Don José Guerrero and see how he bears up under it."

During the progress of the barbecue he met Josephita Guerrero twice, but each time she bowed slightly and passed on. D'Arcy observed that Tomas Espinosa was always in her train, and found difficulty in throttling a growing dislike for the boy. "Can't he see he's making a nuisance of himself?" he growled

under his breath. "There's no repression to these people. They have too much emotion to conceal any of it."

He was anxious to be on the road again. He was weary of idle discussion, empty compliments, perfervid phrases, badly barbecued beef, new wine and string music. He wanted a girl to flirt with, to banter, to make love to after the fashion of his impulsive kind, but haggard *duennas* with overpowdered faces blocked his aspirations at every turn. He was treated with the utmost civility but little cordiality and he had no interest in the conversational subjects which interested these people. They were childlike, impractical, dreamers all.

The Americans present—D'Arcy had a feeling that they had come to the hacienda uninvited—were not men he cared to fraternize with. Many of them drank of the new red wine to excess and slept their potatoes off, open-mouthed and fly-ridden, under the oak-trees; some of them fought and had to be separated by force and disarmed. They were the riff-raff of the American invasion, and, apparently, not a little proud of it.

Don Carlos Montalvo it was who decided upon a rider for Pathfinder—an intelligent slender boy, son of his own majordomo; the lad had ridden up from San Miguel for this very purpose. Racing saddles were unknown in California then and bareback riding was the order of the day. D'Arcy, however, elected to employ a saddle-blanket, held in place by a surcingle, and on the following morning when his horse went to the start his sole instruction to the boy was to make the pace and never slacken until the finish.

Josephita Guerrero sat with her father in the rear seat of the open carriage in which she had journeyed from the Rancho Arroyo Chico, nearly four hundred miles to the north. As the carriage was parked just opposite the finish line, D'Arcy strolled over to pay his respects to her and her father and from the same point of vantage watch his horse come thundering in to victory.

He had scarcely reached the side of the carriage, however, when a shout from the crowd informed him that the race was on. Deliberately he turned his back on the course and loaded his pipe.

"Ah," the girl said softly, "our American realizes that he is doomed to defeat. He has not the desire to watch the race."

"You are mistaken," he answered quietly. "I have a greater desire to watch Señorita Guerrero's face when, for the first time, she sees a real race-horse. My horse will win, Señorita. I do not need to watch the race. For me it is already run."

"Brave words," she answered—and stood up to gaze over the heads of the crowd. The thudding of hoofs came faintly to D'Arcy's ears, growing louder and louder—a triumphant shriek from a rider and a shower of gray dust—and the race had been run.

"Tell me, Señorita," D'Arcy spoke softly, "was not the winner the brown horse—judged much too large and clumsy to contend with the pride of Arroyo Chico?"

Josephita's face flushed, her eyes gleamed angrily. "You have won, Señor—by a dozen lengths. You own a truly great horse. I felicitate you. But—you brag!"

Don José stared open-mouthed into space. "Santa Maria de Purissima," he growled deep in his throat. "Kitty has failed me."

Don Carlos Montalvo approached and prodded Don José in the ribs. "Eh, my friend. Did I not assure you the horse was not too big for great speed?" He chuckled good-naturedly. "I am a fortunate man. Yesterday, José, you won ten thousand three-year-old steers from Emilio. Today I win those steers from you. If you will be good enough to instruct Emilio to deliver them to my rancho I will say that this has been a most excellent horse-race and one long to be remembered."

Don José crushed Montalvo's conical hat down on his head. "Son of ten thousand foxes! You were right, Carlos. Well, I have lost the

best horse that was in California until this gringo came. And I have also lost to him five hundred dollars in gold. Señor D'Arcy!" D'Arcy looked up and caught the buckskin bag Don José tossed gaily to him. "I congratulate you, Señor," he added manfully. "Good old sport!" thought D'Arcy. "He's more amazed than shocked."

The youth who had ridden Kitty led her over and, at a sign from Don José, laid the bridles in D'Arcy's hand.

"Don José," D'Arcy said, "Kitty is not bred in the purple. She has a strain of cold blood in her—a very little strain, 'tis true, but—a strain. She is not a race-horse, but a very beautiful mare for a beautiful lady to ride. With your permission, Don José, I present her to your daughter," and he passed the reins up to Josephita.

"No, no," the girl protested. "There are gentlemen here who will gladly give you two thousand dollars for Kitty."

"There are occasions, Señorita, when it pleases me to remember that there are other things in life more important than gold. Moreover, where I go there is gold to be had for the taking. Adios, Señorita. Adios, Don José."

He raised his hat and strode resolutely away. His mules were packed, and when Pathfinder

had been cooled out and wiped, Dermot D'Arcy saddled him, said farewell to his host and Carlos Montalvo and, amidst the cheers of the assembled guests, rode down the palm-lined avenue.

To his surprise he found Josephita Guerrero standing at the foot of it, the omnipresent Tomas at her side.

"I take the mare for my father's sake, Señor," she cried to him sharply. "He would be lost without her."

"I gave her to you—for your father's sake," he shot back at her. "Thank you ten thousand times for accepting her. Your father is a good sport and a true gentleman."

Their glances met and there was a faint film of emotion in her eyes. "Señor D'Arcy will never lack a welcome at the Rancho Arroyo Chico."

"I thank you, Señorita, but I think we shall not meet again. Adios. Adios, Tomas."

The girl removed a red rose from her corsage, kissed it and tossed it to him. He caught it deftly, caught, too, the low benediction: "*Vaya usted con Dios.*"

Then he wheeled Pathfinder; herding Shawneen and Michael before him, he headed north to the new El Dorado to seek his fortune in the wilderness.

And he did not look back.

D'Arcy meets with a strange adventure in San Francisco, sets out for the gold-fields with a strange band of followers, and encounters Josephita again—in the Instalment for October

The Other Cheek (Continued from page 67)

boat-store overlooking the two wharf-boats, a line of resting steamboatmen were perched. They were in their club, their outdoor gossip-shop, their professional headquarters.

The pedestrian halted at the foot of the steps and saluted the row of perspiry faces.

"I'm lookin' for Rom Polk," he said. "Anybody seen him round this mornin'?"

"Well, 'Catur Polk was here little while ago but he's went off somewheres," stated one. "You'll likely be more liable to find Uncle Rommy at his house than anywhere else. I ain't seen him down here a single time since he come ashore last week."

"Me neither," spoke up one of his companions. "Seems like he's sort of shunnin' the corner. Well, you know how that could be?"

"Yes, I know," said Cap'n January. He started on.

"Say, hold on a minute, Cap'n Tip! What's this we hear tell about you havin' just naturally pestled the stuffin's out of some big Yankee upstart from somewheres over the Illinois' side?"

Getting no answer, the inquirer was moved to amplify his question: "How about it, Cap'n? We hear tell that 'long about 'leven o'clock last night they was packin' him on a cot off to the city hospital, and him just one big throbbin' ache from his topknot clean on down to his toe-nails. That so?"

But the other, apparently not hearing, had passed beyond the corner of the boat-store. Even in his unreconstructed days, before he became January the Prayin' Mate and still was January the Man-Eater, this person never had been the one to brag of his victories. He let the results speak for themselves, either at the nearest doctor's office or before the corner's inquest.

At Mr. Polk's front door it was Claribel who answered the caller's knock.

"Why, it's Cap'n Tip!" she exclaimed, and almost she hugged him, he patting her on her shoulder with his left hand. "Oh," she cried then, "your hand's all tied up, and your face! What did that to you, Cap'n Tip? What hurt your face?"

"That don't matter, Honey," he told her. "I sort of rammied my knuckles against somethin' solid. And this here"—he touched his gashed forehead—"this is just a little scratch

that don't amount to nothin'. But I'm mighty glad to see you, bloomin' out as purty as a picture, even if all this hot weather has made you a little bit peaked-lookin' and dreened some of the roses out of them cheeks of your'n. And my, my, how you've grown since I seen you last!"

"Walk right on in, Cap'n Tip," she urged. "Daddy'll be awfully glad to see you. We don't have many visitors these days. You see, we—I mean he—" She fumbled her words, seeming on the verge of tears. "He won't even sit out on the porch where it's cooler and he can see people passing." She sank her voice. "Honest, I'm terribly worried about poor Daddy, Cap'n Tip. He just stays inside all day with the shutters closed and sometimes for hours and hours he won't read or he won't talk to me even but just sits and stares at the wall like he was seeing a ghost or something. It's been pretty lonely for me this past week, too, but it's ever so much worse for him. I'm awfully glad you came."

"So'm I, Honey," he said, and followed her across a skimpily furnished entry-hall.

The temperature of the small living-room beyond was torrid and smelled of the varnish on the furniture. The occupant of it was sprawled in a cane-seated rocker languidly wielding a palm-leaf fan. He was in his shirt-sleeves.

"Hello, Tip," he said, with a sort of wan and listless hospitality. He got on his feet. His movements were slow as though he had rust in his hip-joints. "What brings you traipsing away out here this broiling day?"

"A little matter of business, Rommy," stated the younger man. "Somethin' I want to talk over with you if you'll let me. No, don't go, Claribel! I'll take this chair here."

He waited until the girl had perched herself on an arm of the rocker with one bare plump arm encircling her father's shoulder. Without preamble, he went to the core of his errand:

"Rom Polk, I don't aim to harrow up your feelin's any more'n I can help, but tell me this: Is it true, as I've heard, or ain't it true that you'd been at the wheel fur goin' on twenty-odd hours stiddy when you hung the Iuka up on Cottonwood?"

"Yes, it is true. Pluck Sebree, he took down with a touch of summer complaint coming past Caseyville and I was standing his watch and

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mine, too, seeing Colonel Withers was so bent and determined to put her through according to schedule. I may have been tired," he added protestingly, "but I'll swear to you, Tip January, I was wide awake. And whether you believe it or not, right along there where it happened was a fog you could cut with a knife."

"I believe it," assented the other. "I kin do more'n jest believe it. I kin prove it. When we pulled out that same mornin' early whilst they was still expectin' you-all in, it was foggy as the dickens in the mouth of the Tennessee, even with the breeze, such as it was, blowin' frum off in this direction. Rom, why ain't you fightin' back? Why're you jest throwin' up your hands and quittin'? Where's all the sand that you uster have gone to?"

"What's the use of fighting?" There was hopelessness in the speaker's open-handed gesture. "What good would my word be against his? Tip, I'd been with the Withers Line since I was thirty. And I'll be sixty-two my next birthday—if I live to see it."

"Listen to me: Fightin' in a good cause is always a good thing. Rommy, when the Bible says the meek shall inherit the earth, I reckon whut it means is they'll inherit it after everybody else is through with it. I ain't settin' myself up to dispute ag'in Holy Writ, understand me—since last year when I just seen the way clear before me, I've been takin' it frum kiver to kiver—but I figure it ain't wrong to draw your own conclusions frum whut it says."

"But how could I fight—flung ashore like an old worn-out soldier, with a black mark on my name as a pilot?"

"I'm comin' to that right now. Rom, how would you like to sign up on a good spy steamboat in the Tennessee River trade ag'in?"

"Whose boat, Tip?" He spoke with almost a childish eagerness.

"Mine, that's whose. Rebel Jim Pelt's been with us since we started out givin' Colonel Withers a tussle on his own territory, but Jim's quittin' us to go back with the Red Collar people soon as we kin git a good man fur his berth. You and me have run pardners on our river before in times gone by. I'd like mightyly to see us doin' the same thing ag'in."

"You take me off my guard so!" There was a breathless little catch in the tired voice. "It sounds nice, though, the way you put it. It certainly sounds mighty nice—getting another chance so soon after what's happened."

"Oh, Daddy, it sounds just too wonderful to me!" And Claribel shot a glance freighted with gratitude at January.

"Well, we'll jest call it settled; then," said January. "And, Rom, ef later on you should feel like takin' an interest in the Promised Land along with the rest of us, I think I kin fix that up with our crowd. So fur, the thing's proved up a good investment fur all concerned."

"But I haven't got the money, Tip, not to spare I haven't. Besides, a rate war is a mighty expensive proposition sometimes."

"Who said anything about a rate war? We set out to show Colonel Withers that the river is free and that there's business aplenty for an opposition boat and we showed him and we aim to keep right on showin' him. But the main p'int is that you're goin' to take your regular turn at the wheel with us frum now on."

"He certainly is!" declared Claribel masterfully. Then, seemingly for no reason whatever, she choked a little.

January eyed her keenly. "Say, listen, you two," he went on. "I've got still another little idea knockin' round in the back part of my head." He would make it appear, if he could that this had been the fruitage of much thought on his part. "Claribel, I'll bet there ain't a better single-handed housekeeper anywheres in this town than whut you are?"

"You're right, there's not," her father boasted. "This child can go down to the market-house with a basket on her arm and make fifty cents go further than you could go with a two-dollar bill. And she's the beatingest one alive for thinkin' up tasty meals!"

"I knew it! Then there's my other notion: Let's experiment. Let's make Claribel the first girl steward that was ever seen on these waters—not a stewardess, because that's not a job for her color—but the little commander of the kitchen and pantry gang, the lady boss of the whole shebang so fur as buyin' the vittles and cookin' 'em and dishin' 'em out is concerned. Dude Farrell's quittin' us too, to open up a snack-stand over on Court Street. Claribel can fill his shoes, I'll bet you, even ef they are about a mile too big fur her twinklin' little feet. It'd make talk. Yes, it'd draw custom, or I miss my guess."

"Now wait a minute, Tip, don't you think that's going too far?" demurred Mr. Polk.

In his day and time and station, womenfolk never touched their hands to paid-for employment so long as their men kept their strength and self-respect.

It was Claribel whose strong young voice cut in on his shaping protest. Perhaps Claribel was a generation in advance of her own generation. Or perhaps Claribel, sensing what was in the brain of this gaunt benefactor of theirs, had a deeper wisdom behind her decision.

"It's not going a bit too far, either!" she proclaimed. "I'd just love it. And I'd be with you, Daddy, and with Cap'n Tip here, instead of being left at home alone most of the time. And oh, Cap'n Tip, I want a uniform! I want a cap and a little short jacket, navy-blue, with one row of shiny brass buttons on it right here"—she motioned with her hand—"and another row on it right here! And gold braid on the sleeves!"

"That sounds like one of those nobby big side-wheelers they've got over on the Mississippi," said Cap'n Tip. "Them kind go in fur high-toniness regardless—even the nigger barber wears a uniform. Still, while we're puttin' on style let's put on plenty of style—so the first lady steward on record will be the first steamboat on the old Tennessee to wear fancy buttons and a nifty blue coat."

Whereupon this girl, with the air of one sealing a triple bargain, explosively kissed first her father and then, gently, on his disfigured brow, Cap'n January, and called him "Uncle Tip." From this time on all through her life she would continue to call him this. But he always would maintain that it was the other way around—that he had adopted her.

"I reckon I'll have to put up with you two running over me this high-handed fashion, seeing the odds are so heavy against me," conceded Mr. Polk. "But see here, Tip, knowin' you from old times like I do, I'm willing to risk a team of horses that something must've happened during the last few hours to make you undertake this mighty fine clever thing that you've just now done for me—for us, I mean. For while I never remember seeing you go off half-cocked, I've taken note oftentimes that you're a great hand for acting on sudden impulses. So come on and tell me, Tip—what was it? Because, sure as shooting, it must've been something."

"You're right, Rommy, and I'll own up you are," confessed Cap'n January. "It was last night it come up. We was late gittin' in, bein' heavy-laden—produce, it mostly was, and jest scads of it. I was shovin' my crew up to top speed to git the main part of the stuff off so's to have the hold and lower deck clear fur this mornin' when a big overbearin'-lookin' party that was pretty much overtaken in licker came meanderin' down the hill and seemin'ly without no reason at all started pickin' on one of the darkies—a skinny one they call Rack Along."

"He was a stranger to me, this feller; I don't know his name till yit because he didn't introduce himself beforehand, and after the ruckus was over he wasn't in no fit shape to be explainin'. Somebody was sayin' today that he did belong across the Ohio. I didn't see the start-off of the fuss, neither. All at once another rouser come runnin' up to me where I was standin' in the lower wharf-boat and says to me that a lickered-up white man is out there

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interferin' with 'em generally and specially is threatenin' to beat up this here Rack Along.

"Well, ef any of my niggers need a dressin'-down I figger I'm competent to attend to it and don't need no outside help. So I dusted out on the bank and sure enough there was this man squeezin' that black boy by the nape of his neck till his eyes stuck out of his head, and makin' like he was gittin' ready to hit him with his fist.

"So I pushed in betwixt 'em and advises him, civil and decent, to leave the boy alone and go on about his own business. There was a time, Rommy, as you know, when I probably wouldn't 'a' wasted any words on him. I'd 'a' jumped him fust and asted questions afterwards. But since I mended my ways I've aimed to walk humble and keep peaceable.

"Well, I reckon maybe my manner fooled him. Because he turned loose his holts on the nigger and started callin' me worse names and more bemeanin' names even than he'd called Rack Along, ef such a thing was possible. Why, Rommy, he called me the unforgivable name—you know! And I took that also, though I'll admit it mighty nigh tore me half in two to do it, fur by then my two hands were jest itchin' to tear his throat out by the roots." A tigerish look flickered across the speaker's disfigured face, making of it a deadly daunting mask. "But I taken it, as I'm tellin' you now. Yes, Suh, I figger the way I taken his abuse fooled him about what my real feelin's was. Because then, by doggies, ef he didn't haul off and smack my face fur me!

"Well, I expect there never was a white man more shamed nor crazier with mad than what I was. And I reckon fur jest a second there never was another man standin' clos'ter to a sudden death than that there man. But I was bearin' in mind what it says in Matthew's about whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. So I turned my left cheek to him and sure enough he popped me with all his might on that side and raised this big blue whelp that's still here.

"Well, frum that p'int on I had to depend on my own jedgment because the Book didn't state what a Christian was expected to do after he'd been slapped that second time. A man ain't got but jest the two cheeks, has he? So I turned in and worked on him till he was ready to be gathered up and toted off. I didn't have it all my own way, though—he give me a right smart competition fur a spell and I guess ef you'd come along past the spot after things quieted down and took inventory you'd 'a' found all the evidences of a real fist-and-skull fight, includin' blood, hair, sweat and the ground tore-up. Excuse me, Claribel, Honey, that's jest an old sayin' I'm usin'.

"Well, anyhow, that's how I got the notion, puttin' one thing and then another together and addin' 'em up, of comin' and layin' this here suggestion before you. I says to myself, I says, 'Seems like to me Rom Polk has been turnin' the other cheek to Colonel Shep Withers long enough and I'm goin' to tell him so and show him his mistake, ef I can. And I reckon I have, ain't I, Rommy?'

"Tip," said Mr. Polk, blinking his eyelids to hold back a quick gush of tears, "you certainly have. And I'm never going to forget this the longest day I live!"

There was a small sequel to all this; it is fitting that there should have been. It came under someone's observation on a balmy, starry September night, which would make it a matter of two months or so after Mr. Romulus Polk went back to his beloved river.

The Promised Land was chugging downstream deep-laden with the varied summer products of a most fruitful valley; and Mr. Polk, his look being vaguely perplexed, said to Cap'n January as the latter entered the pilot-house to share ten o'clock coffee with him:

"Tip, seen Claribel lately? I haven't seen her myself for two hours."

"I jest now seen her, but I didn't let on—I slipped right on past, lookin' the other way."

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She's settin' down here on the guards back of the Texas."

"Alone?"

"Alone?—huh! Think that boy's goin' to let that girl out of his sight ag'in ef he kin help it? He's got a heap of lost time to ketch up with, that kid has."

"The point is, I don't want her to be neglecting her duties. She's still a member of this crew; you've got to remember that."

"Neglectin' em? By doggies, man, I claim she's attendin' to 'em! Whut better business could a sweet girl like Claribel have on a night like this than lettin' a nice upstandin' boy like Shep Withers Junior make love to her?"

He was naming an added passenger. That same morning the Linda Smythe, at present the flagship of the Withers Line, had signaled and halted in her upbound course and by yawl had transferred to the Promised Land a traveler who, to the surprise of at least two individuals, a father and a daughter, came aboard smiling and confident.

Immediately it developed that he played the part of emissary. From his sire he bore to Mr. Polk conciliatory expressions. Withers Senior desired that bygones might be bygones; moreover—and that, if you knew Colonel Withers, was an even more remarkable thing—he stood ready to make public retraction of certain recent accusations against his former employee; stood ready to make whatever amends and atonement he might for mistaken statements issued in the heat of a grievous disappointment—altogether a most handsome apology. In short, the youth bore the heaviest and whitest of peace-belts and Mr. Polk, his record being honorably cleared, could do nothing less than graciously accept them.

For the private ear of Mr. Polk's daughter young Shep also brought a message, and from the same source as the first one. By this most willing of couriers Colonel Withers sent word that, as a born hustler in his own right, he would be most highly honored now or later, but the sooner the better, to welcome as a member of his family a young lady who by setting out in the face of a foolish common prejudice, to earn her daily bread, had won his undying admiration and regard. To his praise be it accounted, the young man modestly refrained from reciting in detail what part he himself had played in altering the parental attitude. But then he had something better to do—he was, as the proverb might have been, making hay while the stars shone.

Mr. Polk, having digested his associate's

jubilant disclosure, presently spoke again. "Tip, dog-gone your skin, I believe you've been conniving at something like this all along! Well, I can't deny that the child looked happier this evening than I've seen her look for many a day. But what I'm asking you is, didn't you start in with your low-down underhanded plotting right from the start?"

Cap'n January chose to parry the affectionate accusation.

"What's your complaint?" he countered. "That kid of Withers's must have a blamed sight more backbone than whut some people have been givin' him credit fur. He wanted something and, by all the evidences, he jest naturally up and went after it and he got it. It took a boy with something in his spinal column besides corn-meal mush to make a stiff-necked old cuss like his paw is come down off'n his high horse and eat such a large bait of crow-meat. Yes, Suh, the boy's got the stuff in him and he's done proved it."

"Besides which, ef it comes to a showdown—and I'd say from the signs a showdown's about due—why shouldn't a steamboatman's daughter be a steamboatman's wife and raise babies that'll be born—or oughter—with the love of steamboatin' and the river in 'em?"

"Jest between you and me, Rom, I judge it's got fur along enough fur me to start thinkin' about whut my weddin' present's goin' to be. I'll say this—I kin afford fur it to be a toler'ble nice one. This here packet's makin' money like a nigger shovelin' tanbark; and outside of a cravin' fur custom-made boots and a special brand of chewin' tobacco, I ain't got many of whut you'd call real expensive tastes."

"Lawdy, Tip, you don't really believe it's gone to that point all so soon as this?"

"This is ripenin' weather and on board a steamboat is a powerful good place fur a love-affair to ripen."

"But she's almost a baby, as you might say—and my only chick!"

"The way it looks to me, you're the one that's fixin' to act like a baby. Rom, are you prepared for a little shock? Then, ef you'll swear not to let on to Claribel that I told you, I'll take you in onto a secret. She's followin' after the recent example that you and me both set fur her. Jest a minute ago when I slipped past them two unbeknownst to 'em he'd jest kissed her on this here cheek"—he lifted his hand in an illuminating flick—"and by doggies, Rom, she was deliberately turnin' the other cheek to him."

The Venomous Viper (Continued from page 53)

make twenty or thirty thousand dollars. And then you'd be in line for the big clean-up, seventy-five or a hundred thousand at least."

"What clean-up?"

"A match with Jack Ryan."

"Jack Ryan! Say, my parents is both dead and I ain't got no other heirs."

"Don't be silly! It's very seldom a man is killed boxing."

"Just once would be more than enough."

"Listen: You've got a great chance to make a barrel of money with very little work. If you do as I say, in less than a year from now you'll be fixed so as you won't never have to think of another job. And I'll guarantee that Ryan won't do anything to you that you can't get over in two days' time. You look like a pretty bright fella, but if you're even half-witted, you can't turn down a proposition like this."

Well, influenced by Mr. King's eloquence, the speak-easy's thirty-proof Scotch and probably by a desire to prove himself half-witted, Henry Goetz finally said yes and promised to put his immediate future in Sandy's small hands, his salary to be fifty dollars a week until the heavy money began to roll in.

Inasmuch as Sandy's own pay was only a hundred and it took every cent of it to buy his clothes, lodging and food, and entertainment for Miss Ives, he realized he could not swing his

undertaking without help. And next afternoon found him closeted with Willie Troy, a boxing impresario with a bank-roll, a real ability to develop "prospects" and a boyish delight in pranks.

Troy was interested and became more so when introduced to Goetz. The latter was certainly big enough and, in spite of his Pennsylvania nativity, looked as alien and homicidal as a taxi driver.

"Have you got any friends?" Troy asked him.

"No," said the erstwhile troupier.

"I didn't think so," said Troy. "But if you had, I was going to warn you to keep away from them and not let them know where you're at or what you're doing. From now on you're a Russian, your name is Ivan Ivanovich and your nickname is The Venomous Viper of the Volga."

"You no spika de English," put in Sandy. "No," agreed Troy. "You don't talk at all. Whatever remarks are addressed to you, you shake your head and act dumb. I don't believe that will take many rehearsals."

The Viper became an inmate of the Troy home in the Bronx, which boasted gymnasium space and paraphernalia necessary to a primary education in the manly art. And Sandy King wrote himself a long letter from a mythical

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friend in Berlin, describing a recent bout between Franz Reum, leading Teutonic heavyweight, and Ivan Ivanovitch, young champion of all the Russias, wherein the German had been knocked cold in Round Two and had remained unconscious for an hour and twelve minutes. Enclosed were snap-shots of the new Slav fistic marvel, posed in the almost altogether and displaying a muscular development that reminded one of Monty Munn and the elder Zbyszko.

"Funny they ain't been nothing in the papers about this guy," said Luke Lewis when he had read the letter and studied the pictures.

"There will be," said Sandy. "I hear he's coming to this country the first of the year."

"Where did you hear that?"

"From Willie Troy. Willie has known about him quite a while. And he's been in correspondence with his manager in regards to the American rights."

The promoter looked his little employee straight in the eye.

"Listen, Sandy," he said: "I don't care if your Russian is a Dane from Milwaukee or a Mexican from Montreal, or if his name is Ginsberg or Mussolini. Judging from these photos, he's just about what I want—a big, tough numskull with the face of an assassin and foreign labels stuck all over him. When you and Willie are ready, bring him around and if he's anything like his pictures, I'll give you your five grand and do business with Troy."

"I forgot to tell you what they call him—the Venomous Viper of the Volga."

"Who calls him?"

"The fight fans over in Russia."

"Well, it's a good name even if you and Troy did make it up. It's enough to sell him if he didn't have that build and mush to go with it. On second thoughts, I'll take a chance on him sight unseen. I'll give you your check now and I don't want to look at your fighter till I go down with Troy to meet him at the boat. You realize, of course, that he can't land here from Russia without getting off a boat."

"No trouble about that. Troy has been over and back a hundred times and knows most of the captains. The Viper will be taken on at Quarantine, during the night. And by that time he'll have a Russian manager who can talk enough broken English to entertain the newspaper boys."

"One more suggestion—you ought to get him tattooed. Pretty near all foreigners is tattooed."

"Does it hurt?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, I got an idear that Ivan can't stand pain."

"That's a good trait in a fighter," said Luke. "It means quick knock-outs, which is what people wants to see."

In the Sunday papers there were pictures of the new Russian peril, with stories of his impressive triumphs at home and announcements of his impending American visit. These appeared in December, just after football, when the sport editors were glad to print anything that was not a final, last, conclusive ultimatum from Judge Landis to Ban Johnson, or vice versa.

And up in the Bronx, Willie Troy was patiently trying to instruct the Viper in the fundamentals of boxing, a sport which the late Mr. Goetz took to as naturally as a walrus to needlework.

"I'm afraid," the teacher told Sandy, "that when the newspaper boys sees him in the ring, they'll give him a new nickname. They'll call him Ivan the Terrible."

The first of the trial battles was put on after the usual petty annoyances. Principals in this match were Eddie Brock and the Malden Murderer, Moran. The boxing solons came out in flat-footed, flat-headed opposition to the encounter. It seemed there was too great a disparity in size. Moran weighed 206 and Brock about 149. Much discussion and deep thought were required before the master minds found a solution that ought to have been



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obvious from the start, namely that Brock, a welterweight, be obliged to train down to the welterweight limit of 147 pounds.

Then, a week prior to the date of the bout, the Murderer's manager announced it was all off—his man had eaten a bedridden oyster. The truth was that a report had reached camp that Brock, who promised to commit all the fouls in the book no later than the third round, was betting on himself not only to win, but to win by a knockout. The welter was indignant when this came to his ears and he hastened to dispel the effects of the ploy by poisoning by visiting Moran's quarters and assuring the coy Murderer that he was not that kind of crook.

"Why, I'm betting on you, big boy," he said. "I'm betting five thousand dollars of my own money and I had to give two to one. Do you think I'd lay odds against myself if I wasn't sure to lose!"

And Brock won his wager and speeded Moran on his way to another well-lined purse by punching him three times just above the knee and climaxing the performance with a blow that broke skin already frayed by a garter's metal. It had to be done a round ahead of schedule, too, for the Murderer had trained on roast goose, mince pie and caramels and would have foundered in another three minutes.

The Viper of the Volga "arrived" in this country early in January. He was accompanied by his native manager and interpreter, Dmitri Sashoff, who in a former existence had been Fred Lister, a head waiter in a café of Troy's at Providence, and whose Russian vocabulary consisted of the word "ruble." Luke Lewis, Sandy King, Troy and a crowd of writers, camera men and fans were on hand to welcome the latest European sensation, but the latter, it seemed, had not slept well on board and his present ambition was to hurry to his hotel and rest. Troy, who was to handle him here, would not allow him to go to a hotel, where he might be pestered by enthusiastic admirers, but insisted on taking him at once to his own home in the Bronx, where reporters would be welcome to see him in a few days. The Viper emitted a couple of growls which were interpreted as regrets that he could speak no English and expressions of good will to those who had come to meet him, and was then whisked out to the Troy establishment, which he had left the previous afternoon.

"He'll have to be introduced from the ring," said Luke to Willie Troy. "We may as well do that Thursday night, just before Burke and Williams come on."

"I'll bring him in for the introduction and take him out right afterwards," said Troy. "He never seen a fight in his life and he mustn't see one yet, not till I've got him more in hand. What I'm trying to do is make him scareder of me than of fighting itself. I'll have him that way in a couple more weeks, but if we don't handle him carefully we'll lose our meal ticket before it's punched full of holes."

"How about announcing that he's matched to box Teddy Walsh in the next big show?" said Luke.

"Announce it if you want to as long as you don't mean it."

"Of course I don't mean it. But people will take more notice of him if he's got a good match in sight. And I'll get Walsh to sprain his wrist or something and force an indefinite postponement."

"The postponement will have to be more than indefinite. It'll have to be endless. Because no matter how hard Walsh tried not to, he'd just naturally murder my pet snake."

"What time of day does he work?"

"The Viper? All day long, three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. I don't let up on him a minute."

"I'd like to see him box sometime."

"So would I," said Willie Troy.

The clash between Barney Williams and Red Burke was supposed to be one of the trials, though Luke Lewis had no intention of

allowing either of them to cut in on the big money that the outdoor season promised. They were at least as good as any of the other contenders—barring Donohue and Brock, whose poverty of bulk made them undesirable—but they had not always been loyal to Luke. So he hoped their engagement would result in a double knockout, eliminating them both.

However, he temporarily forgot his grudge against them in delight over the ovation accorded the immigrant Ivan when the latter was conducted into the Arena ring by Willie Troy and introduced by the official announcer as "The Ven-ominous Viper of the Vodka." Ivan all but took his first dive while trying to negotiate the unaccustomed ropes, but the fans overlooked his awkwardness and cheered him to the echo because he was new and bore such a striking resemblance to a fight crowd's common grandpa, the ape.

Ivan wanted to stay and see the wind-up, but Troy hustled him out of the building, saying the Arena air was bad for a man in training, and besides it was way past his bedtime. This strategy was well advised, for the Williams-Burke battle would have dissuaded a much stouter-hearted youth than the Viper from pursuing the manly art as a means of livelihood. The contestants were in dead earnest and went at it like a pair of vicious dogs. There were four spills and much letting of blood before Burke ended it by knocking his opponent into the lap of one of the judges. All this in the first, and last, round of fighting.

Willie Troy had long since given up hope of imbuing his pupil either with gladiatorial spirit or sparring skill. He was a clever boxer himself and had been a successful instructor of many green and awkward but willing young men. The Viper was as unwilling as he was awkward and green and Troy soon came to the conclusion that it was a waste of time and effort to try to teach him blocking, ducking, footwork or any of the other requisites of an effective defense. He decided to concentrate on the development of a punch, which seemed comparatively simple in the case of a man with arm and shoulder muscles as mighty as Ivan's. However, it took all Willie's powers of persuasion to get his charge to cut loose and strike with his full strength, and even then the only dangerous wallop educed was a roundhouse swing that only a sound sleeper or a paralytic could have failed to evade.

Luke Lewis was becoming impatient and it was impossible to stall him any longer.

"Here it is February, the winter is half gone and your Viper ain't even matched," he complained.

"Well, go ahead and match him," said Willie resignedly. "But I warn you that they ain't a man living he can beat without the man's consent."

"I'll get the consent all right," promised Luke. "All I ask is for you to have your fella ready to show the newspaper boys something. If they don't see him work out, they'll smell a rat."

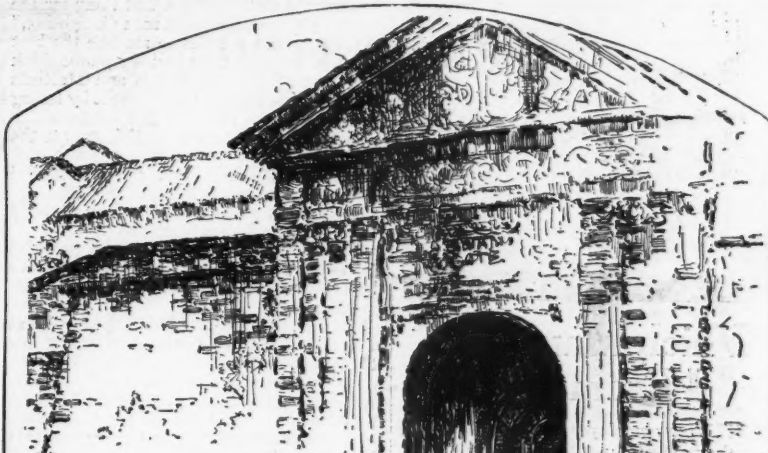
"They'll smell a whole lot less fragranter rat if they do," said Troy.

At this stage of the proceedings they got a lucky break. Duke Wallace, manager of Manuel Martinez, paid Troy a visit. Martinez, an import from Indiana, had "come over" three or four years ago and won high public favor by beating all the domestic set-ups in a series of bouts marked by brevity and bloodshed. With a glowing future, he had suddenly announced his retirement and had given no reason. Now, said Wallace, he wanted to reenter the ring.

"He's hard up," his manager explained. "He wants just one more match so his family won't starve. I heard you was developing some new foreigner and I wondered if we couldn't get together."

They could and did.

"Luke will favor fifteen rounds," said Wallace, "but if it's the same to you, we'll hold out for ten. The truth is that the Rugged Rock has got galloping consumption and it might be risky to keep him in there too long."



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"It would certainly be a bad thing for the game in this state to have a man die fighting," said Troy, "but it looks to me like the best idea is to let both Luke and the public think the bout is for fifteen rounds and Martinez can save himself a lot of punishment by taking his dive in Round One."

This arrangement proved satisfactory to the Rock's manager.

"And listen," added Troy. "It's understood that your man mustn't hit mine under any circumstances, and he must stand perfectly still or my man is sure to miss him."

Wallace said this was all right provided Troy would come across afterwards with five thousand dollars of whatever amount Lewis gave the Viper.

The fans were delighted with the news that at last they were going to get a look at the Russian marvel and particularly that they would see him in action against a fighter who had always given them a run for their money. A packed Arena was assured the instant the bout was scheduled. It was given out that the men had been secretly training so long and so hard that very little additional preparation would be necessary and the managers both took leaves from Carpenter's book and announced that their charges would put on the finishing touches behind closed doors as they were planning trick attacks and were afraid of spies.

One exhibition was given by each, for newspaper men only. Martinez was a little drawn, but showed much of his old-time speed and artistry in the two brief rounds he sparred. For the Viper's first non-private demonstration, Willie Troy engaged four big hams who were to get fifty dollars apiece if Ivan floored them and nothing if he didn't. They all earned their pay. But one or two of the hypocritical scribes remarked that the Russian seemed clumsy and slow.

"That's in his favor," said Troy quickly. "He looks like such a big, gawky bum that the other fella thinks he ain't got nothing, and the next minute, the other fella is laying in the rosin not thinking at all."

On the night of the fight, the big crowd gave Martinez a rousing cheer for old time's sake. But they nearly tore the roof off the building with their welcome to the Viper. His appearance in street clothes had charmed them before. In the nearly nude, with a lady's figure tattooed on each huge arm and a picture of the Easter Parade on the Nevsky Prospect at the corner of Fiftieth Street, Petrograd, covering his ample chest, he was nothing short of irresistible.

Yet the storm of applause and yells that marked his entrance was nothing compared with the pandemonium which followed his quick disposal of the former Rugged Rock, who, appearing mystified by Ivan's clumsy, amateurish advance, stood perfectly still with his arms at his sides and received on the point of his jaw a carefully aimed right-hand swing that might easily have toppled Roxy's Theater.

Manuel's seconds did not wait for a count but climbed through the ropes and carried their unconscious burden to an exit where an ambulance was waiting to take him to a more comfortable bed than the one on which he had flopped so emphatically. And the gulls fought one another and trampled each other under foot in their mad scramble to get close to the new Killer, a foreigner with a punch that made Luis Angel Firpo's lethal thump seem like Mrs. Coolidge's gentlest handshake.

Luke Lewis was riding on top of the world. Little difference did it make to him now whether or not the former champ, Jack Ryan, would consent to come out of his retirement. The Viper was a man who, matched with Beau Burton, would draw the fifty-million-dollar gate that had long been Luke's dream. And the Viper would be the man to survive the remaining trials even if all the Fitzgeralds and Morans in New England had to be given an annuity. Fitchburg's Fighting Fool and the Malden Murderer would open the outdoor season, the winner would be knocked for a

loop by the Viper, probably early in July, and then it would only be necessary to lease acreage enough to seat 50,000 of America's most distinguished oafs at a thousand dollars per oaf, for the grand September finale between Beau Burton and Ivan Ivanovitch in what—well, you could hardly call it less than the Battle of the Millennium.

A few details must be arranged. First, there must be a cancellation of a silly match between Fitzgerald, Moran's New England rival, and Jimmy Donohue, the 170-pounder, who had suddenly become unreasonable and refused to promise to lie down unless he was sleepy. With this matter disposed of, it was deemed wise to assure the public that the Viper would be unable to fight again until he faced the Fitzgerald-Moran winner, for the reason that he could not get anyone to take the chance that had resulted in the death of the poor old Rugged Rock. Several "logical contenders" rose to deny this, but were not believed by a public gone Viper mad.

Came lovely May and the bout between the Fraternal Order of 200-pound New Englanders, a bout regarded in advance as a practical joke, but one which brought the Fighting Fool forward as a greatly improved athlete and an impressive winner over the Murderer from Malden. The Murderer, in fact, was sent to the chair in Round Five, using the crawl stroke to reach his destination.

In the papers of May 24 was a column story to the effect that Frankie Fitzgerald and Ivan Ivanovitch had been signed for the semi-final match in the big elimination tournament of heavyweights and that the match, for the privilege of fighting Beau Burton for the world's championship, would take place on the evening of July 8.

On the evening of July 7, Sandy King, Luke Lewis's dapper little press-agent, called up the number of Mabel Ives and was told by Mabel's mother that Mabel had gone out driving; she didn't know with whom or when she would be back. Sandy had made the same call and had received the same reply on innumerable previous evenings and had been growing more and more depressed.

Tonight his depression was so great that he felt nothing but a long taxi ride would relieve it. The taxi deposited his 123 pounds of youth and sartorial perfection at an address in the Bronx—the combination dwelling and gymnasium of Willie Troy.

The colored man who answered the door said the Viper had retired.

"He hasn't retired yet," said Sandy, "but he's about to."

Whereupon he brushed unceremoniously past the guard and found Ivan Ivanovitch alone in the living-room, trying to spell out some of the shorter words on the sporting page.

"Where's my gal?" said Sandy.

"What do you mean?" asked the Viper.

"What I mean and who I mean is Mabel Ives," replied Mr. King. "I know all about it."

"Well," said the Viper, "she's went home. But if you knowed all about it, you wouldn't be calling her your gal. She's been my gal pretty near ever since I bashed that poor Espagnola. It was them tattoo pictures that made her love me."

"Would you like her to love you a little stronger?"

"You bet I would! She's a fine gal."

"Well, then," said Sandy, "stand up 'cause I'm going to tattoo you some more."

When, half an hour later, Willie Troy returned from a final conference with Luke Lewis and the manager of Frankie Fitzgerald, he found the Venomous Viper moaning on the lounge while a retainer tried with various lotions and compresses to reduce the swelling of two discolored eyes and check the insistent flow of what is sometimes called the carmine, from a remodeled and unbecoming mouth and nose.

And next day Luke Lewis was begging Jack Ryan by telegraph to state his lowest terms for an early match with Fitchburg's Fighting Fool.

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